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A SOUL ABOVE BUTTONS

BY

MYRA KELLY
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE Boss staggered down the cellar steps and dropped the pile of coats from his small shoulder to the floor. The "boarders," for a breath's space ceased from sewing buttons upon other coats and turned expectant eyes toward their employer, their landlord, their gaoler, and their only source of news.

But he brought no tidings of the outer world on this particular afternoon. He had been through crowded blocks where the very air was full of war and murder and his only report was the banality:

"The day is upon me wherein I must go to school."

No one was interested. Even the mother of the Boss, frying fish in one corner of the cellar, was busy with her own gloomy preoccupations and reached her son's communication only after a long delay. Then she asked dully:

"Why?"

"For learn the reading and the writing of the English. A man at the factory where I waited for my turn told me of how he had learned these things and he showed me the card he had won by his learning. 'It is from the Union,' he told me and behold! when he stood before the manager he received gents' vests for the finishing. The pay is good for that work. So when my turn came I, too, asked for finishing to do. But the manager laughed. 'Are you of the Union?' he demanded, 'show me then your card!' And I, having no card, received only buttons. For such a card I shall go to school."

On the next morning he waited upon the Principal of the nearest Public School and proved a grievous trial to that long-suffering official. The Boss's alert and well formulated knowledge of the world of the streets was only exceeded by his blandly abysmal ignorance of the world of books. And it was after careful deliberation and with grave misgiving that the Principal sent for the roll-book of the First Reader Class and consigned the new-comer to Miss Bailey's dominion.

Teacher welcomed him with careful patience but his advent created something akin to a riot in Room 18. There was hardly a child within its walls who was not familiar with his history and awed by his proximity. They all knew how his father had finished gents' garments and his own tired life, in a cellar under Henry Street and how the son, having learned the details of the business by acting as his father's messenger, was now the successful manager of that dead father's business. They knew how he had induced his mother to work for him though she had at first preferred — sensibly enough — to die. How he had then impressed a half-witted sister into service, had acquired an uncanny dexterity with his own needle, and

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had lately enlarged his establishment to include three broken spirited exiles who paid for their board and lodging by their ceaseless labor.

And now he had come to their school! Was in the First Reader Class No wonder that Eva Gonorowsky tingled with excitement and preened the butterfly bow which threatened her right eye. No wonder that Sarah Schodsky, monitor of fashionable intelligence, broke through all restrictions and the belt of her apron in her eagerness to impart these biographical details to Miss Bailey. No wonder that Patrick Brennan pondered how far a Leader of the Line might safely boss a professional Boss. No wonder that Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of Goldfish and of manners was obliged to call Teacher's attention to the extent to which the "childrens longed out their necks und rubbered."

EVA GONOROWSKY

The Boss cared little for the commotion of which he was the cause. His red-lidded eyes were everywhere, saw everything, but found no trace of the "Cards off of Unions" of which he was in search. Nothing else interested him and he grew uneasy as the class fell into its morning routine. An interval of Swedish Exercises prompted him to remonstrate:

"Say, missus, ain't you goin' to learn us to read? I ain't got time to fool with me legs an' arms."

"We shall have reading in a few moments." Teacher assured him. "Are you so fond of it?"

"Don't know nothings about it," the Boss answered. "When are ye goin' to quit your foolin' an' learn us some?"

Teacher turned to survey her newest charge. Stripped of his authority and removed from his cellar, the Boss was only a little more stunted of stature and crafty of eye than his nine years of life on the lower East Side of New York entitled him to be. And yet his criticism impressed itself through Constance Bailey's armor of pedagogic self-righteousness and left her rather at a loss.

"We shall have reading in a few moments," she reassured him, "But first we must try a little arithmetic. Wouldn't you like that?" and out of an ignorance as great as his ambition he answered tentatively:

"I'll try it. But I *comes* for learn readin' an' writin'."

He didn't like arithmetic at all. It struck him as being a shade more inane than Swedisn Exercises, and almost as bad as singing and praying. The Boss who could calculate, entirely without written figures, the number of boarders necessary to make his business a paying one, and the number of hours and dollars he could allow his mother to devote to domesticity; the Boss who had already estimated the depressing sum which the vagaries of the official Course of Study had thus far cost him, listened in contemptuous amazement to the problems proposed to his consideration by this Teacher's words and the Boss's thoughts followed one another in some such sequence as:

"I had ten dollars and I spent six dollars for a dress —— "

"Gee, ain't she easy!"

"Two dollars for a waist —— "

"For her size! It was stealin'."

"Fifty cents for a belt and fifty cents for three handkerchiefs. Who can tell me how much I nad left?"

"I kin," said the Boss, "but that's no way to do. You dought to count your change. An' I kin tell you, too, you was skinned when you paid six dollars fer that dress. I ain't seen the coat but I kin tell by the skirt. An' that waist ain't worth no two dollars. I could show you a place where you'd get your money's worth. The man what owns half of it is a friend of mine."

But before he had arranged details he was swept into silence by the First Reader Class's divergent estimates of Teacher's present financial standing.

"You've got nineteen dollars left," cried the optimistic Eva Gonorowsky, while Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein, with a pecuniary pessimism contracted from his Irish stepmother, shrieked the evil tidings:

"You're dead broke. You ain't got nothin' at all."

Finally the unashamed Miss Bailey set her extravagances in neat figures upon the

blackboard and the Boss's spirits rose. This was the sort of thing he had come for. This was like business. And he marvelled much that so idiotic a shopper could be "smart" enough to write with so easy a grace.

After further waiting and other wilful waste of time the Readers were at last distributed and the mouse-colored head of the Boss, which might have been sleeker if the latest "boarder" had had greater skill or a sharper pair of scissors, was buried between the pages of a book. A half hour of the most desperate mental exertion left him spent, hot-eyed, gasping, but master of the fact that certain black marks upon a white surface proclaimed to those desiring tickets off of Unions that :

"Baby's eyes are blue. Baby's cheeks are pink. Baby has a ball. See the pretty ball."

Followed days of ceaseless effort and nights of sleepy toil. Followed headache., hunger, weariness. But followed, too, a dim understanding of a relationship between letters and sounds. This Teacher called reading.

Writing he found even more difficult, but here Miss Bailey was able to manage some of that "correlation with the environment" which educators preach. While more frivolous First Readers wrote of flowers and birds and babies the Boss stuck tongue in pallid cheek and traced : "Buttons are round." "Pants have pockets," and other legends calculated to make straight the way to Cards and Unions.

During his first week at school he managed to reimburse himself for some of his wasted hours. On the afternoon of his second day he spared time from his cellar to ask :

"Say, Mrs. Bailey, did you spend that other dollar yit ?"

"What dollar ?" asked that improvident young woman.

"The dollar you had left over when you bought that waist an' suit."

"No, I'm keeping that," Miss Bailey informed him, "to buy a house on Fifth Avenue."

"Where do you live now ?" the Boss inquired, and Teacher told him a combination of numbers which conveyed nothing to his mind.

"Alone ?"

"No, with my family."

"An' they let you fool round down here all the time ? Don't they need you home ?"

"Not very much. They don't mind."

"I guess not," the Boss acquiesced. "I guess you don't help much. Your hands don't look like you did. Say, do you get pay fer teachin' ?"

"Very good pay," she answered meekly, though she did not always think so.

"Then you'd better go right on livin' at home. You don't want to buy no real estate. You stay with the old folks an' buy a hat with that dollar. You d ought to have a stylish hat to wear with that new suit."

"But a dollar seems so much for just one hat," Miss Bailey objected. "A whole dollar !"

"I might be able to fix you so you could

" 'I ain't got time to fool with me legs an' arms' "

git it fer less," the Boss encouraged her, "I know a lady what sells hats, an' she might let ou have something cheap if I saw her abou it."

"Oh, would you really !" cried the guileless young person, "that is very good of you," and thereupon fell into consideration of a suitable color scheme.

"You leave me 'tend to it," the Boss advised. "I'll fix you up all right, all right."

On his way to the cellar he stopped to visit an old crony of his mother's who kept a millinery establishment neatly combined with a candy counter and a barrel of sauer-kraut.

"An old crony of his mother's who kept a millinery establishment neatly combined with a candy counter and a barrel of sauer-kraut"

With tales of the approaching birthday of the weak-minded sister he induced this lady to part — at the reduced rate of thirty-four cents — with a combination of purple and parrot-green velveteen and diamond sun-bursts. Departing with this grandeur he made the provident stipulation that unless the mind of the weak-minded were reached and pleasured the whole transaction might be rescinded.

And before school had formally opened on the next morning, Miss Bailey cheerfully paid ninety cents for the head-gear and for a lesson in the sharpest bargaining of which she had ever dreamed.

Teacher was as new and puzzling a type to the Boss as he was to her. He had seen ladies like her in fashion plates but he had never imagined that the road to Cards and Unions was adorned by such sentinels. He had not expected that a very soft hand would guide his own work-roughened one in the formation of strange letters: that a very gentle accent would guide his own street-toughened one in the pronunciation of strange words. But least of all had he expected to enjoy these things and to work as much for the lady's commendation as for Cards and Unions, to be interested in her impossible stories, to admire her clothes, to entrap her

into ill-advised purchases, and to be heavy of heart when his early doubts grew into sad certainties and he knew that Constance Bailey, so gay, so gullible, so friendly, so good to look upon, and so sweet to smell, was woefully weak in mentality.

And yet what other explanation could there be of her wastefulness of time and effort and material. Why spend hours in the painting of a flower or the learning of a string of words which — when they meant anything at all — meant lies. Why close her ears to truth? Why reject his answer, founded upon fact and observation, to her question: "Where did you come from, Baby dear?" in favor of Isidore Belchatosky's inane doggerel: "Out of the everywhere into the here."

Then there was her Board of Monitors. The sons and daughters of great men were entrusted to her care and she allowed them to languish in officeless obscurity while Morris Mogilewsky, Yetta Aaronsohn, Eva Gonorowsky, Nathan Spiderwitz and Patrick Brennan basked in favor and high places. Was not Isaac Borrachsohn, the son of an Assemblyman and the grandson of a Rabbi, better fitted to "make good" than the daughter of a man who peddled notions "on the country," or a boy whose father even then was looking for a job?

But the saddest proof of her mental condition was her passion for washing. She was always at it. She had established a basin and a heap of towels in one corner of Room 18 and there she would wash a First Reader for no reason at all, or because of a mere obscurity of feature which might have been easily cleared away by the application of a slightly moistened coat cuff or the dampened hem of an apron. In a paroxysm of cleanliness she washed the Boss, though his morning canvass of his person had shown him to be, with careful usage, good for at least a week. She washed paint brushes, desk covers, glasses, even pencils. All was fish that came to her net and she put it all in water.

There was one phase of her conversation which refused to classify itself either as fact or fiction. In the Course of Study it was described as "Moral Training," and Constance Bailey devoted a daily half hour to this part of her duty. She combined ethics with biography and showed that virtue not only was its own cold reward but that the virtuous always held preferred stock in the business of life, and might realize at a moment's notice. There was Jack the Giant Killer and Abey Lincoln; King Alfred the Great and the Light Brigade; King Arthur and the David who slew Goliath; and — but this was the Boss's contribution to the galaxy of heroism — there was his own countryman Schonsky who had licked Paddy, the terrible, and many others. All these bright stars of history, all these examples of the good and true, had reaped great renown and profit from their purity and prowess; had triumphed over wrong; had demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that "honesty is the best policy" and that "fortune favors the brave."

So things progressed in Room 18 until the Friday afternoon of the Boss's second week in the high halls of learning. On the preceding Friday he had been detained in the cellar by the sudden collapse of a boarder But during the second week he had been constant in his attendance and Teacher handed him a blue ticket which announced to whom it might concern — and who could read it — that the punctuality, the application, and the deportment of the Boss had been all that could have been desired. She smiled approvingly when she gave it to him; she even laid an appreciative hand for an appreciable moment on the mouse-colored head and added a word of encouragement.

YETTA

"You have done beautifully this week," she vouchsafed him, "I am very proud of my new little boy."

The new little boy retreated silently to his place and watched. He noted the joy and eagerness of such children as received tickets, the dejection of those who got none. He did not quite understand the details of the system but its general principles were familiar to him, so he waited until he and Miss Bailey were alone and she had given him such private instruction as their scanty leisure allowed. Then he drew out his certificate of merit and asked:

"Where do I git it cashed?"

"You don't get it cashed," said Teacher. "You take it home to show that you were a good little boy."

"Then where do I git me pay?"

"Your pay for being good!" Miss Bailey reproved him.

"Naw," said the Boss, "Me pay fer sewin'. Didn't I make ye a book-mark an' mat, an' a horse reins fer a kid?"

"But not for pay," Teacner remonstrated. "You did it for ——"

"Fer me health?" queried the Boss. "Well I guess nit. I done the work an' I done it good, an' I want me pay. If you don't fix me up I'll report you and have your whole —— shop raided."

In view of this awful threat and of the bursting indignation of the Boss, Teacher temporized with the hopeful-sounding but most doubting suggestion:

"Wouldn't you like to take the things home with you now? You will get all your sewing at promotion time, but if you would like to have those three pieces to-day I might let you take them."

"No you don't," said the good little boy grimly. "You don't work me with none of your con games. I done the work an' I want me pay."

Gently, but firmly, Miss Bailey explained the by-laws of the Board of Education to him. Stubbornly he refused to accept the explanation.

"You git *your* pay all right, all right." he unchivalrously reminded her. "You git your pay an' now you're tryin' to welsh on them poor little kids. Why, I wouldn't treat the greenest Greenie in my cellar like you treat them kids what you're paid to treat right."

Miss Bailey appealed to his common sense, to his thirst for learning, to the integrity of all her former dealings with her good little boy. In vain, again in vain. The commercialism of the Boss was rampant and vigilant. At the first pause in her justification he broke in with:

"An' I folded papers fer you, too. Don't I git no pay fer that? I don't know the rates on that kind of a job but a young lady friend of mine works to a paper-boxes factory an' she gets good money. What are you goin' to do about the house I folded for you? A house an' a barn, an' a darn fool bird. (I won't charge you nothin' on that bird 'cause it didn't look like nothin'.) But I want me pay on them other things, an' you'll be sorry if you don't fix me up now. I'll queer yer good and plenty if you don't. I—" and here the contempt and the maturity of the Boss were wonderful to see—"I don't want the crazy truck. I don't want no book-mark—I ain't got no book. Nor I don't want no paper house an' barn. An' do I look like I wanted a horse reins with bells on it? Bells on *me!*" cried the Boss who had his own reasons for going softly all his days, "Well I guess nit!"

"Miss Bailey cheerfully paid ninety cents for the head-gear"

Of course compromise, after attempted intimidation, was impossible, and Miss Bailey went home that afternoon in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. For the Boss had interested her. She had enjoyed working for and gaining his slow regard ; was attracted by his independence. And she was sorry for the little chap with his tiny body and his great responsibilities. While he was pitying her for the omission of mind from her constitution she was grieving over him as a child defrauded of his childhood. But in this matter of paying children for the work they did at school, there was nothing she could say to make him understand her position.

On Monday morning the lowering expression of the Boss's visage and the truculent carriage of the corduroy head had become epidemic in Room 18. All the dark eyes, which for nearly a whole term had regarded Miss Bailey as a judicious combination of angel, Fairy-tale, and Benevolent Society, were now darker still with disillusionment and suspicion. Sulkily, the First Reader Class obeyed the voice of authority. Slowly, the First Reader Class cast off the spell which had held them. Stealthily, the First Reader Class watched the mouse-colored crest of its new commander and waited for his signal to revolt. It came with the sewing hour in the late morning. Fat needles and gay worsted were distributed and the working-drawing of a most artistic iron-holder was traced upon the blackboard. The work was ready but the workers were militantly not so. Teacher turned to Morris Mogilewsky :

"He had not expected that a very soft hand would guide his own work-roughened one"

"Is this a Jewish holiday?" she asked him out of her disheartening experience of the enforced idleness of those frequent festivals.

"No, ma'am, this ain't no holiday," Morris answered. "On'y we dassent to sew fer you fer nothings, the while we likes we shall make mit you a hit."

"That is slang, dear," Teacher warned him. "But you could make much more of a hit with me by doing your sewing like good children."

"We dassent. The new boy he makes we shall make a swear over it. It's a fierce swear."

"Come here," Teacher commanded and the Boss, abandoning a lurking desire to use his desk as a barricade and to entrench himself behind it, rose upon unsteady legs an obeyed. Teacher looked less harmless than he had expected as she demanded :

"What kind of a hit is this supposed to be?"

"It ain't no hit. It's a strike. I told the kids what their work is worth an' they feel like I do about doin' it fer nothin'. I guess you'll be sorry you turned me down, Friday," and for a baffled moment Teacher wished that the turning might be across her knee and accompanied with vigorous infringement of the by-laws. Here was a model class of the school, her pride, her enthusiasm, almost her creation, given over to mutiny and sedition! For a moment she thought of using coercion and then determined upon a *coup d'état*. Very gravely she stood beside her desk and made an address of farewell.

She touched upon the little joys and sorrows which had visited Room 18. She made artful allusions to flowers, canaries, goldfish, and rabbits. She cast one regretful eye back to the Christmas tree and she cast the other forwards to the proposed 'scursion to Central Park. She concluded, as well as she could through the satisfactory veil of tears which had enveloped the Class :

"But since you feel that I have treated you badly, since you feel that you should have been paid for learning those things which will help to make you useful when you are big and to keep you happy while you are little, I must ask you to take your hats and coats and everything which belongs to you and to leave your desks for the little boys and girls — there are plenty of them — who will be glad to

"You're a bunch of scabs""

come to school in Room 18 and who won't have to be paid for coming."

A long and wavering wail from the monitor of pencil points ended Miss Bailey's valedictory and was echoed by the monitors of goldfish and of buttons.

"I don't want I shall be promoted," snuffled Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein with a damp cuff against a damper nose. "I have a fraid over Miss Blake und I likes it here all right."

"You won't be promoted," Miss Bailey comforted him. "You will stay at home or play on the street. You won't have to go to school at all."

"I don't likes it, I don't likes it!" wailed Morris Mogilewsky. "I don't need I shall be no rowdy what plays by blocks. I likes I shall stay by your side und make what is healthy mit them from goldfishes."

"Very well, you may stay if you care to," Miss Bailey remarked with a coldness hitherto unknown in her dealings with this, the most devoted of her charges. "But the others must take their things and go at once."

But no one wanted to go. Teacher was buried under a landslide of moistly compunctious First Readers which launched itself upon her defenseless person with tearful pledges of fealty. When it was at last differentiated and driven back to the desks Miss Bailey delivered her ultimatum:

"The Children who will stay at school only if they are paid for their work here may — Stand!"

Only the Boss arose. Fear, or love, or gratitude, or public opinion held the others in their seats and the Boss surveyed them with hot scorn. He had not reached that Department of Moral Training which would have taught him that the way of the reformer is as hard as that of the transgressor, and that the wages of the man who tries to awaken his fellow is generally derision and often death.

So he shared the lot of many leaders and stood without followers when the time for action nad come.

"You're a bunch of sissies," he informed the neat and serried ranks of the First Readers. "You're a bunch of softies. You're a bunch of scabs."

"You really mustn't say such words," Teacher reproved him. "You just wait in

the hall for a moment while I give the children something to do, I want to talk to you."

Some compromise between the Boss, Miss Bailey, and the by-laws might have been effected but when Teacher had supplied her reclaimed and repentant charges with occupation, when she had placed Patrick Brennan in command and had uncoiled sundry penitent embraces which had again fastened upon her, she followed the Boss and found the hall empty.

Scouts were despatched and returned baffled. The truant officer was no more successful. Miss Bailey visited the cellar and retired discomfited, for she could neither breathe the air, believe the disclaimers, nor speak the speech which she encountered there. Other First Readers, from time to time, reported fleeting glimpses of the always fleeing Boss. But what could the inexperienced eyes of Constance Bailey, the hurried inspection of the truant officer, the innocent regard of the First Readers avail against the trained and constant watchfulness of the Boss. More than ever now did he go softly all his days and many of his nights.

For he had presented himself before his friend, the manager of the shop, as one desiring examination in the elements of Englisn Literature and Composition and had discovered that his two weeks had furthered him not at all upon the way to Cards off the Unions and that buttons were still to be his portion.

"Ain't this writin'?" he demanded and offered for his friend's inspection some mystic marks of whose meaning — in the absence of a copy — he was a little unsure.

"No, it ain't. It's foolin'," said the candid friend.

"She learned me that," the Boss maintained. "An' she learned me too; 'Honesty is the best Policy.' What's that?"

"That's a lie," the candid one informed him.

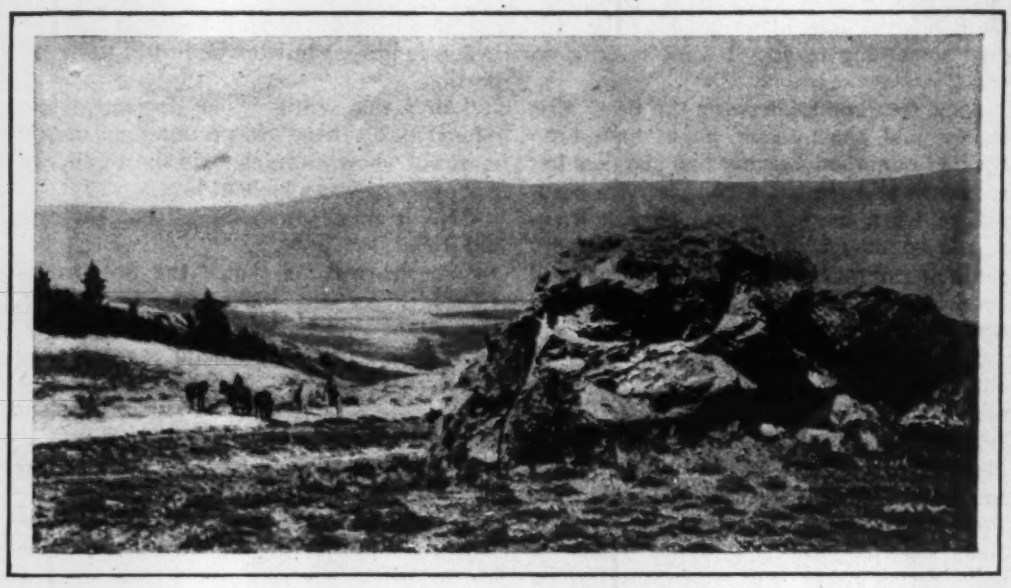
"An' she learned us about Jack the Giant Killer an' King Arthur. Who was they?"

"Fakes," was the verdict of candor. "She worked you for all you was worth."

"She fooled me all right, all right," the rueful Boss admitted. "But say, you'd ought to see her. She sure looks like the real thing."

"Sure she does," acquiesced the friend who combined world wisdom with his frankness. "The slickest always does."

And so the Boss avoided the high halls of learning and all associated therewith. For had he not bent thirstily over the Pierian Spring expecting to quaff inspiration to Cards and to Unions and had he not found that it flowed forth misinformation, Swedish Exercises, unpaid labor, and that it bubbled disgustingly with soap and water?



ROAD-AGENT ROCK

A favorite haunt of the robbers

THE STORY OF MONTANA

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THIS is the first of a series of articles which will tell fully and accurately the story of the personal and political feuds, the legal and business wars which have kept the State of Montana in turmoil from the beginning of the rivalry between Marcus Daly and William A. Clark, in the early '90's, up to the compromise of the legal and commercial differences between the Amalgamated Copper Company and F. A. Heinze, in the early part of the present year. Of the motives and interests which lay behind this long fight, of the powerful and picturesque personalities who have led it, of the intrigue and plot which were always beneath the surface; the public has never had any knowledge — the only information has been fragmentary accounts of the more sensational incidents.

C. P. Connolly, the author of these articles, is an attorney, and has been a resident of Montana for over twenty years. He is an important figure in the public life of the State, and saw from behind the scenes the making of the history that he tells. For one term he was prosecuting attorney of Silver Bow County, in which the city of Butte is located. His narrative has been written without bias, with impartiality and fairness as the first consideration and with rigid adherence to documentary records.

The present chapter deals with the beginnings of the State — history so recent that all of it is within the memory of men still living. It tells the story of the first clash between lawlessness and the forces of order.

The second chapter will deal with the arrival in Montana of Marcus Daly and William A. Clark, and the beginnings of the personal, commercial, and political rivalry which convulsed

the State until the day of Daly's death. This chapter will also cover the famous Montana capital fight and Clark's early attempts to reach the United States Senate.

The next chapters will tell in detail the story of the purchase of the Montana legislature of 1899 with sums that aggregated over a million dollars.

Succeeding instalments will narrate the attempt to bribe the Montana Supreme Court with an amount "to reach a half a million if necessary," in order to prevent the disbarment of Clary's chief counsel, John B. Wellcome, on charges of bribing members of the previous legislature: — and will relate how Judge Hunt, former Governor of Porto Rico and classmate of Secretary Taft, was approached with a bribe of $100,000. The rejection of Clark by the Senate investigating committee at Washington; the cross-examination of witnesses by Chairman William E. Chandler, and the consternation and horror of Senator Hoar at the corruption unearthed before that body, are described in detail. The ruse by which the Governor of Montana was lured beyond the borders of the State in order to let the Lieutenant-Governor appoint Clark United States Senator, and thus outwit the Senate, is told in full.

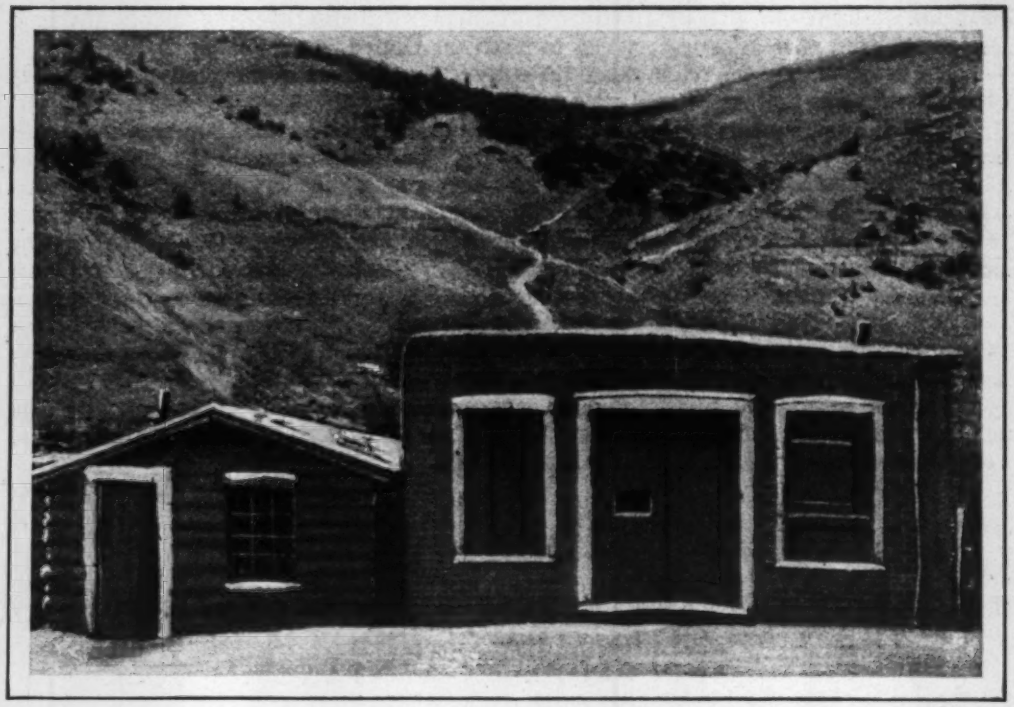
The final chapters deal with the entry of F. Augustus Heinze into Montana politics and mining, and the long struggle between him and the Amalgamated Copper Company to control corruptly the Courts of the State — EDITOR.

I

THE REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS AND ITS OVERTHROW BY THE VIGILANTES—THE BEGINNINGS OF LAW AND ORDER IN MONTANA

MONTANA is a State that stretches across plain and mountain for eight hundred miles east and west, nearly as great a distance as that between New York and Chicago. It is about four hundred miles in width. There is more than one county in the State out of which an area as large as the New England states might be carved and still leave room for a space larger than Manhattan Island. The eastern half is level and is devoted to ranching, cattle-raising, and sheep-raising. The western half is mountainous, thick with timber and studded with picturesque lakes and occasional glaciers. The climate, especially in the western half, is tempered by what the early Indians called the "Chinook" wind, which rises from the Japan current or Pacific Gulf Stream, and thaws ice and snow in a few short hours. In the winter of 1886–1887 the writer saw two feet of snow dissolved into running water in the streets of Helena by one of these winds in less than two hours, not a flake of snow remaining. In summer one is compelled to sleep under blankets indoors at night. In eastern Montana, near the Dakota line, and in the north, adjoining the Canadian line, the winters are often long and chill, but are redeemed by the rays of a never-lapsing sun. In southwestern Montana the farmer plows in February. The summer evenings are long and incomparably entrancing — the twilight often lasting in the mountains till near ten o'clock — and in the late sunsets there is a suggestion of distant climes. This broad expanse of fruitful plain and mountain prodigal with treasure, to-day the home of a prosperous and populous commonwealth, was, up to 1860, utterly uninhabited save by savage Indians and an occasional solitary white trapper or missionary.

Out of the southwestern part of what is now Montana there came one day in the early '60's the wild rumor of gold — of all rumors the one which flies the fastest and fastens itself most grippingly upon the yearnings and imagination of men. It soon reached Denver and flew furiously on to the eastward. Responding to this rumor, there flowed back upon that wide, crude highway which linked the border settlements of the Middle West with the golden sands of California, an untamable flood, the human outflow of the newly-settled states which had drawn their population from every disaffected corner of the globe. Men kissed their wives and



EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND LEGISLATIVE HALL AT BANNACK IN THE '60'S

children good-by and struck the trail for gold.

They followed the wide wagon-ways of the Mormons of '46 and the Californians of '49. It was a motley throng that toiled, with their prairie-schooners, over that wide expanse of prairie between St. Joe and St. Louis on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west — a section of country which Webster, in the Senate, had declared was an arid region, unfitted for human habitation and frigid with the blight of perennial winter. They herded together in the early stages of the overland journey, but later struggled desperately for place in the fierce, primeval race for nature's loot. There were those in that throng who had drunk the cup of prosperity and the dregs of adversity. There were doctors of divinity, doctors of medicine, lawyers, gamblers, speculators — and here and there some noble, self-sacrificing woman and her children. Buoyed up by the hope of quickly-acquired wealth — that chimerical dream which has lured and duped the world in all ages — they pursued the treacherous journey across a plain that seemed boundless. Picket-men were chosen for constant guard against the attacks of Indians, and shallow graves were dug along the way for those who succumbed to disease or were slain by savages. The throng, made up of the best and worst of human elements, was united against every common enemy.

The destination of this exodus was Alder Gulch, "Bill" Fairweather's discovery, in the southwestern part of Montana. Ten thousand people rushed into that gulch within ninety days after the discovery of the gold-beds. Out of Alder Gulch was taken, in pans, gold aggregating one hundred millions of dollars. It yielded a greater amount of gold, perhaps, than any other one field on our continent. A city was founded and called Virginia City.*

The population of Alder Gulch soon became a law unto itself. The millions that were taken out of the placer-beds and hidden in cabins and out-of-the-way corners until the owners seized the first favorable opportunity to depart for the States, aroused the cupidity of the criminal element. Half the people of Alder Gulch were working day and night to gather the gold that would take them back to the affluent enjoyment of the fruits of hardship and hazard; the other half gambled, and whiled away the time in

* It must not be confounded with Virginia City, Nevada, the home of the great Comstock silver lode which made millionaires of Mackay, Flood, Fair, and O'Brien.

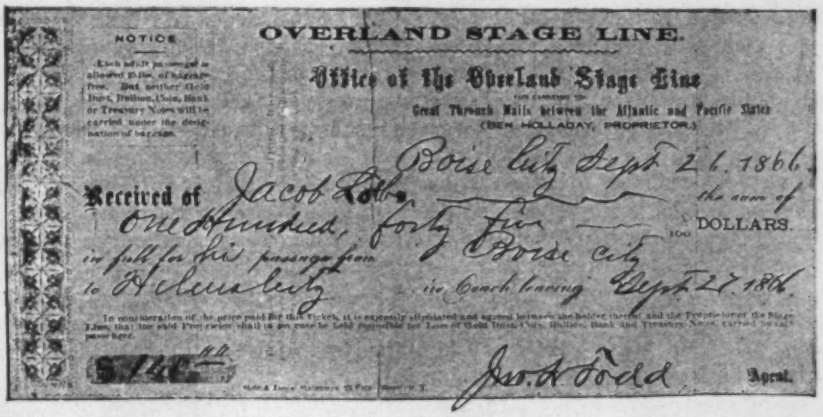
idleness until the harvest of toil was gathered; and then swept down, vulture-like, upon the treasure.

Out of these conditions came the imperative call for some kind of provisional government. In all this heterogeneous collection of fortune-seekers, no man was certain of the good faith of his neighbor. They had come from all parts of the earth and had here looked into the faces of each other for the first time.

The Rise of the Road-Agents

Each day brought forth some new and astounding revelation of the strength of the road-agents, who were masquerading in every walk of this rude, unfashioned life, prating loudly of their desire for order, and lamenting the violence which they themselves produced.

Between the towns in the Gulch — Nevada City, Virginia City, and the other settlements — and Bannack, 80 miles away, a shots who maintained their skill by daily practice in actual conflicts. So common were these clashes that once, when two desperadoes had come together in a combination barber shop and saloon and had literally shot each other to pieces, the barber continued his operations on the face of his customer during the whistle and whang of the bullets without so much as a change of countenance. Henry Plummer, the sheriff, entrusted with the protection of the community, became the secret leader of these predatory bands of road-agents. He was a man of education and influence—a New Englander. As sheriff, he was likely to know when each man who had made his "stake" proposed to depart with his treasure, and by what route he intended to leave. Through him this information was promptly disseminated among the outlaws. The sheriff, piloting the unsuspecting victims, with their treasure, through dangerous mountain passes, gave the signal


NOTICE

Each adult passenger is allowed 25 lbs. of baggage free. But neither Gold Dust, Bullion, Coin, Bank or Treasury Notes will be carried under the designation of baggage.

OVERLAND STAGE LINE.

Office of the Overland Stage Line

Great Through Mails between the Atlantic and Pacific States

(BEN HOLLADAY, PROPRIETOR.)

Boise City Sept 21. 1866.

Received of Jacob Robb the sum of

One Hundred, forty Five 100 DOLLARS.

in full for his passage from Boise city to Helena City in Coach leaving Sept 27 1866.

In consideration of the price paid for this ticket, it is expressly stipulated and agreed between the holder hereof and the Proprietors of the Stage Line, that the said Proprietors shall in no case be held responsible for Loss of Gold Dust, Coin, Bullion, Bank and Treasury Notes, carried by said passenger.

$145.00

Jno. A Todd Agent.

Ticket showing clause exempting stage line from liability for loss of gold-dust and money

constant correspondence was kept up by the road-agents. They had their captains, lieutenants, secretaries, and mail-carriers. The roads, everywhere, were under the constant surveillance of the freebooters. Horses, men, and coaches were marked by some secret sign, and troopers posted with speed at all hours of the day and night to convey intelligence of the contemplated operations of the gang. The usual arms carried by the road-agents were a brace of revolvers, a large-bore, double-barreled shot-gun, cut short in the barrel, and a bowie-knife. They were all well-mounted on fleet, well-trained horses, lifted from the settlements, in their forays. The members of the league were capital

which brought about the little party a troop of highwaymen who, after securing the gold-dust, often resorted to massacre to conceal evidence or prevent possible betrayal.

The Supremacy of the Lawless

The organization of the lawless antedated by many months the organization of law. For law was a thing without substance, among these people. The trained lawyer practises his profession through its forms and technicalities, and these the free, untrammeled, irresponsible spirit of this crude community would not tolerate. Gold was, for each, the all-alluring dream. It lay beneath their feet in exhaustless store, and

they thought of nothing but possessing it. Far off to the southwest, in California, the first faint light of a permanent civilization had begun to glow, but no refraction of its ray reached this band of daring adventurers, who had broken all ties and thrown themselves into these twilighted hills, two thousand miles from the regions of men, where no law had been known save the tribal customs of wild Indians. To the far eastward, beyond the gateway of that broad, lonely, savage-haunted, seemingly endless highway over which they had come, the country was writhing in the throes of war. This derelict community, marooned among these distant hills, forgotten by a nation tense with the strain of civil conflict, was face to face with the primal problems of government.

The first case ever tried in Montana was a mining suit. Both parties to the suit claimed a certain piece of mining ground. The community had elected a president, Dr. William L. Steele, afterwards Mayor of Helena, and now a resident of that city. The regularly-elected judge of the community was a witness in the case and, according to the unwritten law, the case had to be tried before the president. It was winter time, but the case was tried in the open air on the foot-slopes of the mountains. The occasional balmy winters of that portion of Montana were a revelation to the gold-seekers then, as they are to the visitor to-day. During the trial, the plaintiff moved among the jury and the spectators with a box of cheap cigars, treating the crowd, while the defendant, not to be outdone in hospitality, went around with a bottle of what was known as "Valley Tan" whisky, a product of the Mormon settlements to the south, in the region of Salt Lake.

Dr. Steele had appointed Charlie Forbes clerk of the court. While the case was going on, two men — Hayes Lyons and "Buck" Stinson — stepped up and whispered something to Forbes. Forbes replied in an audible tone, "We'll kill him." He rose, and the three walked out to the edge of the crowd. They called to a man named Dillingham to step out from among the spectators. Dillingham stepped out to where Forbes and his companions stood, and was instantly shot dead. Forbes had fired the shot. Dr. Steele immediately ordered the arrest of the three men. Jack Gallagher, a deputy sheriff, who afterwards proved to be one of the oath-bound gang of road-agents, was waiting on the court in his official capacity. He passed out from the crowd and placed the three men under arrest, taking their pistols from them. Dexterously exchanging his own pistol for that of Forbes, he held up the three weapons, which were found to be fully loaded. The court stood adjourned, and the civil suit was afterwards compromised.

The explanation of this tragic by-play to the first rude lawsuit in the camp was this:

A man named Dodge had accumulated considerable wealth in the placer diggings, and was about to return to the States. Plummer, the sheriff and the chief of the road-agents, had issued orders to Dillingham, Forbes, Lyons, and Stinson to ascertain the hour of his departure, to follow, and overtake, and rob him — instructions which meant the murder of Dodge. Dillingham, who said he had joined the gang for the purpose of informing on them later, disclosed the plot to Dodge. As time passed on, and Dodge failed to leave, Hayes Lyons met him one day and casually remarked: "I thought you were going to the States." "So I was," said the artless Dodge, "but I was told that you and Charlie Forbes and Buck Stinson were going to rob me." "Who told you that?" inquired Lyons. "Dillingham told me," was the response. This was the information that Lyons and Stinson had whispered to Forbes at the trial, and in the presence of the assembled general court, the clerk of the court shot Dillingham dead.

The First Rude Courts of the Frontier

They tried Forbes, Stinson, and Lyons by the only possible method — a miners' meeting. Some were in favor of a trial by twelve men, but others opposed this, knowing that the jury would be drawn by the road-agent sheriff — for there were those who knew that Plummer was the leader of the road-agents, though they dared not voice this conviction either in secret or in public. A *viva voce* vote was taken, but this proving indecisive, two wagons were drawn up, with a space between, and those in favor of a jury of twelve passed through and were counted, while those in favor of a jury of the entire populace followed, and were counted in turn. The vote in favor of the popular jury prevailed. Three judges were appointed, of whom Dr. Steele, the president of the community, was chief. E. R. Cutler, a blacksmith, was appointed

MAIN STREET, HELENA, IN THE EARLY '70'S

public prosecutor, the accused selecting their own counsel. The judge's bench was a wagon. Forbes, the actual guilty one, was acquitted, the other two were convicted. Forbes was saved because of his good looks and education, and by the deputy sheriff's subterfuge in producing the fully-loaded pistol which was sworn to be the pistol Forbes had at the time of the shooting. His trial came last, and many of the miners, weary of the long delays, had departed when the final question of Forbes's guilt or innocence was put. His masterly forensic appeal in his own behalf, still a tradition in the mountains, was no small element in his acquittal. Forbes laughed jovially, afterwards, at the gullibility of the men who acquitted him.

A committee was appointed to dig the graves of Stinson and Lyons. The deputy sheriff took the prisoners in a wagon to the place of execution. Most of the crowd remained where they were, but the friends of the doomed men followed the officers and culprits. When the party arrived at the gallows, it was decided to submit again to the crowd — now composed of the friends of the condemned — the question of hanging or not hanging. Before this motion was put, another motion was made, that Stinson and Lyons be given a horse and banished. This was carried in a loud affirmative, by the friends of the men, and before any one could protest, the two rejoicing bandits were lifted upon the horse and told to fly.

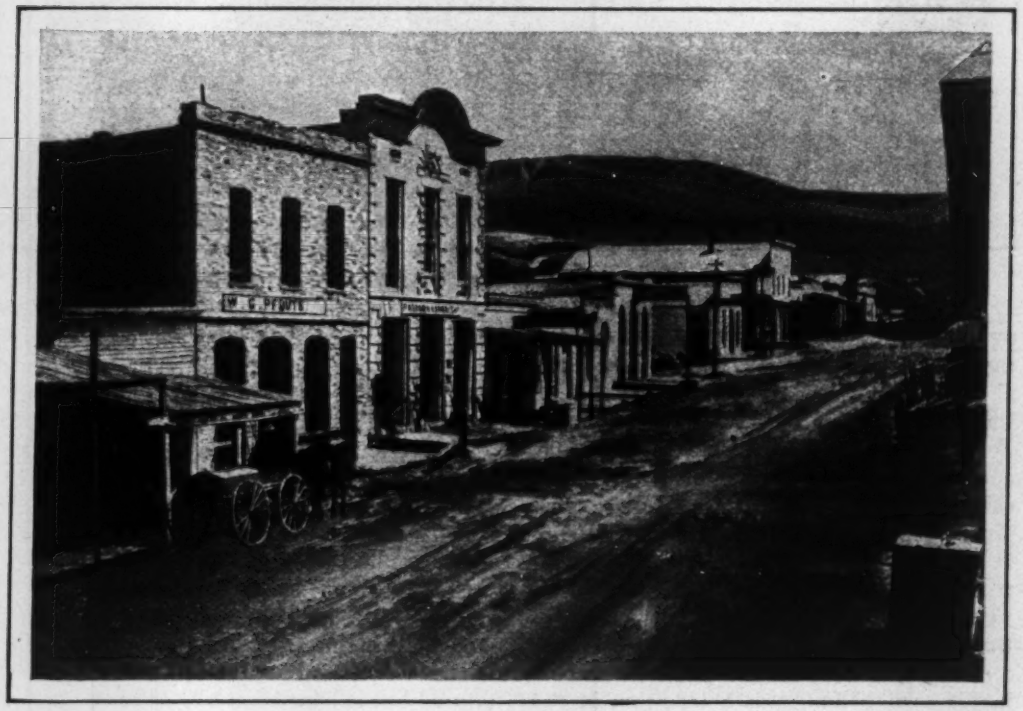
Dr. Steele had left the open-air meeting over which he had presided and was on his way to his cabin, some distance down the road, when he heard behind him the clatter of hoofs. Looking up, he encountered the radiant faces of Stinson and Lyons, whose bodies he supposed were at that moment swinging from the limb of a pine. As they flew past him, they shouted a good-natured but defiant good-by.

John X. Biedler was digging away at their graves for two hours after the men left. When he found that Stinson and Lyons had got away, he put up a sign on the graves; "These graves to let; apply to X. Biedler." This bit of jocularity afterwards nearly cost Biedler his life. Sometime after the organization of the Vigilantes, Biedler stopped over night at a roadhouse on his way to Alder Gulch. He had hardly taken up his quarters when five road-agents, among them Stinson and Lyons, appeared at the house, having followed him with the intention of killing him. Their purpose was to kill every man who had had anything to do with the trial. One of these men said to Biedler: "You are the man who helped dig my grave."

"Yes," said Biedler, "and, by the way, you have never paid me for that yet." This was such an apt reply that the outlaws laughed, and one of them proposed to treat. An insult was offered in order to provoke a reply from Biedler, but it was parried in such a humorous way, that drinks were again proposed. The object of the road-agents was to provoke Biedler if possible and then kill him, but whether provoked or not, to kill him anyway. Biedler parried every thrust. In the nick of time, a committee of twelve Vigilantes walked in and called

agile in his movements. His manners were those of a gentleman, and he was intelligent, and even brilliant in conversation.

A man named Cleveland aspired to leadership of the road-agents. He got into a quarrel with Plummer one day in a saloon, while some of the members of the band were discussing affairs of business. Plummer suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming as he did so, "I am tired of this," and fired at Cleveland and struck him. Cleveland fell on his knees. He pleaded with Plummer not to shoot while he was down. "No,"



MAIN STREET, VIRGINIA CITY, AFTER ALDER GULCH HAD BEEN "PANNED"

"Hands up." The locks of twelve shotguns clicked, and the outlaws threw up their hands.

Henry Plummer, the ruling spirit among the road-agents, was probably the most skilful marksman of his time in the western country. He always pretended to give his adversary the advantage in drawing a weapon, knowing that his superior dexterity in the use of his Derringer would more than counterbalance any advantage his opponent might have. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and a very handsome man. When not in liquor, he was quiet and modest in demeanor, and was always dignified but

said Plummer. "Get up." Cleveland rose, only to receive another shot just below the eye, and fell dead to the floor.

Dr. Glick, brother of a later governor of Kansas, was surgeon for the road-agents. He was probably the best surgeon in the mountains. The road-agents would blindfold Glick and take him to the particular rendezvous where the injured member of the band happened to be. After the first of these visits, Plummer and Glick started on the return to town. While crossing a plateau, Plummer suddenly turned and thrust his revolver in Glick's face. "Now you know," he said, "that these are my

men. I am their chief. If you ever breathe a word of what you have seen, I'll murder you." And Plummer meant it.

Glick lived with the feeling that the gaping barrels of a hundred rifles were always leveled at his breast. He knew that disclosures by any confederate of the gang might at any time involve him in the general suspicion. He wanted to leave the country. He gave out to the road-agents that he wished to take a course of lectures in the East. "Stay right where you are. We have use for you here," was the comforting response.

On one occasion when Dr. Glick was performing a very delicate operation on Plummer, Bill Hunter, another of the outlaws, entered the room. "If Plummer dies from this operation," said Hunter, "I'll shoot the top of your head off." Glick performed the operation without the tremor of a muscle, though he did not expect it to be successful, and lay in hiding all one night with a horse ready saddled, awaiting word of the turn in Plummer's condition.

Former Governor Samuel T. Hauser, of Montana, now a resident of Helena, was one of the early pioneers who suspected Plummer's real character. Contemplating a trip from Bannack to Salt Lake with a large amount of treasure, he entered the stage-coach at Virginia City and immediately recognized Plummer among the passengers. Hauser took this to mean that Plummer had become aware of his intended trip, and had planned with the members of his band the robbery of the coach. His suspicions were strengthened by the fact that at Bannack Plummer had presented him with a woolen scarf, telling him he would find it useful on the cold nights during the trip. Hauser concluded that this was the badge by which the robbers would be able to pick him out from the other passengers. During the afternoon of the day of Hauser's departure it had been reported in Bannack that some new mining discoveries had been made at a point down the road, and Plummer, who affected some knowledge of mining matters, had been requested to go out and examine the discoveries. It was an excuse for his passage on the stage-coach and was a ruse that had been resorted to before.

In the presence of the other passengers Hauser made the remark to Plummer that he had a large amount of treasure which he was desirous of safely delivering at Salt Lake, and he desired Plummer, as sheriff of the community, to take charge of his treasure and guard it during the journey past the dangerous places on the road. As he spoke he passed the treasure over to Plummer. Plummer guessed Hauser's suspicions. The stage was not molested, the robbers failing to get their usual signal, and Hauser arrived at Salt Lake in due time with his treasure.

The principal amusements of the rougher element of the population were the stag-dances, a rough kind of dance in which only the men indulged, though in the more populous settlements gaily attired females were to be found, the belles of these boisterous carousals. Good women there were none, or so few that the sudden appearance of a good woman anywhere in the settlements produced visible signs of instant and profound respect. The miners would doff their hats and manifest their joy by rounds of huzzahs, making room for her as though the touch of their rough attire might soil her garments.

The discovery up to the fall of 1863 of no less than 110 bodies of victims of the road-agents had finally aroused the feelings of the law-abiding citizens to a pitch of frenzy. They felt that the mysterious disappearance of many other men whom they had known, was to be traced to the bandits. Scores of miners who had set out with large sums of money for various places had never been heard of and had never reached their destination. Murders occurred daily, almost hourly. Had there been the most perfect system of legal procedure, time would not have permitted of the orderly trials of offenders, so frequent were the crimes. Alder Gulch continued to disgorge its treasure in a steady stream, and the very excess of its bounty excited the most selfish passions of men. The heart of a man possessed with the thirst for gold is like the country where gold is produced — it is wild and barren, and the flowers wither.

It must not be supposed that during these long months of sickening dread and doubt attempts had not been made to organize justice. Rude courts were established and the guilt or innocence of offenders submitted to regularly chosen juries, but the swaggering outlaws would boldly force their way through the lines of spectators and into the presence of the qualified twelve men, announcing

their determination to avenge upon every one connected with the case, any verdict other than acquittal. Witnesses and jurors, under these circumstances, were afraid for their lives, and justice had miscarried until the outlaws, seeing the blanch of fear everywhere, were supreme. In the early stages of this reign of terror some of the road-agents had been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death by unanimous vote, but as in the case of the murderers of Dillingham, between conviction and punishment motions to reconsider had intervened, and the vacillating mob, through fear or relenting doubt, had revoked the action of the previous hour.

The trial of two worthies known as Moore and Reeves will serve as a pertinent illustration. They had been guilty of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders, the crime for which they were tried being particularly revolting and wanton. During the course of the trial, shots were fired and knives drawn, and the court was turned into a scene of wild disorder and indiscriminate violence. They were tried by a jury of twelve, and while the witnesses were giving their evidence the road-agents paraded in front of the jury-box, swearing vengeance upon every man who voted for a verdict of guilty. Some of these jurors had families in the States, and felt that to return a verdict of guilty would be signing their own death warrants. The verdict was acquittal, but that did not save them. Within six months, more than half of the men who participated in the trial of these desperadoes, whether as witnesses, jurors, judge, or officers, were assassinated by the road-agents. Under such circumstances, it was impossible to get men to act, individually or collectively, in any movement looking to the overthrow of the road-agents' power.

Another case ended more amusingly. A rough named Burch was on trial for his life. His counsel, foreseeing an adverse verdict, moved that Burch's life be spared on condition that he leave the diggings in fifteen minutes. The motion was carried. Some one gave Burch a mule. Thinking the crowd might reconsider, Burch vaulted onto the mule and looking quizzically at his jurors, exclaimed: "Fifteen minutes! Gentlemen, if this mule don't buck, five will do."—and disappeared down the road, amid the laughter of the crowd.

One day in November of 1863, into Nevada City, two miles below Virginia City, came a wagon containing the body of a murdered miner. It had been found in the bushes near Wisconsin Creek, several miles distant, and had been badly mutilated by birds and beasts. The body was recognized as that of Nicholas Tbalt, who had gone down to Wisconsin Creek after some mules. It bore the marks of a rope around the throat. The body had evidently been dragged to the place of concealment while the victim was still alive. The hands grasped fragments of sod and sage-brush. There was a bullet wound in the head.

The exhibition of this mangled corpse through the main streets of Nevada City and Virginia City aroused the populace to unusual frenzy. The time had come when the miners, callous to bloodshed, stood dumb with rage and impotence. They felt that they had remained too long indifferent to the roaming spirit of assassination which shot men down for luck or sport. A dozen men started out to find the murderer, or murderers, and returned at dusk to Nevada City with three men under arrest. One of the three had confessed, and there was ample corroborative proof against the others. One of these prisoners was George Ives, a leader among the freebooters. He was about twenty-seven years of age, tall, lithe, and handsome. He had bright eyes, an intelligent face, and like many of the leaders of the road-agents — he was next to Plummer in command — had apparently been a man of refinement. He had all the elements of leadership.

Ives had a habit, when he needed money, of riding his horse into a store or saloon, throwing his purse upon the bar or counter, and telling the proprietor to fill it with gold-dust. He would frequently amuse himself by breaking the lamps or the mirrors with a ball from his pistol, while waiting for his purse to be filled. He once learned that some member of Plummer's band had threatened to divulge some of its secrets. Ives met this man the next day on the public road, and shot him dead as he sat on his horse.

Ives and his companions, after their arrest for the murder of Nicholas Tbalt, laughed and joked coarsely over the prospect of an early acquittal. In settling upon the mode of trial, the miners finally determined that the men should be tried in the presence

of the entire body of citizens, which reserved to itself the ultimate decision. A jury of twenty-four men was appointed to listen closely to the evidence, and to select for final appeal to the crowd, such questions as could not be unanimously agreed upon by the twenty-four during the course of the trials. Delays would thus be avoided.

"Long John," one of the accomplices, turned State's evidence. He swore that when Ives told Tbalt he was going to kill him, the young German asked for time to pray. Ives told him to kneel down, and then shot him through the head just as he had begun his prayer. In addition to the evidence, there was a general suspicion against Ives. It was believed that, next to Plummer, he was the most dangerous marauder on the road; yet men were by no means sure that he would be convicted and punished. Ives was prepossessing in appearance; he had friends in that crowd whose courage was instant and unflinching; he was brave himself beyond any man's questioning; he was rich with the booty of the road and the wealth of murdered miners; his manners were affable and free — and such men have friends even beneath the church spires of civilization.

A wagon was drawn up and backed against a log cabin that faced the street. The crowd gathered around the out-of-door fires that tempered the atmosphere of the late December day. As usual, the Judge and attorneys of this primitive court occupied the wagon-box. The prisoners were seated in front of this rude temple of justice, and as the night drew on, the guards, flanked and surrounded by the impassive crowd, could be recognized by the flicker of the blazing fires. Beyond was the wavering line of desperadoes and their sympathizers.

The Coming of a Leader for the Law-Abiding

Upon that scene, in those wild hills, far removed from the arm of the law as we know it, there arose the figure of one of the intrepid heroes of that time. Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, since known as the "Vigilante" United States Senator from Montana, for whom one of Montana's counties has been named, was a lawyer and a new-comer, a comparative stranger to every one. But he was more than a mere lawyer. He was a man with the courage of a lion. Of Lincolnian height and features, he made a conspicuous figure in any gathering. Subsequent events always found him — often single-handed — championing the right against the lawlessness of Montana's wealth and power. Colonel Sanders had been approached to defend Ives and his companions, but this retainer he refused. Then he was asked to prosecute the men, and he consented.

In former public tribunals, judges, jurors, witnesses and mob alike had been overawed by threats of assassination. It was the firm belief of the miners that any one active in securing the conviction of Ives and his companions would be marked for death. All that the road-agents sought was to get the responsibility for the conviction of one of their number narrowed down from the crowd at large to any five or ten men, and then dispose of them separately.

But the courageous bearing of this new-comer dispelled the fears of judges, jurors and witnesses. He had the learning of the schools — and that alone commanded respect in that mixed assembly — and the eloquence that afterwards served well in defending the state against a more insidious form of lawlessness. He looked witnesses in the face with unflinching courage. After the evidence for and against Ives was in, he stood in the open air, towering above the surrounding multitude, looking into the ugly bores of robber guns leveled from the outer fringe of the crowd, and moved for the conviction of the idolized leader of the road-agents. The courage of this man carried the day, the spell of the road-agents was broken, and the mob voted "guilty." No greater combination of physical and moral courage was ever witnessed on the frontier. But it did not end there. Many supposed that the proceedings, according to precedent, had come to a conclusion, and that the court would adjourn until the next day, it being already dark. Sanders again mounted the wagon, and, calming the tumult, stated that Ives had been declared a murderer and robber by the people there assembled and moved "That George Ives be *forthwith* hanged by the neck until he is dead." Again the mob, awed by the eloquence, the heroism and the sternness of this new-comer, voted in the affirmative — and before the crowd had time to recover, before the friends of Ives could rally their wavering forces, Ives had paid the penalty of his flagrant crimes.

To a place not more than ten yards from where he sat during the trial, Ives was led to execution. He had repeatedly declared he would never die in his boots, and he asked one of the guards for a pair of moccasins, which were given him, but he got chilled, and requested that his boots might be put on again, and he died in them. He was led to the scaffold fifty-eight minutes from the time his doom was fixed. Every excuse for delay had been resorted to by his friends, in the hope of rescue at the hands of Plummer and his men from Bannack and Virginia City. The surrounding roofs of the rough mountain homes were covered with spectators. Revolvers could be seen flashing in the moonlight, but the guards stood firm, prepared to beat back the friends of the road-agents. When all was ready, the word was given, and the large dry-goods box on which Ives stood was shattered from under him. The road-agents stampeded from the scene in wild affright. Some claimed that Plummer was present, but that, overawed by the determination of the mob, he kept in the background. Others denied that he was there. The trial and punishment of Ives's companions followed in quick succession. An hour or two after the exciting scenes attending the execution of Ives, Colonel Sanders sat quietly reading in the store of John A. Creighton, now a wealthy citizen of Omaha, and the endower of Creighton College at that place. Guards had been offered to protect Sanders's person, but he had refused to accept their services. Harvey Meade, with revolver cocked, walked up to Sanders and began abusing him in road-agent vernacular. Sanders dropped his hand into his coat pocket, in which lay a Derringer, and quietly observed: "Harvey, I should feel hurt if some men said this, but from such a dog as you, it is not worth noticing." Meade walked off. He said afterwards he had intended to kill Sanders, but that there was something about the man's manner that cooled his ardor.

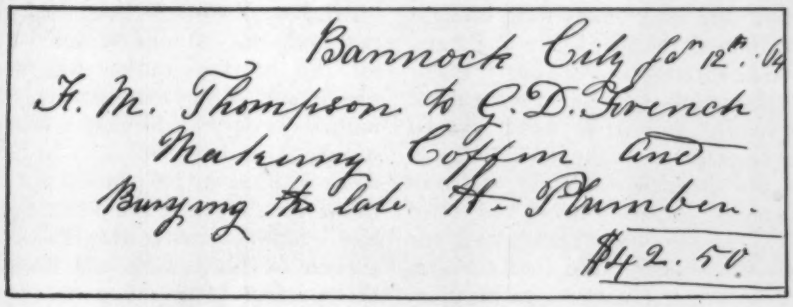
For over forty years Wilbur F. Sanders remained a commanding figure in the history of Montana. In later years, when men were still shot down in the public streets, Sanders was engaged as counsel in the trial of a case in Deer Lodge. After one of those philippics for which he was noted, directed against one of the witnesses for the opposing side, Sanders was informed as he left the court room that the target of his vituperative eloquence was waiting for him. "Did he say he would shoot?" asked Colonel Sanders of his informant, Andy O'Connell. "Not only said so," was the reply, "but he *will* shoot as sure as your name is Sanders." "Oh, no," said Sanders; "the man that says he will shoot, never shoots"—and Sanders walked out in front of the court straight up to the waiting "terror," who slunk away before the glance of his fearless eye.

Sanders was a man of wit as well as courage. Some years before his death, which took place in July, 1905, he was present at a Populist Convention in Helena, and being called on by the chairman, in a moment of weakness, for a speech, Sanders, who was a Republican, launched into a political argument against the heresies of Populism. Instantly there was a wild uproar in the hall, supplemented by cries of "Put him out." One speaker rose and interrupting Sanders said that the Populists had hired the hall and the lights and should be protected from insult. "I know," said Sanders, "but I am furnishing the heat."

The Organization of the Vigilantes

Two or three nights after the execution of Ives, it was decided to form a Vigilance Committee. The way had been paved by the courage of Sanders and by the fear which clutched at the hearts of the road-agents. Public sentiment had changed from terror to unfaltering decision—the wind had veered. Several resolute men, including Colonel Sanders, met in the back room of a store owned by John Kinna and J. A. Nye on Jackson Street, opposite the aristocratic saloon and gambling place known in those days as "No. 10," and then and there organized a Committee of Vigilance. Mr. Paris S. Pfouts was elected president, Colonel Sanders official prosecutor, and Captain James Williams executive officer. The candles were then extinguished, and standing about the room in a circle, with hands uplifted, the assembled company took this oath:

"We, the undersigned, uniting ourselves together for the laudable purpose of arresting thieves and murderers and recovering stolen property, do pledge ourselves on our sacred honor, each to all others, and solemnly swear that we will reveal no secrets, violate no laws of right, and never desert each other or our standard of justice, so help us God."


Bannock City Jd 12th. 64
F. M. Thompson to G. D. French
Making Coffin and
Burying the late H. Plumber.
$42.50

Bill for coffin and interment of the Road-Agent Chief

Among the by-laws adopted by the Vigilantes was this Draconian provision:

"The only punishment that shall be inflicted by this committee is death."

While the Vigilantes were perfecting their plans, renewed impetus was given to the movement by one of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated in the history of the road-agents. This was the murder and robbery of Lloyd Magruder and his companions. Magruder was one of the most popular men in the settlements. He had been a merchant at Lewiston, Idaho, and the Independent Democratic candidate for Congress. He combined in his character so many good and noble traits that he was generally esteemed and admired.

In the summer of 1863 Magruder arrived in Virginia City with a large pack-train laden with merchandise. He opened a store and disposed of his goods, realizing some $30,000. He was about to return to Lewiston, accompanied by Charles Allen, Horace and Robert Chalmers, two young brothers, and a man named Phillips. These men likewise had treasure, and united for safety. James Romaine, "Doc" Howard, William Page and "Chris" Lowry were employed by them as helpers and stock tenders. Whisperings that Magruder and his party would be murdered reached the ears of more than one citizen, but terror sealed their lips.

The party traveled without accident to a camp near the Bitter Root range, the present dividing line between Montana and Idaho. This was the spot selected by the helpers and stock-tenders for the treacherous murder. At an afternoon consultation, they fixed upon the hour of ten that night for concerted attack on the party. A guard was stationed that evening, Magruder and Lowry being on watch. Promptly at ten, while Magruder was leaning over, lighting his pipe from the flame of the guard-fire and while all the other victims of the plot were asleep, Lowry crushed Magruder's skull with an ax. Howard and Romaine murdered the two Chalmers boys and Allen and Phillips while they slept. The work was so well done that only Phillips cried out, and a second blow silenced him.

The bodies were wrapped in a tent-cloth and rolled over a mountain precipice, where the winter's snow was expected to hide all evidence of the crime. All the horses except eight were taken into a cañon off the trail and shot. The camp equipment was burned. The murderers wore moccasins, so that if an early discovery should be made, the crime might be imputed to Indians.

After the capture of the murderers, Page, who had taken no active part in the crime, turned State's evidence, and the others were executed in Idaho after trial and conviction in regularly established courts.

This crime excited intense indignation, and whatever opposition there had been among the miners to the organization of the Vigilantes gave way before the necessity for self-preservation.

The Vigilance Committee set to work in orderly and determined fashion. The first men hanged were "Red" Yager and a companion named Brown. Their place of execution was the Stinkingwater Valley. Yager confessed and put the committee in possession of the names of the prominent leaders among the road-agents. He told them that Plummer was the chief of the band. The password of the confederates was "Innocent." Each wore a necktie tied in a sailor's knot for the better identification of one another. Death was the penalty for all traitors, and for any outsider who came into possession of, and revealed, the secrets of the band.

A lantern and some stools were brought from a house near the spot where Yager and Brown were captured, and the party, crossing a creek behind Loraine's ranch, made for some neighboring trees which loomed in outline through the night shadows. On the road to the gallows Yager was cool and collected. Brown sobbed and cried for mercy. The stools, one placed upon the other, flew from under Brown first. Yager, without a sign of trepidation, saw his companion drop. He asked to shake hands with his executioners, and begged that they would follow the road-agents until they were completely exterminated. "You are on a good undertaking," said he. "No country was ever cursed with a more bloodthirsty or desperate pack of villains than this, and I know them all." His voice was as calm and steady as though he were conversing with old friends.

The road-agents were hanged in pairs, or in large numbers, as they were apprehended.

Henry Plummer was undressing at his house when he was taken. He was seized the moment his door was opened in answer to a knock. His favorite pistol lay near by, but it was secured by one of the committee before Plummer could reach for it.

On the road to the gallows Plummer heard the voice and recognized the person of the leader of the Vigilantes. He had been the companion and close friend of every man among his captors. He went to the leader and begged for his life.

"It is useless for you to plead for your life," said the leader. "That affair is settled and cannot be altered. You are to be hanged. You cannot feel harder about it than I do, but I could not help it if I would."

"Don't say that," pleaded Plummer. "Cut out my tongue and strip me naked this freezing night, and let me go. Spare my life. I cannot go blood-stained," he sobbed, "into the presence of the Eternal." He exhausted every argument and plea, but the Vigilantes were inexorable. Death was their only punishment. They were pledged to it. Finally, with tears and sobs, Plummer confessed his numerous crimes. He was frantic at the prospect of death. Witnessing the death-throes of so many of his victims had not hardened him to meet his own fate bravely.

"Buck" Stinson and "Ned" Ray, who were captured at the same time with Plummer, were sent to death first. The order "Bring up Plummer" was then given and repeated, but no one stirred. Sympathy for this heartless outlaw was working in the breasts of his executioners. Plummer himself was trying to gain a few moments respite by saying some rusty prayers which stuck pitifully in his throat, but he finally rose as stoically as he could to the fate before him. Standing under the gallows, Plummer slipped off his necktie and tossed it over his shoulder to a young friend who had thrown himself weeping on the ground, saying: "Here is something to remember me by." He died without a struggle.

The work of implacable justice continued. Ives, Yager, Brown, Plummer, Stinson, Ray and others were dead; but Boone Helm, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parrish, Hayes Lyons and "Club-foot" George Lane, together with scores of other leaders, were at large. Every man who had taken part in the pursuit of the road-agents thus far was marked for death. No security was possible until the last of the outlaws was placed beyond the power of ever again giving the command "Hands up."

The executive committee on January 13, 1864, determined on hanging six of the ringleaders without delay. One of the doomed men — Bill Hunter — suspecting the purpose of the committee, or being secretly warned by some friend, managed to crawl along a drain ditch through the line of pickets that surrounded the town, and make his escape. In his flight he suffered greatly from exposure to the cold, and he was afterwards captured and executed in the Gallatin Valley. It is said that after the drop fell, his arms being free, he unconsciously went through the motion of reaching for his pistol, cocking and discharging it six different times.

While the executive committee were deliberating on these sentences, some of the men whose death-warrants were being signed were playing faro in a room two doors away. Express messengers were sent to warn the Vigilantes of the neighboring towns in the Gulch. They flew up and down the Gulch with the fateful message that night.

The following morning, the first gleams of light showed the pickets of the Vigilantes stationed on every eminence and point of vantage about Virginia City. The news flew like wild-fire. Hearts quaked and lips turned pale. Detachments of Vigilantes, stern, erect, determined-looking, marched from Nevada City, Junction, Summit, Pine

Grove, Highland, Fairweather. As soon as all was in readiness, the search for the road-agents began.

Frank Parrish was the first marauder captured by the Vigilantes. He was apprehended in one of the town stores and took the officer aside and asked why he was arrested. "For being accessory to the murders and the robberies of the road," was the brief rejoinder. He pleaded innocence at first, but at last admitted his guilt. He gave some hasty directions about articles of clothing belonging to him and the settlement of some debts.

"Club-foot" George Lane was supposed to be a respectable shoemaker whose kit occupied a corner in Dane & Stuart's combination store and express office in Virginia City, but his occupation was a blind. His business as the spy of the road-agents was to overhear conversations which might give information of intended shipments of gold. Lane was arrested at a gambling-house. He was perfectly cool when he was taken. He was told that his sentence was immediate death and he sat for some time, his face covered with his hands. He then asked for a minister, and one was found who consoled him on the march to the gallows.

Next came Boone Helm, the most hardened of the gang. They tell, in the mountains, this story of Boone Helm. Back at his home in Missouri a neighbor named Littelbury Shoot had promised to accompany Helm to Texas. At the last moment Shoot decided not to go. Helm called at his house one night after Shoot had retired. He roused him up.

"I hear you've backed down on the Texas question," said Helm as Shoot opened the door.

"Well,"—said Shoot, starting to explain.

"Yes or no," said Helm. "Are you going?"

"No."

And Helm, with his left hand on Shoot's right shoulder, buried his bowie-knife hilt-deep in the heart of his friend.

Helm's arrest by the Vigilantes took place in front of the Virginia Hotel. When made acquainted with his doom, he sat down for a moment on a bench. He declared his innocence and fought desperately for delay, but finally said: "I have dared death in every form, and am not afraid to die." He called for whisky and was boisterously irreverent and profane to the last.

Jack Gallagher was found in a gambling-room, rolled up in bedding, shot-gun and revolver beside him. He had determined to kill his captors, but his heart failed him at the last. He knew that the reign of the road-agents was over. He was sent forward.

THE MINER'S DREAM.

The frontispiece of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," gives a contemporary idea of the gold-seeker's confident expectations

Hayes Lyons was at breakfast in his cabin. "Throw up your hands" was the command that greeted him as the Vigilantes opened the door. He was told to step out. He came out in his shirt-sleeves and when his coat was handed to him he was so agitated that he could hardly get into it.

The prisoners were ordered to stand in row, facing the guards, and were informed that they were about to proceed to execution. They were marched in the center of a hollow square, flanked by four lines of Vigilantes, armed with shot-guns and rifles. Pistol-men were dispersed throughout the crowd.

The line moved forward. Eight thousand people lined the streets and gazed from roofs and open windows. As the procession advanced slowly up the street, Gallagher, alternately cursing and crying, called to an acquaintance on one of the roofs:

"Say, old fellow, I'm going to Heaven. I'll be there in time to open the gate for you."

"Hello, Bill," said Boone Helm to another in the crowd. "They've got me this time, and no mistake."

The last halt was made, and five boxes were placed under a beam in an unfinished, open building. They were the drops. "Clubfoot" George Lane asked leave to pray and knelt down. Jack Gallagher knelt with him, but called for whisky a moment later, and cursed the guard for not slacking the rope enough to let him drink. "I hope God Almighty will curse every one of you, and that I'll meet you all in the lowest pit of Hell," he shouted. Hayes Lyons was penitent and talked of his mother to those around him. Boone Helm cracked ribald jokes. "Kick away, old fellow," he said, as the oscillating figure of Gallagher cleaved the air. "I'll be in Hell with you in a minute" — and then shouting "Every man for his principles. Hurrah for Jeff Davis. Let her rip" — was swung into eternity. Frank Parrish stood silent and pensive. He dropped his black necktie over his face before his name was called.

The work of the Vigilantes was drawing to a close. Other executions followed. Between thirty and forty desperate men were hanged.

Under the gibbet Bob Zachary had prayed that "God would forgive the Vigilantes for what they were doing, as it was the only way to clear the country of road-agents."

"Johnny" Cooper was drawn to the scaffold in a sleigh, his wounded leg forbidding him to walk. "I want," he said, "a good smoke before I die. I always enjoyed a smoke." A heaping pipe was given him.

"Alex" Carter and Cyrus Skinner were executed at midnight by torchlight at the place where the thriving city of Missoula now stands, and within a few miles of where Daniel E. Bandmann, the old-time tragedian, now lives on his ranch.

George Shears said to those who captured him in the Bitter Root valley:

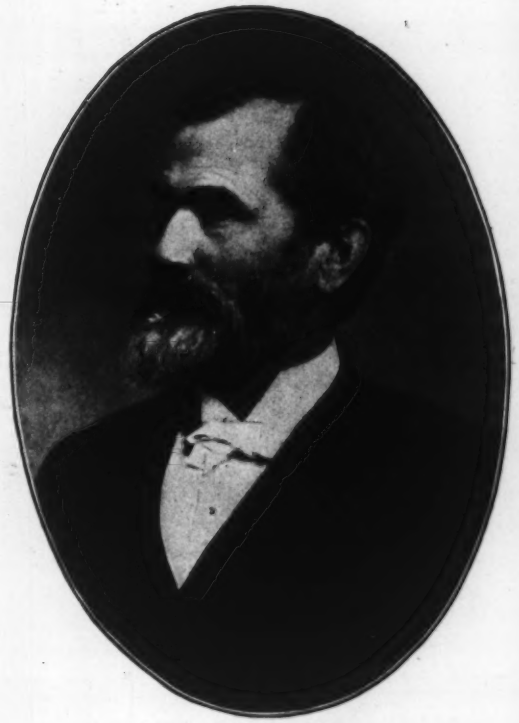
"I knew I would have to come to this, but I thought I might run another season."

To save the trouble of procuring a drop, he was asked to ascend a ladder, and politely complied.

"I am not used to this business, gentlemen," he said, when he had mounted the ladder. "Am I to jump off or slide off?"

One of the last official acts of the Vigilantes was the hanging February 10, 1864, of Capt. J. A. Slade, of whom it was said that "West of Fort Kearney he was feared a great deal more than the Almighty."

He had not been one of the road-agents; on the contrary, he was a member of the Vigilantes; but in his revels he was a menace to society in Alder Gulch. He was warm-hearted toward a friend, but a perfect demon to those who had incurred his displeasure. His favorite pastime when intoxicated was, like Ives's, to ride his horse into saloons and other public places, buying wine for himself and horse, and demolishing everything in sight. He would go into a saloon where perhaps fifty men were playing cards, and insist that they should all stop and drink with him at the same moment. He would raise his glass with the rest of them, but, instead of drinking, would wait until the others had finished, when he would bring his glass on a level with his eyes, and stare at it with intentness for a minute. Then suddenly he would raise the glass, dash it from him with terrific force at the mirror, the floor or the barkeeper, then draw his revolver and begin shooting indiscriminately. Slade was the leader of the only lawless element that remained in Virginia City after the extermination of the road-agents. A favorite diversion of this crowd of toughs was to dash down the mountain side from their cabin homes, "load up" at the first convenient saloon, and proceed to the town stews. In the morning when the peaceful citizens got up, they would see a pile of logs and a group of shivering, crying women. One morning, after the Vigilante court had organized, news came that Slade and some of his friends had spent the night at one of these houses and in the morning had destroyed it as usual. The marshal was ordered to arrest Slade. He was brought before the court, tried and found guilty. Having been guilty of the same offense frequently before, he was now fined $400. He did not have the money with him, but promised to bring it the next time he was in town. He was again arrested for the same offense and brought into court. As the marshal started to read the warrant, Slade sprang at him and tore it from his hands, at the same time leveling a revolver at the heart of the Judge. "Now," said he, "I am about tired of this business, and



WILBUR F. SANDERS

Late United States Senator from Montana. In the early days he was the head of the Vigilante organization which hung between forty and fifty of the road-agents

I am not going to recognize your authority, or pay that $400. I shall hold you personally responsible for my safety, and if any of your committee attempts to touch me, I'll blow your heart out."

Within a half hour the house to which Slade had gone was surrounded by armed men. The next minute they were in the room. One of them said, "We want you, Mr. Slade." Slade turned pale, but gave himself up. In order to preserve the forms of the crude law of the time, he was sentenced to death for high treason, for exciting others to rebellion, and for seeking to overthrow the Vigilante form of government.

Slade's execution has been criticized, and no doubt with reason; but one must assuredly conclude that while Slade may not have deserved death, the demands of the hour called imperiously for stern measures.

Slade's execution was rendered the more dramatic by his wife's heroic ride in an endeavor to save him. She arrived only in time to see his body cut down.*

With the death of Slade, the reign of law began. A peace that had been unknown since the coming of the first gold-seekers settled over the communities of Alder Gulch. Justice had at last asserted itself, and the rewards of the miner were his own. The curtain had fallen on the first act of the making of a commonwealth.

* Mark Twain tells in "Roughing It" another anecdote illustrating the heroism of Slade's wife. The incident occurred perhaps ten years before his execution.

Slade was captured, once, by a party of men who intended to lynch him They disarmed him, and shut him up in a strong log-house, and placed a guard over him. He prevailed on his captors to send for his wife, so that he might have a last interview with her. She was a brave, loving, spirited woman. She jumped on a horse and rode for life and death. When she arrived they let her in without searching her, and before the door could be closed she whipped out a couple of revolvers, and she and her lord marched forth defying the party. And then, under a brisk fire, they mounted double and galloped away unharmed!

The next instalment of the "Story of Montana" will take up the development of the mining industry, and the enormous fortunes and picturesque conditions which resulted; the personal business, and political rivalry of Marcus Daly and William A. Clark and the feud which convulsed the State until Daly's death. It will also cover the famous Montana capital fight and Clark's early attempts to reach the United States Senate.

RACHEL ON HER DEATH-BED

From the drawing by Fr. O'Connell in the possession of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

IMPRESSIONS OF RACHEL

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

After the collapse of the German Uprising of 1848, *Carl Schurz, exiled revolutionist, determined to go back into the Fatherland under an assumed name for the purpose of trying to get his old friend and fellow-patriot, Gottfried Kinkel, out of prison. In the fall of* 1850 *he was in Berlin, planning cautiously the rescue of Kinkel from the penitentiary at Spandau (See McClure's Magazine for April,* 1906). *During this period he risked going to the theater to see the celebrated French actress, Rachel, who was then playing in Berlin. His impressions of Rachel, here recorded, are, Mr. Schurz says, "among the most overpowering of his life." Rachel made a tour in the United States in* 1855. *She died in* 1858 — EDITOR.

IT was at that period customary in Berlin, and perhaps it is now, that the tenants of apartment houses were not furnished with latch-keys for the street doors, but that such keys were entrusted to the night-watchman patrolling the street, and that a tenant wishing to enter his house during the night had to apply to the watchman to open the door for him. Having been seen by our watchman once or twice coming home with my friends, I was regarded by him as legitimately belonging to the regular inhabitants of the street; and it happened several times that, returning late in the night alone from my expeditions to Spandau, where I was preparing for the deliverance of a man sentenced to imprisonment for life, I called upon the night watchman to open

for me — for me, who was then virtually an outlaw — the door of my abode, which he did without the slightest suspicion. This afforded me and my friends much amusement, and indeed, considering the great reputation of the Berlin police for efficiency, the situation was comical enough. It is, therefore, not surprising that I became a little reckless and did not resist the temptation to see the famous French actress, Rachel, who at that period, with a company of her own, was presenting the principal part of her repertoire to the Berlin public.

Rachel had then reached the zenith of her fame. Her history was again and again rehearsed in the newspapers: how that child of poor Alsatian Jews, born in 1820 in a small inn of the canton of Argar in Switzerland, had accompanied her parents on their peddling tours through France; how she had earned pennies by singing with one of her sisters in the streets of Paris; how her voice attracted attention; how she was taken into the Conservatoire; how she soon turned from singing to elocution and acting; and how her phenomenal genius, suddenly blazing forth, at once placed her far ahead of the most renowned of living histrionic artists. We revolutionary youths remembered, with special interest, the tales that had come from Paris after those February days of 1848, when King Louis Philippe was driven away and the republic proclaimed, describing Rachel as she recited the "Marseillaise" on the stage, half singing, half declaiming, and throwing her hearers into paroxysms of patriotic frenzy.

Some of my student friends, having witnessed Rachel's first performance in Berlin, gave me extravagantly enthusiastic reports. My desire to see her became very great. Indeed, the attempt would not be without risk. In thus venturing into a public place I might fall into the hands of the police and go from there straightway to prison. But my friends told me that the government detectives would hardly look for state criminals in a theater, and that I would be safe enough in the large crowd of Rachel enthusiasts. I could put myself into some dark corner of the parterre without danger of meeting a detective for one night at least. Finally, with the light-heartedness of youth, I resolved to take the risk.

So I saw Rachel. It was one of the most overpowering impressions of my life. The play was Racine's "Phèdre." I had read most of the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and was well enough acquainted with them to follow the dialogue. But I had never liked them much. The stilted artificiality of the diction in the tedious monotony of the rimed Alexandrine verse had repelled me, and I had always wondered how such plays could be made interesting on the stage. That I was to learn. When Rachel stepped upon the scene, not with the customary stage stride, but with a dignity and majestic grace all her own, there was first a spell of intense astonishment and then a burst of applause. She stood still for a moment, in the folds of her classic robe like an antique statue fresh from the hand of Phidias. The mere sight sent a thrill through the audience: her face a long oval, her forehead, shadowed by black wavy hair, not high, but broad and strong; under her dark arched eyebrows a pair of wondrous eyes that glowed and blazed in their deep sockets like two black suns; a finely chiselled nose with open, quivering nostrils; above an energetic chin a mouth severe in its lines, with slightly lowered corners, such as we may imagine the mouth of the tragic Muse; her stature, sometimes seeming tall, sometimes little, very slender, but the attitude betraying elastic strength; a hand with fine tapering fingers of rare beauty: the whole apparition exciting in the beholder a sensation of astonishment and intense expectancy.

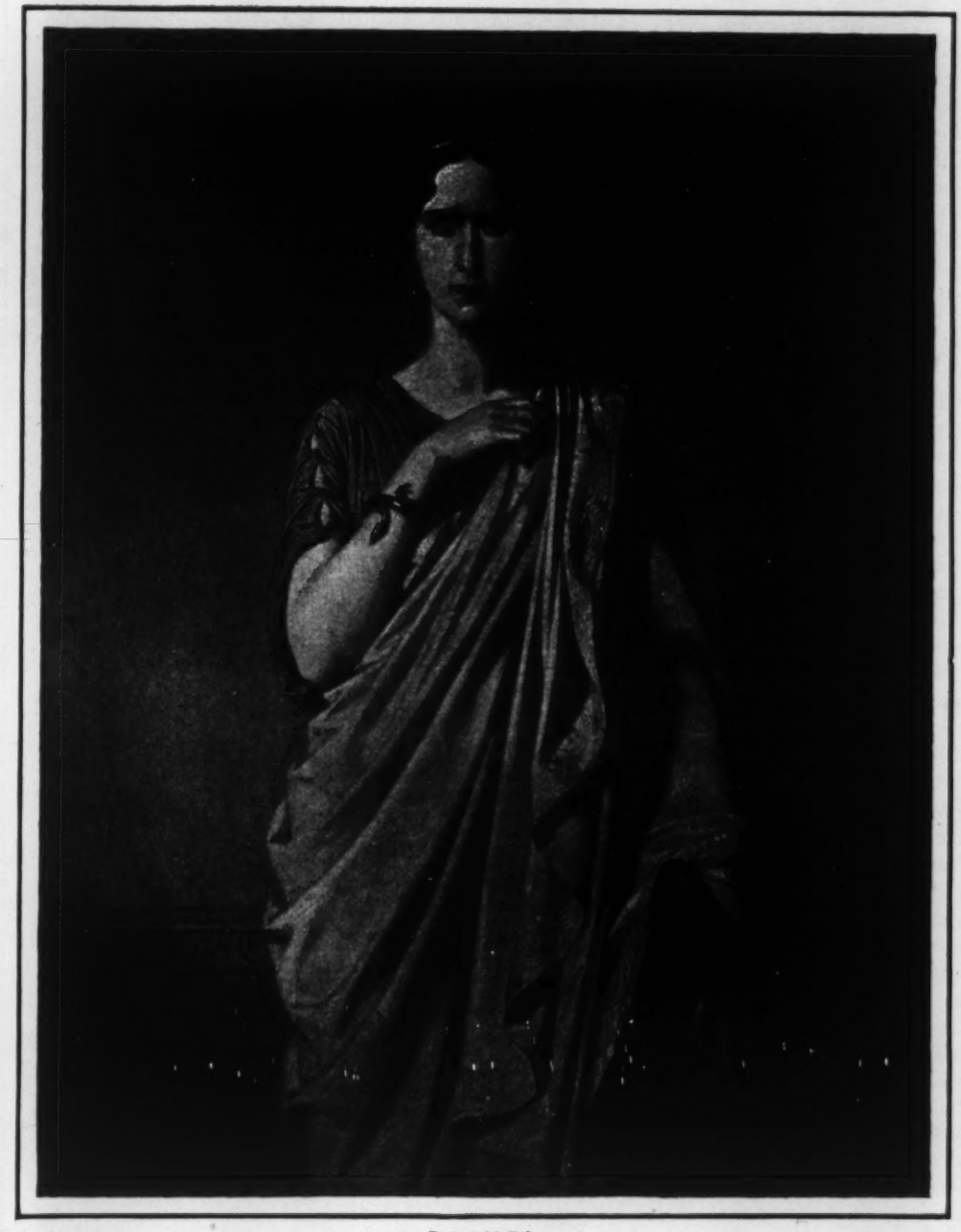
The applause ceasing, she began to speak. In deep tones the first sentences came forth, in tones as deep as if they were rising from the innermost cavities of the chest, aye, from the very earth. Was that the voice of a woman? Of this you felt certain — such a voice you had never heard, never a tone so hollow and yet so full and resonant, so phantomlike and yet so real. But this first surprise soon yielded to new and greater wonders. As her speech went on, that voice, first so deep and cavernous, began, in the changing play of feelings or passions, to rise, and roll, and bound, and fly up and down the scale for an octave or two without the slightest effort or artificiality, like the notes of a musical instrument of apparently unlimited compass and endless variety of tone color. Where was now the stiffness of the Alexandrine verse? Where the tedious monotony of the forced rimes? That marvelous voice and the effects it created on the listener can hardly be described without a seemingly extravagant resort to metaphor.

Now her speech would flow on with the placid purl of a pebbly meadow brook ; then it poured forth with the dashing vivacity of a mountain stream rushing and tumbling from rock to rock. But, her passion aroused, how that voice heaved and surged like the swelling tide of the sea with the rising tempest behind it, and how then the thunder-storm burst, booming, and pealing, and crashing, as when the lightning strikes close, making you start with terror! All the elementary forces of nature and all the feelings and agitations of the human soul seemed to have found their most powerful and thrilling language in the intonations of that voice and to subjugate the hearer with superlative energy. It uttered an accent of tender emotion, and instantly the tears shot into your eyes ; a playful or cajolling turn of expression came, and a happy smile lightened every face in the audience. Its notes of grief or despair would make every heart sink and tremble with agony, and when one of those terrific explosions of wrath and fury broke forth you instinctively clutched the nearest object to save yourself from being swept away by the hurricane. The marvelous modulations of that voice alone sufficed to carry the soul of the listener through all the sensations of joy, sadness, pain, love, hatred, despair, jealousy, contempt, wrath, and rage, even if he did not understand the language, or if he closed his eyes so as not to observe anything of the happenings on the stage.

But who can describe the witcheries of her gestures and the changeful play of her eyes and features? They in their turn seemed to make the spoken word almost superfluous. There was, of course, nothing of that aimless swinging of arms and sawing of the air, and the other perfunctory doings of which Hamlet speaks. Rachel's action was sparing and simple. When that beautiful hand with its slender, almost translucent, fingers, moved, it spoke a language every utterance of which was a revelation to the beholder. When those hands spread out with open palms and remained for a moment in explanatory attitude — an attitude than which the richest fancy of the artist could not have imagined anything more beautifully expressive — they made everything intelligible and clear ; at once you understood it all and were in accord with her. When those hands stretched themselves out to the friend or the lover, accompanied by one of those smiles which were rare in Rachel's acting, but which, whenever they appeared, would radiate all surroundings like friendly sunbeams breaking through a clouded sky — a tremor of happiness ran all over the house. When she lifted up her noble head with the majestic pride of authority, as if born to rule the world, every one felt like bowing before her. Who would have dared to disobey when, the power of the empire on her front, she raised her hand in a gesture of command? And who could have stood up against the stony glare of contempt in her eye and the haughty toss of her chin, and the disdainful wave of her arm, which seemed to sweep the wretch before her into utter nothingness?

It was in the portrayal of the evil passions and the fiercest emotions that her powers rose to the most tremendous effects. Nothing more terrible can be conceived than her aspect in her great climaxes. Clouds of sinister darkness gathered upon her brow, her eyes, naturally deep-set, began to protrude and to flash and scintillate with a truly hellish fire. Her nostrils fluttered in wild agitation as if breathing flame. Her body shot up to unnatural height. Her face transformed itself into a very Gorgon head, making you feel as if you saw the serpents wriggling in her locks. Her forefinger darted out like a poisoned dagger against the object of her execration ; or her fist clenched as though it would shatter the universe at a blow ; or her fingers bent like the veriest tiger's claws to lacerate the victim of her fury — a spectacle so terrific that the beholder, shuddering with horror, would feel his blood run cold, and gasp for breath, and moan, "God, help us all."

This may sound like wild exaggeration, like an extravagant picture produced by the overheated imagination of a young man charmed by a stage-goddess. I must confess that I was at first somewhat suspicious of my own sensations. I, therefore, at that as well as at later periods, repeatedly asked persons of ripe years who had seen Rachel, about the impressions they had received, and I found that theirs hardly ever materially differed from mine. Indeed, I have often heard gray-haired men and women, persons of cultivated artistic judgment, speak of Rachel with the same sort of bewildered enthusiasm that I had experienced myself. I am sure there was in my admiration of Rachel nothing of the infatuation which we sometimes hear or read of, of an ingenuous youth for an actress. If anybody had



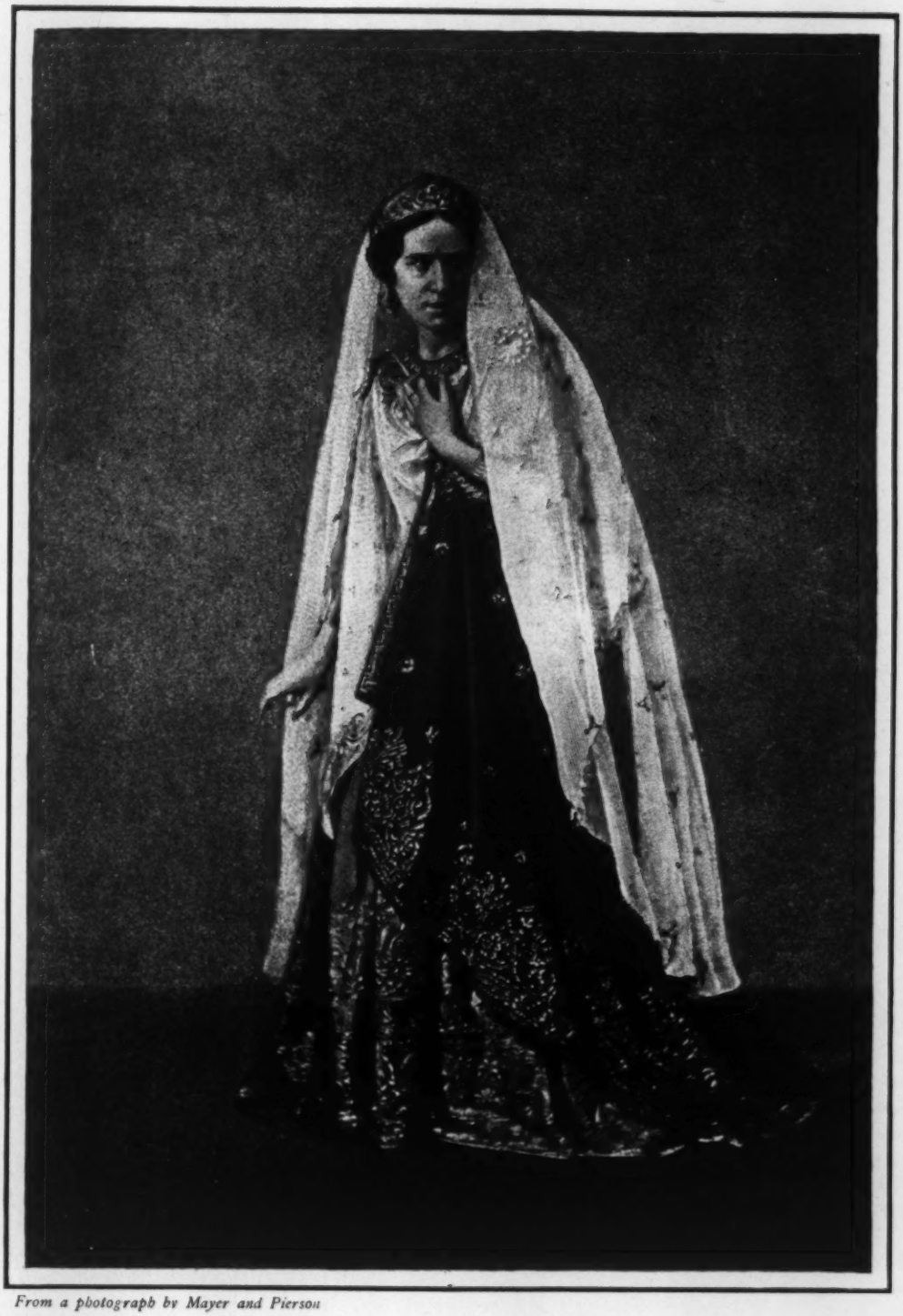
RACHEL

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DUBUFE
IN THE FOYER DES ARTISTES AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, PARIS

offered to introduce me personally to Rachel, nothing would have made me accept the invitation. Rachel was to me a demon, a supernatural entity, a mysterious force of nature, anything rather than a woman with whom one might dine, or speak about everyday things, or take a drive in a park. My enchantment was of an entirely spiritual kind, but so strong that in spite of the perils of my situation in Berlin I could not withstand it. So I visited the theater to see Rachel as often as the business I had in hand, which then required occasional night drives to Spandau, permitted such a luxury. Of course, I was not altogether unmindful of the danger to which I was exposing myself. I always managed to have a seat in the parterre near the entrance. While the curtain was up, I was sure that all eyes would be riveted on the scene. Between the acts, when people in front of me would turn around to look at the audience, I kept my face well covered with an opera glass examining the boxes. And as soon as the curtain fell after the last act I hurried away in order to avoid the crowd.

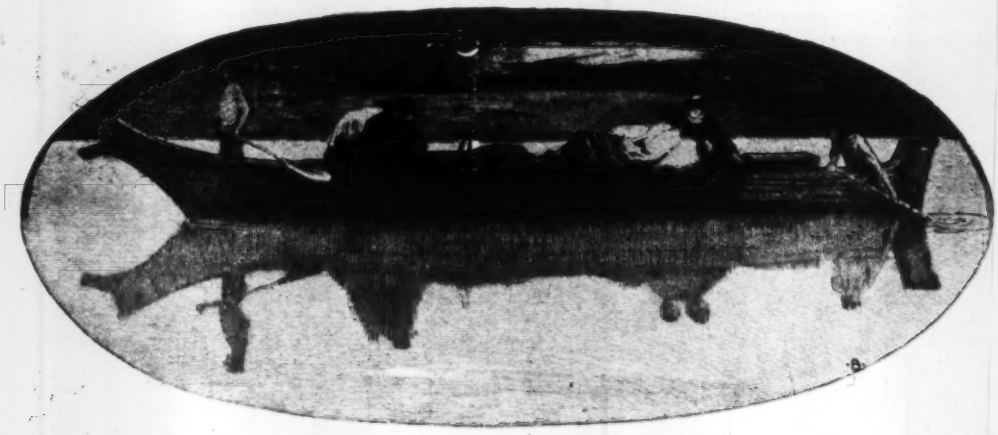
But one night, when the closing scene enchained me in an unusual degree, my exit was not quick enough. I found myself wedged in among the multitude pressing for the street, and suddenly, in the swaying throng, a face turned toward me which I knew but too well for my comfort. It was that of a man who two years before had been a student at the university at Bonn, who had been a member of our democratic club, and who, by some exceedingly questionable transaction, had become suspected of acting for the police as a spy. I had heard of his presence in Berlin, and there, also, he was talked of among my friends as one whom it would be well to avoid. Now he looked at me in a manner clearly indicating that he recognized me, but as if he were astonished to see me there. I returned his gaze, as if I resented the impertinence of a stranger looking at me so inquisitively. So we stood face to face for a few moments, both unable to move. When the pressure of the crowd relaxed, I made the greatest possible haste to disappear among the passers-by on the street. That was my last Rachel night in Berlin.

But I saw her again later in Paris, and still later in America. In fact, I have seen her in all her great characters, in not a few of them several times, and the impression was always identically the same, even during her American tour when the beginning of her fatal ailment had already seized upon her, and her powers were said to be on the wane. Endeavoring to account more clearly for those impressions I sometimes asked myself: "But is this really the mirror held up to nature? Did ever a woman in natural life speak in such tones? Have such women as Rachel portrays ever lived?" The answer I uniformly arrived at was that such questions were idle; if Medea, Phèdre, Roxane, ever lived, so they must have been as Rachel showed them; or, rather, Rachel in her acting was happiness, misery, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge, anger, rage — all these things in an ideal grandeur, in their highest poetic potency, in gigantic reality. This may not be a very satisfactory definition, but it is as precise as I can make it. It was to see, to hear, and to be carried away, magically, irresistibly. The waves of delight or of anguish or of horror with which Rachel flooded the souls of her audiences baffled all critical analysis. Criticism floundered about in helpless embarrassment trying to classify her performances, or to measure them by any customary standard. She stood quite alone. To compare her with other actors or actresses seemed futile, for there was between them not a mere difference of degree, but a difference of kind. Various actresses of the time sought to imitate her, but whoever had seen the original simply shrugged his shoulders at the copies. It was the mechanism without the divine breath. I have subsequently seen only three actresses — Ristori, Wolter, and Sarah Bernhardt — who now and then, by some inspired gesture or intonation of voice, reminded me of Rachel; but only at passing moments. On the whole, however, the difference between them was very great. It was the difference between unique genius which irresistibly overpowers and subdues us and to which we involuntarily bow, and extraordinary talent which we simply admire. Rachel has, therefore, remained with me an overshadowing memory; and when in later years in my familiar circle we discussed the merits of contemporaneous stage performances, and some one among us grew enthusiastic about this or that living actor or actress, I could seldom repress the remark — in fact, I fear I made it often enough to become tiresome — "All this is very fine, but, ah! — you should have seen Rachel."



From a photograph by Mayer and Pierson

RACHEL IN "PHÉDRE"



THE UNEXPECTED*

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," "LOVE OF LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT is a simple matter to see the obvious, to do the expected. The tendency of the individual life is to be static rather than dynamic, and this tendency is made into a propulsion by civilization, where the obvious only is seen, and the unexpected rarely happens. When the unexpected does happen, however, and when it is of sufficiently grave import, the unfit perish. They do not see what is not obvious, are unable to do the unexpected, are incapable of adjusting their well-grooved lives to other and strange grooves. In short, when they come to the end of their own groove, they die.

On the other hand, there are those who make toward survival, the fit individuals who escape from the rule of the obvious and the expected and adjust their lives to no matter what strange grooves they may stray into or into which they may be forced. Such an individual was Edith Whittlesey. She was born in a rural district of England, where life proceeds by rule of thumb and the unexpected is so very unexpected that when it happens it is looked upon almost as an immorality. She went into service early, and while yet a young woman, by rule-of-thumb progression, she became a lady's maid.

The effect of civilization is to impose human law upon environment until it becomes machine-like in its regularity. The objectionable is eliminated, the inevitable is foreseen. One is not made wet by the rain nor cold by the frost, while death, instead of stalking about gruesome and accidental, becomes a prearranged pageant, moving along a well-oiled groove to the family vault, where the hinges are kept from rusting and the dust from the air is swept continually away.

Such was the environment of Edith Whittlesey. Nothing happened. It could scarcely be called a happening, when, at the age of twenty-five, she accompanied her mistress on a bit of travel to the United States. The groove merely changed its direction. It was

* Mr. London's story is a real human document, based upon actual incidents. Michael Dennin was hanged at Latuya Bay by Mrs. Nelson in 1900.

"SHE CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM, BUT HER CLINGING TO IT MERELY IMPEDED HIS EFFORT"

still the same groove and well-oiled. It was a groove that bridged the Atlantic with uneventfulness, so that the ship was no longer a ship in the midst of the sea, but a capacious, many-corridored hotel that moved swiftly and placidly, crushing the waves into submission with its colossal bulk until the sea was as a mill-pond, monotonous with quietude. And at the other side, the groove continued on over the land — a well-disposed, respectable groove that supplied hotels at every stopping-place, and hotels on wheels between the stopping-places.

In Chicago, while her mistress saw one side of social life, Edith Whittlesey saw another side; and when she left her lady's service and became Edith Nelson, she betrayed, perhaps faintly, her ability to grapple with the unexpected and to master it. Hans Nelson, immigrant, Swede by birth and carpenter by occupation, had in him that Teutonic unrest which drives the race ever westward on its great adventure. He was a large-muscled, stolid sort of a man, in whom little imagination was coupled with immense initiative, and who possessed, withal, loyalty and affection as sturdy as his own strength.

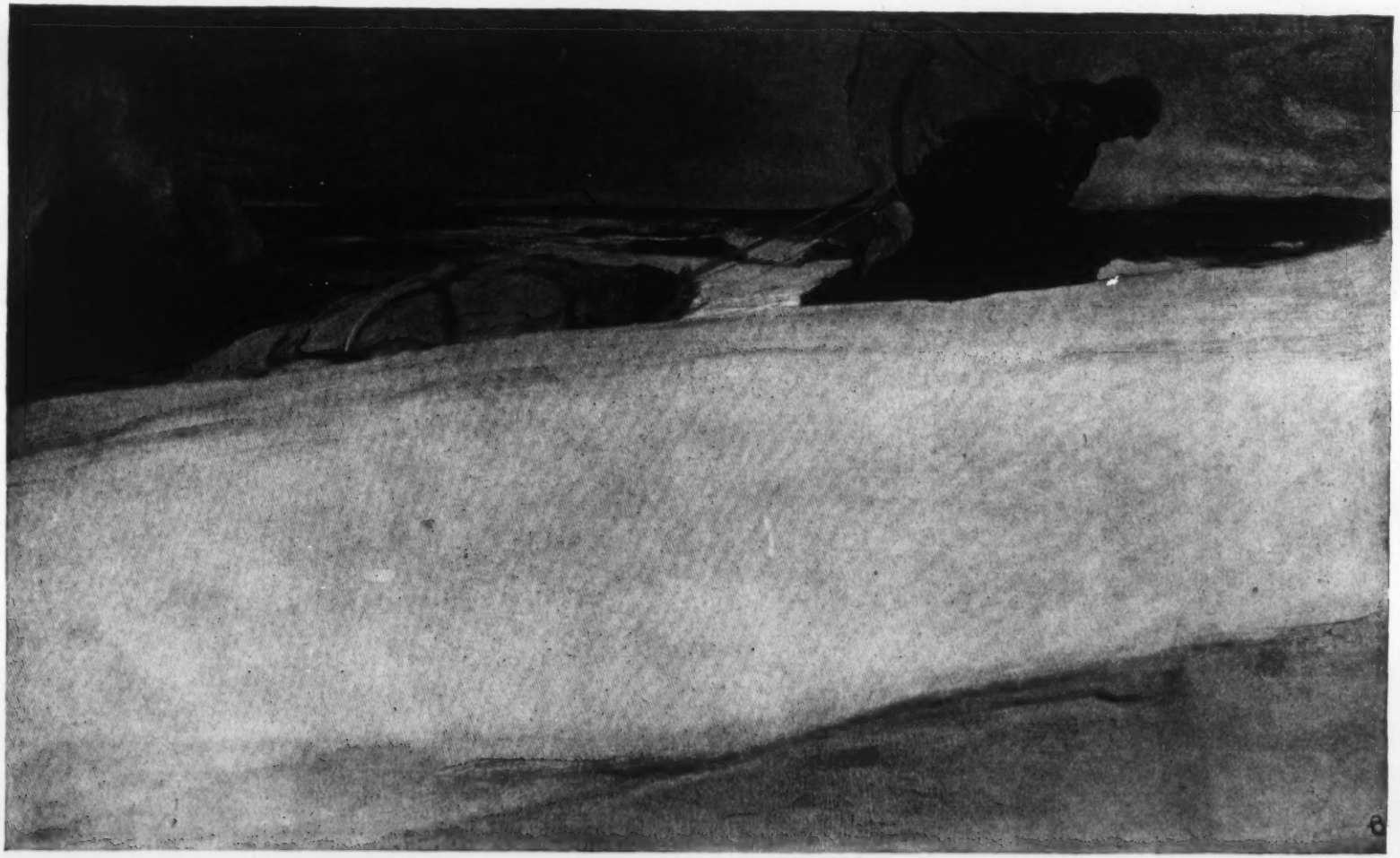
"When I have worked hard and saved me some money, I will go to Colorado," he had told Edith on the day after their wedding. A year later they were in Colorado, where Hans Nelson saw his first mining and caught the mining-fever himself. His prospecting led him through the Dakotas, Idaho, and Eastern Oregon, and on into the mountains of British Columbia. In camp and on trail, Edith Nelson was always with him, sharing his luck, his hardship, and his toil. The short step of the house-reared woman she exchanged for the long stride of the mountaineer. She learned to look upon danger clear-eyed and with understanding, losing forever that panic fear which is bred of ignorance and which afflicts the city-reared, making them as silly as silly horses, so that they await fate in frozen horror instead of grappling with it, or stampede in blind self-destroying terror that clutters the way with their crushed carcasses.

Edith Nelson met the unexpected at every turn of the trail, and she trained her vision so that she saw in the landscape, not the obvious, but the concealed. She, who had never cooked in her life, learned to make bread without the mediation of hops, yeast, or baking-powder, and to bake bread, top and bottom, in a frying-pan before an open fire. And when the last cup of flour was gone and the last rind of bacon, she was able to rise to the occasion, and of moccasins and the softer-tanned bits of leather in the outfit, to make a grub-substitute that somehow held a man's soul in his body and enabled him to stagger on. She learned to pack a horse as well as a man — a task to break the heart and the pride of any city-dweller — and she knew how to throw the hitch best suited for any particular kind of pack. Also, she could build a fire of wet wood in a downpour of rain and not lose her temper. In short, in all its guises, she mastered the unexpected. But the Great Unexpected was yet to come into her life and put its test upon her.

The gold-seeking tide was flooding northward into Alaska, and it was inevitable that Hans Nelson and his wife should be caught up by the stream and swept toward the Klondike. The fall of 1897 found them at Skaguay, but without the money to carry an outfit across Chilcoot Pass and float it down to Dawson. So Hans Nelson worked at his trade that winter and helped rear the mushroom outfitting-town of Skaguay.

He was on the edge of things, and throughout the winter he heard all Alaska calling to him. Latuya Bay called loudest, so that the summer of 1898 found him and his wife threading the mazes of the broken coast-line in seventy-foot Siwash canoes. With them were Indians, also three other men. The Indians landed them and their supplies in a lonely bight of land a hundred miles or so beyond Latuya Bay, and returned to Skaguay; but the three other men remained, for they were members of the organized party. Each had put an equal share of capital into the outfitting, and the profits were to be divided equally. In that Edith Nelson undertook to cook for the outfit, a man's share was to be her portion.

First, spruce trees were cut down and a three-room cabin constructed. To keep this cabin was Edith Nelson's task. The task of the men was to search for gold, which they did; and to find gold, which they likewise did. It was not a startling find, merely a low-pay placer, where long hours of severe toil earned each man between fifteen and twenty dollars a day. The brief Alaskan summer protracted itself beyond its usual length, and they took advantage of the opportunity, delaying their return to Skaguay to the last moment. And then it was too late. Arrangements had been made to accompany the



"THE SLED SANK DEEP INTO THE DRIFTED SNOW AND PULLED HARD"

several dozen local Indians on their fall trading trip down the coast. The Siwashes had waited on the white people until the eleventh hour, and then departed. There was no course left the party but to wait for chance transportation. In the meantime the claim was cleaned up and firewood stocked in.

The Indian summer had dreamed on and on, and then, suddenly, with the sharpness of bugles, winter came. It came in a single night, and the miners awoke to howling wind, driving snow, and freezing water. Storm followed storm, and between the storms there was the silence, broken only by the boom of the surf on the desolate shore, where the salt spray rimmed the beach with frozen white.

All went well in the cabin. Their gold dust had weighed up something like eight thousand dollars, and they could not but be contented The men made snow-shoes, hunted fresh meat for the larder, and in the long evenings played endless games of whist and pedro. Now that the mining had ceased, Edith Nelson turned over the fire-building and the dish-washing to the men, while she darned their socks and mended their clothes.

There was no grumbling, no bickering nor petty quarreling in the little cabin, and they often congratulated one another on the general happiness of the party. Hans Nelson was stolid and easy-going, while Edith had long before won his unbounded admiration by her capacity for getting on with people. Harkey, a long, lank Texan, was unusually friendly for one with a saturnine disposition, and, so long as his theory that gold grew was not challenged, was quite companionable. The fourth member of the party, Michael Dennin, contributed his Irish wit to the gaiety of the cabin. He was a large, powerful man, prone to sudden rushes of anger over little things, and of unfailing good-humor under the stress and strain of big things. The fifth and last member, Dutchy, was the willing butt of the party. He even went out of his way to raise a laugh at his own expense in order to keep things cheerful. His deliberate aim in life seemed to be that of a maker of laughter. No serious quarrel had ever vexed the serenity of the party ; and, now that each had sixteen hundred dollars to show for a short summer's work, there reigned the well-fed, contented spirit of prosperity.

And then the unexpected happened. They had just sat down to the breakfast-table. Though it was already eight o'clock (late breakfasts had followed naturally upon cessation of the steady work at mining), a candle in the neck of a bottle lighted the meal. Edith and Hans sat at the ends of the table. On one side, with their backs to the door, were Harkey and Dutchy. The place on the other side was vacant. Dennin had not yet come in.

Hans Nelson looked at the empty chair, shook his head slowly, and, with a ponderous attempt at humor, said : "Always is he first at the grub. It is very strange. Maybe he is sick."

"Where is Michael?" Edith asked.

"Got up a little ahead of us and went outside," Harkey answered.

Dutchy's face beamed mischievously. He pretended knowledge of Dennin's absence, and affected a mysterious air, while they clamored for information. Edith, after a peep into the men's bunk-room, returned to the table. Hans looked at her and she shook her head.

"He was never late at meal-time before," she answered.

"I cannot understand," said Hans. "Always has he the great appetite like the horse."

"It is too bad," Dutchy said, with a sad shake of his head.

They were beginning to make merry over their comrade's absence.

"It is a great pity !" Dutchy volunteered.

"What ?" they demanded in chorus.

"Poor Michael," was the mournful reply.

"Well, what's wrong with Michael?" Harkey asked.

"He is not hungry no more," wailed Dutchy. "He has lost der appetite. He do not like der grub."

"Not from the way he pitches into it up to his ears," remarked Harkey.

"He does dot shust to be politeful to Mrs. Nelson," was Dutchy's quick retort. "I know, I know, and it is too pad. Why is he not here? Pecause he haf gone out. Why haf he gone out? For der defelopment of der appetite. How does he defelop der appetite? He walks barefoots in der snow. Ach ! don't I know? It is der way der rich peoples chases after der appetite when it is no more and is running away. Michael haf sixteen hundred dollars. He is rich peoples. He haf no appetite. Derefore, pecause, he is chasing der appetite. Shust you open der door und you will see his barefoots in der snow. No, you will not see der appetite. Dot is

shust his trouble. When he sees der appetite, he will catch it und come to preakfast."

They burst into loud laughter at Dutchy's nonsense. The sound had scarcely died away when the door opened and Dennin came in. All turned to look at him. He was carrying a shot-gun. Even as they looked, he lifted it to his shoulder and fired twice. At the first shot Dutchy sank upon the table, overturning his mug of coffee, his yellow mop of hair dabbling in his plate of mush. His forehead, which pressed upon the near edge of the plate, tilted the plate up against his hair at an angle of forty-five degrees. Harkey was in the air, in his spring to his feet, at the second shot, and he pitched face-down upon the floor, his "My God!" gurgling and dying in his throat.

It was The Unexpected. Hans and Edith were stunned. They sat at the table, their bodies tense, their eyes fixed in a fascinated gaze upon the murderer. Dimly they saw him through the smoke of the powder, and in the silence nothing was to be heard save the drip-drip of Dutchy's spilled coffee on the floor. Dennin threw open the breech of the shot-gun, ejecting the empty shells. Holding the gun with one hand, he reached with the other into his pocket for fresh shells.

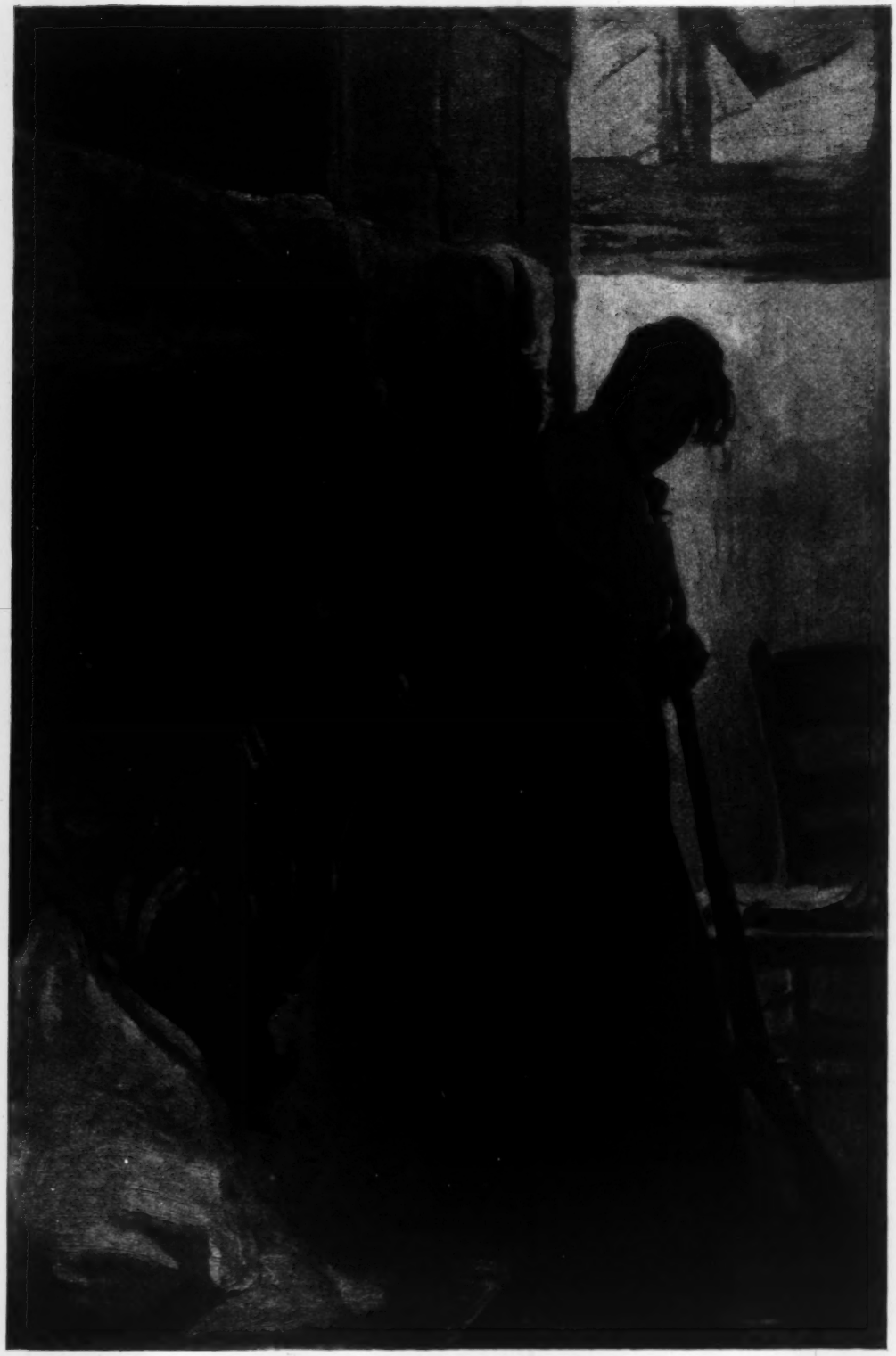
He was thrusting the shells into the gun when Edith Nelson was aroused to action. It was patent that he intended to kill Hans and her. For a space of possibly three seconds of time she had been dazed and paralyzed by the horrible and inconceivable form in which the unexpected had made its appearance. Then she rose to it and grappled with it. She grappled with it concretely, making a cat-like leap for the murderer, and gripping his neck-cloth with both her hands. The impact of her body sent him stumbling backward several steps. He tried to shake her loose and at the same time retain his hold on the gun. This was awkward, for her firm-fleshed body had become a cat's. She threw herself to one side. and with her grip at his throat nearly jerked him to the floor. He straightened himself and whirled swiftly. Still faithful to her hold, her body followed the circle of his whirl so that her feet left the floor, and she swung through the air fastened to his throat by her hands. The whirl culminated in a collision with a chair, and the man and woman crashed to the floor in a wild, struggling fall that extended itself across half the length of the room.

Hans Nelson was half a second behind his wife in rising to the unexpected. His nerve processes and mental processes were slower than hers. His was the grosser organism, and it had taken him half a second longer to perceive, and determine, and proceed to do. She had already flown at Dennin and gripped his throat, when Hans sprang to his feet. He was in a blind fury, a Berserker rage. At the instant he sprang from his chair his mouth opened, and there issued forth a sound that was half-roar, half-bellow. The whirl of the two bodies had already started, and still roaring, or bellowing, he pursued this whirl down the room, overtaking it when it fell to the floor.

Hans hurled himself upon the prostrate man, striking madly with his fists. They were sledge-like blows, and when Edith felt Dennin's body relax she loosed her grip and rolled clear. She lay on the floor, panting and watching. The fury of the blows continued to rain down. Dennin did not seem to mind the blows. He did not even move. Then it dawned upon her that he was unconscious. She cried out to Hans to stop. She cried out again. But he paid no heed to her voice. She caught him by the arm, but her clinging to it merely impeded his effort.

It was no reasoned impulse that stirred her to do what she then did. Nor was it a sense of pity, nor obedience to the "Thou shalt not" of religion. Rather was it some sense of law, an ethic of her race and early environment, that compelled her to interpose her body between her husband and the helpless murderer. It was not until Hans knew he was striking his wife that he ceased. He allowed himself to be shoved away by her, in much the same way that a ferocious but obedient dog allows itself to be shoved away by its master. The analogy even went farther. Deep in his throat, in an animal-like way, Hans's rage still rumbled, and several times he made as though to spring back upon his prey and was only prevented by the woman's swiftly interposed body.

Back and farther back Edith shoved her husband. She had never seen him in such a condition, and she was more frightened of him than she had been of Dennin in the thick of the struggle. She could not believe that this raging beast was her Hans, and with a shock she became suddenly aware of a shrinking instinctive fear that he might snap her hand in his teeth like any wild animal. For some seconds, unwilling to hurt her, yet



"RAGING AND STRAINING AT THE RAWHIDE THAT BOUND HIM, AND THREATENING HER WITH WHAT HE WOULD DO WHEN HE GOT LOOSE"

dogged in his desire to return to the attack, Hans dodged back and forth. But she resolutely dodged with him, until the first glimmerings of reason returned and he gave over.

Both crawled to their feet. Hans staggered back against the wall, where he leaned, his face working, in his throat the deep and continuous rumble that died away with the seconds and at last ceased. The time for the reaction had come. Edith stood in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands, panting and gasping, her whole body trembling violently.

Hans looked at nothing, but Edith's eyes wandered wildly from detail to detail of what had taken place. Dennin lay without movement. The overturned chair, hurled onward in the mad whirl, lay near him. Partly under him lay the shot-gun, still broken open at the breech. Spilling out of his right hand were the two cartridges which he had failed to put into the gun and which he had clutched until consciousness left him. Harkey lay on the floor, face downward, where he had fallen; while Dutchy rested forward on the table, his yellow mop of hair buried in his mush-plate, the plate itself still tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. This tilted plate fascinated her. Why did it not fall down? It was ridiculous. It was not in the nature of things for a mush-plate to up-end itself on the table even if a man or so had been killed.

She glanced back at Dennin, but her eyes returned to the tilted plate. It was so ridiculous! She felt an hysterical impulse to laugh. Then she noticed the silence, and forgot the plate in a desire for something to happen. The monotonous drip of the coffee from the table to the floor merely emphasized the silence. Why did not Hans do something? say something? She looked at him and was about to speak, when she discovered that her tongue refused its wonted duty. There was a peculiar ache in her throat, and her mouth was dry and furry. She could only look at Hans, who, in turn, looked at her.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp metallic clang. She screamed, jerking her eyes back to the table. The plate had fallen down. Hans sighed as though awakening from sleep. The clang of the plate had aroused them to life in a new world. The cabin epitomized the new world in which they must thenceforth live and move. The old cabin was gone forever. The horizon of life was totally new and unfamiliar. The unexpected had swept its wizardry over the face of things, changing the perspective, juggling values, and shuffling the real and the unreal into perplexing confusion.

"My God, Hans!" was Edith's first speech.

He did not answer, but stared at her with horror. Slowly his eyes wandered over the room, for the first time taking in its details. Then he put on his cap and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Edith demanded, in an agony of apprehension.

His hand was on the door-knob, and he half-turned as he answered, "To dig some graves."

"Don't leave me, Hans, with — " her eyes swept the room, "— with this."

"The graves must be dug some time," he said.

"But you do not know how many," she objected desperately. She noted his indecision, and added, "Besides, I'll go with you and help."

Hans stepped back to the table, and mechanically snuffed the candle. Then between them they made the examination. Both Harkey and Dutchy were dead — frightfully dead, because of the close range of the shot-gun. Hans refused to go near Dennin, and Edith was forced to conduct this portion of the investigation by herself.

"He isn't dead," she called to Hans.

He walked over and looked down at the murderer.

"What did you say?" Edith demanded, having caught the rumble of inarticulate speech in her husband's throat.

"I said it was a damn shame that he isn't dead," came the reply.

Edith was bending over the body.

"Leave him alone," Hans commanded harshly, in a strange voice.

She looked at him in sudden alarm. He had picked up the shot-gun dropped by Dennin and was thrusting in the shells.

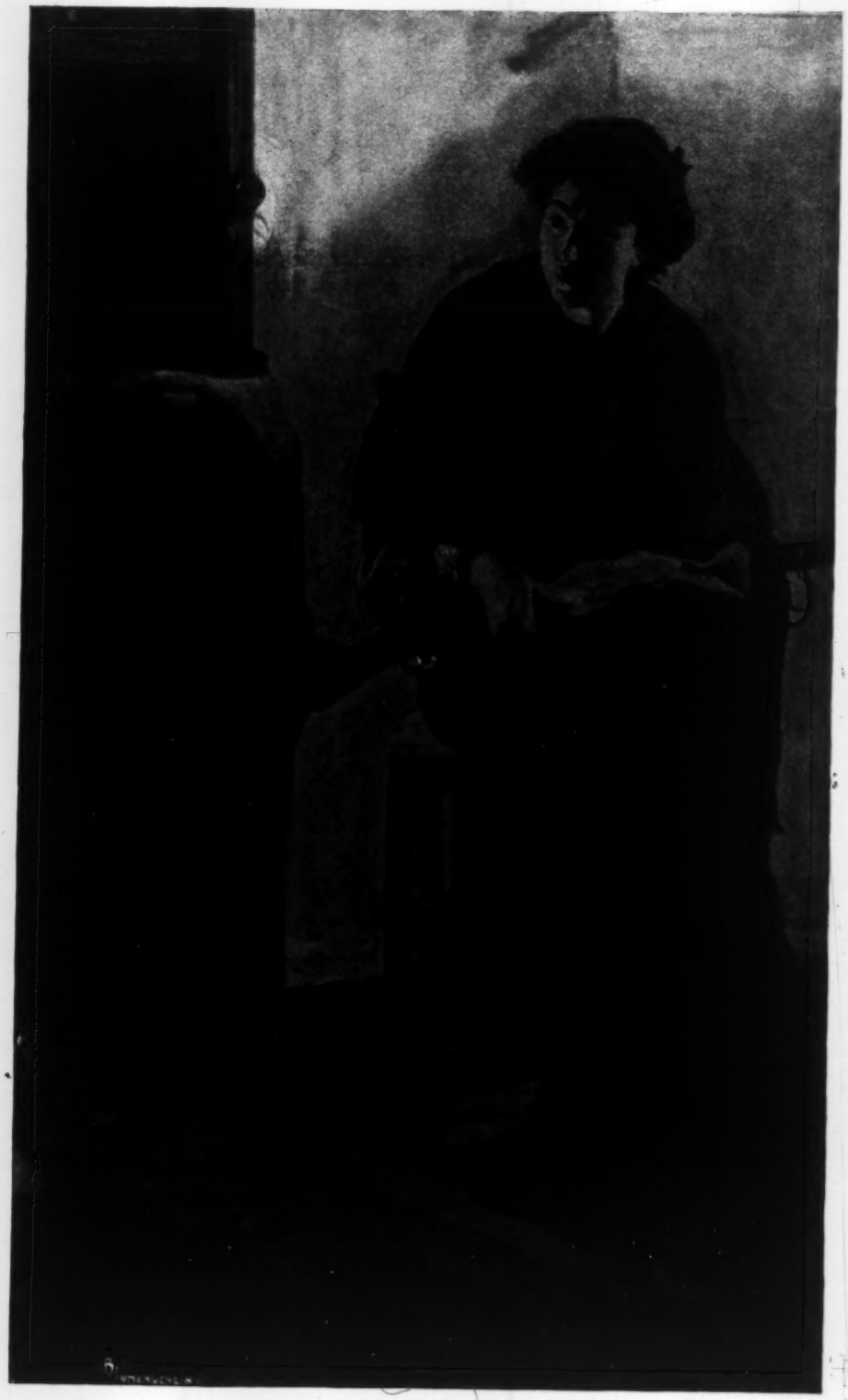
"What are you going to do?" she cried, rising swiftly from her bending position.

Hans did not answer, but she saw the shot-gun going to his shoulder. She grasped the muzzle with her hand and threw it up.

"Leave me alone!" he cried hoarsely.

He tried to jerk the weapon away from her, but she came in closer and clung to him.

"Hans! Hans! Wake up!" she cried. "Don't be crazy!"



"SHE READ FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT"

"He killed Dutchy and Harkey!" was her husband's reply; "and I am going to kill him."

"But that is wrong," she objected. "There is the law."

He sneered his incredulity of the law's potency in such a region, but he merely iterated, dispassionately, doggedly: "He killed Dutchy and Harkey."

Long she argued with him, but the argument was one-sided, for he contented himself with repeating again and again: "He killed Dutchy and Harkey." But she could not escape from her childhood training, nor from the blood that was in her. The heritage of law was hers, and right conduct, to her, was the fulfilment of the law. She could see no other righteous course to pursue. Hans's taking the law in his own hand was no more justifiable than Dennin's deed. Two wrongs did not make a right, she contended, and there was only one way to punish Dennin, and that was the legal way arranged by society. At last Hans gave in to her.

"All right," he said. "Have it your own way. And to-morrow or next day look to see him kill you and me."

She shook her head, and held out her hand for the shot-gun. He started to hand it to her, then hesitated.

"Better let me shoot him," he pleaded.

Again she shook her head, and again he started to pass her the gun, when the door opened, and an Indian, without knocking, came in. A blast of wind and flurry of snow came in with him. They turned and faced him, Hans still holding the shot-gun. The intruder took in the scene without a quiver. His eyes embraced the dead and wounded in a sweeping glance. No surprise showed in his face, not even curiosity. Harkey lay at his feet, but he took no notice of him. So far as he was concerned, Harkey's body did not exist.

"Much wind," the Indian remarked by way of salutation. "All well? Very well?"

Hans, still grasping the gun, felt sure that the Indian attributed to him the mangled corpses. He glanced appealingly at his wife.

"Good-morning, Negook," she said, her voice betraying her effort. "No, not very well. Much trouble."

"Good-by, I go now, much hurry," the Indian said, and without semblance of haste, with great deliberation stepping clear of a red pool on the floor, he opened the door and went out.

The man and the woman looked at each other.

"He thinks we did it," Hans gasped, "that I did it."

Edith was silent for a space. Then she said, briefly, in a businesslike way:

"Never mind what he thinks. That will come after. At present we have two graves to dig. But, first of all, we've got to tie up Dennin so he can't escape."

Hans refused to touch Dennin, but Edith lashed him securely, hand and foot. Then she and Hans went out into the snow. The ground was frozen. It was impervious to a blow of the pick. They first gathered wood, then scraped the snow away, and on the frozen surface built a fire. When the fire had burned for an hour, several inches of dirt had thawed. This they shoveled out, and then built a fresh fire. Their descent into earth progressed at the rate of two or three inches an hour.

It was hard and bitter work. The flurrying snow did not permit the fire to burn any too well, while the wind cut through their clothes and chilled their bodies. They held but little conversation. The wind interfered with speech. Beyond wondering at what could have been Dennin's motive, they remained silent, oppressed by the horror of the tragedy. At one o'clock, looking toward the cabin, Hans announced that he was hungry.

"No, not now, Hans," Edith answered. "I couldn't go back alone into that cabin the way it is, and cook a meal."

At two o'clock Hans volunteered to go with her; but she held him to his work, and four o'clock found the two graves completed. They were shallow, not more than two feet deep, but they would serve the purpose. Night had fallen. Hans got the sled, and the two dead men were dragged through the darkness and storm to their frozen sepulcher. The funeral procession was anything but a pageant. The sled sank deep into the drifted snow and pulled hard. The man and woman had eaten nothing since the previous day and were weak from hunger and exhaustion. They had not the strength to resist the wind, and at times its buffets hurled them off their feet. On several occasions the sled was overturned, and they were compelled to reload it with its somber freight. The last hundred feet to the graves was up a steep slope, and this they took on all-fours, like sled-dogs, making legs of theirs arms and

thrusting their hands into the snow. Even so, they were twice dragged backward by the weight of the sled, and slid and fell down the hill, the living and the dead, the haul-ropes and the sled, in ghastly entanglement.

"To-morrow I will put up head-boards with their names," Hans said, when the graves were filled in.

Edith was sobbing. A few broken sentences had been all she was capable of in the way of a funeral service, and now her husband was compelled to half-carry her back to the cabin.

Dennin was conscious. He had rolled over and over on the floor in vain efforts to free himself. He watched Hans and Edith with glittering eyes, but made no attempt to speak. Hans still refused to touch the murderer, and sullenly watched Edith drag him across the floor to the men's bunk-room. But try as she would, she could not lift him from the floor into his bunk.

"Better let me shoot him, and we'll have no more trouble," Hans said in final appeal.

Edith shook her head and bent again to her task. To her surprise the body rose easily, and she knew Hans had relented and was helping her. Then came the cleansing of the kitchen. But the floor still shrieked the tragedy, until Hans planed the surface of the stained wood away, and with the shavings made a fire in the stove.

The days came and went. There was much of darkness and silence, broken only by the storms and the thunder on the beach of the freezing surf. Hans was obedient to Edith's slightest order. All his splendid initiative had vanished. She had elected to deal with Dennin in her way, and so he left the whole matter in her hands.

The murderer was a constant menace. At all times there was the chance that he might free himself from his bonds, and they were compelled to guard him day and night. The man or the woman sat always beside him, holding the loaded shot-gun. At first, Edith tried eight-hour watches, but the continuous strain was too great, and afterwards she and Hans relieved each other every four hours. As they had to sleep, and as the watches extended through the night, their whole waking time was expended in guarding Dennin. They had barely time left over for the preparation of meals and the getting of firewood.

Since Negook's inopportune visit, the Indians had avoided the cabin. Edith sent Hans to their cabins to get them to take Dennin down the coast in a canoe to the nearest white settlement or trading post, but the errand was fruitless. Then Edith went herself and interviewed Negook. He was head man of the little village, keenly aware of his responsibility, and he elucidated his policy thoroughly, in few words.

"It is white man's trouble," he said, "not Siwash trouble. My people help you, then will it be Siwash trouble, too. When white man's trouble and Siwash trouble come together and make a trouble, it is a great trouble, beyond understanding and without end. Trouble no good. My people do no wrong. What for they help you and have trouble?"

So Edith Nelson went back to the terrible cabin with its endless alternating four-hour watches. Sometimes, when it was her turn and she sat by the prisoner, the loaded shot-gun in her lap, her eyes would close and she would doze. Always she aroused with a start, snatching up the gun and swiftly looking at him. These were distinct nervous shocks, and their effect was not good on her. Such was her fear of the man, that even if she were wide awake, if he moved under the bed-clothes she could not repress the start and the quick reach for the gun.

She was preparing herself for a nervous breakdown, and she knew it. First came a fluttering of the eyeballs, so that she was compelled to close her eyes for relief. A little later the eyelids were afflicted by a nervous twitching that she could not control. To add to the strain, she could not forget the tragedy. She remained as close to the horror as on the first morning when the unexpected stalked into the cabin and took possession. In her daily ministrations upon the prisoner she was forced to grit her teeth and steel herself, body and spirit.

Hans was affected differently. He became obsessed by the idea that it was his duty to kill Dennin; and whenever he waited upon the bound man or watched by him, Edith was troubled by the fear that Hans would add another red entry to the cabin's record. Always he cursed Dennin savagely and handled him roughly. Hans tried to conceal his homicidal mania, and he would say to his wife, "By and by you will want me to kill him, and then I will not kill him. It would make me sick." But more than once, stealing into the room when it was her watch off, she would catch the two men glaring ferociously at each other, wild animals the pair

of them, in Hans's face the lust to kill, in Dennin's the fierceness and savagery of the cornered rat. "Hans!" she would cry, "Wake up!" and he would come to a recollection of himself, startled and shamefaced and unrepentant.

So Hans became another factor in the problem the unexpected had given Edith Nelson to solve. At first it had been merely a question of right conduct in dealing with Dennin, and right conduct, as she conceived it, lay in keeping him a prisoner until he could be turned over for trial before a proper tribunal. But now entered Hans, and she saw that his sanity and his salvation were involved. Nor was she long in discovering that her own strength and endurance had become part of the problem. She was breaking down under the strain. Her left arm had developed involuntary jerkings and twitchings. She spilled her food from her spoon, and could place no reliance in her afflicted arm. She judged it to be a form of St. Vitus's dance, and she feared the extent to which its ravages might go. What if she broke down? And the vision she had of the possible future, when the cabin might contain only Dennin and Hans, was an added horror.

After the third day, Dennin had begun to talk. His first question had been, "What are you going to do with me?" And this question he repeated daily and many times a day. And always Edith replied that he would assuredly be dealt with according to law. In turn, she put a daily question to him — "Why did you do it?" To this he never replied. Also, he received the question with outbursts of anger, raging and straining at the rawhide that bound him, and threatening her with what he would do when he got loose, which he said he was sure to do sooner or later. At such times she cocked both triggers of the gun, prepared to meet him with leaden death if he should burst loose, herself trembling and palpitating and dizzy from the tension and shock.

But in time Dennin grew more tractable. It seemed to her that he was growing very weary of his unchanging recumbent position. He began to beg and plead to be released. He made wild promises. He would do them no harm. He would himself go down the coast and give himself up to the officers of the law. He would give them his share of the gold. He would go away into the heart of the wilderness, and never again appear in civilization. He would take his own life if she would only free him. His pleadings usually culminated in involuntary raving, until it seemed to her that he was passing into a fit; but always she shook her head and denied him the freedom for which he worked himself into a passion.

But the weeks went by, and he continued to grow more tractable. And through it all the weariness was asserting itself more and more. "I am so tired, so tired," he would murmur, rolling his head back and forth on the pillow like a peevish child. At a little later period he began to make impassioned pleas for death, to beg her to kill him, to beg Hans to put him out of his misery so that he might at least rest comfortably.

The situation was fast becoming impossible. Edith's nervousness was continuing, and she knew her breakdown might come any time. She could not even get her proper rest, for she was haunted by the fear that Hans would yield to his mania and kill Dennin while she slept. Though January had already come, months would have to elapse before any trading schooner was even likely to put into the bay. Also, they had not expected to winter in the cabin, and the food was running low; nor could Hans add to the supply by hunting. They were chained to the cabin by the necessity of guarding their prisoner.

Something must be done, and she knew it. She forced herself to go back into a reconsideration of the problem. She could not shake off the legacy of her race, the law that was of her blood and that had been trained into her. She knew that whatever she did she must do according to the law, and in the long hours of watching, the shot-gun on her knees, the murderer restless beside her and the storms thundering without, she made original sociological researches and worked out for herself the evolution of the law. It came to her that the law was nothing more than the judgment and the will of any group of people. It mattered not how large was the group of people. There were little groups, she reasoned, like Switzerland, and there were big groups like the United States. Also, she reasoned, it did not matter how small was the group of people. There might be only ten thousand people in a country, yet their collective judgment and will would be the law of that country. Why, then, could not one thousand people constitute such a group? she asked herself. And if one thousand, why not one

hundred? Why not fifty? Why not five? Why not — two?

She was frightened at her own conclusion, and she talked it over with Hans. At first he could not comprehend, and then, when he did, he added convincing evidence. He spoke of miners' meetings, where all the men of a locality came together and made the law and executed the law. There might be only ten or fifteen men altogether, he said, but the will of the majority became the law for the whole ten or fifteen, and whoever violated that will, was punished.

Edith saw her way clear at last. Dennin must hang. Hans agreed with her. Between them they constituted the majority of this particular group. It was the group-will that Dennin should be hanged. In the execution of this will Edith strove earnestly to observe the customary forms, but the group was so small that Hans and she had to serve as witnesses, as jury, and as judges — also, as executioners. She formally charged Michael Dennin with the murder of Dutchy and Harkey, and the prisoner lay in his bunk and listened to the testimony, first of Hans, and then of Edith. He refused to plead guilty or not guilty, and remained silent when she asked him if he had anything to say in his own defense. She and Hans, without leaving their seats, brought in the jury's verdict of guilty. Then, as judge, she imposed the sentence. Her voice shook, her eyelids twitched, her left arm jerked, but she carried it out.

"Michael Dennin, in three days' time you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Such was the sentence. The man breathed an unconscious sigh of relief, then laughed defiantly, and said, "Thin I'm thinkin' the damn bunk won't be achin' me back anny more, an' that's a consolation."

With the passing of the sentence a feeling of relief seemed to communicate itself to all of them. Especially was it noticeable in Dennin. All sullenness and defiance disappeared, and he talked sociably with his captors, with flashes of his old-time wit. Also, he found great satisfaction in Edith's reading to him from the Bible. She read from the New Testament, and he took keen interest in the prodigal son and the thief on the cross.

On the day preceding that set for the execution, when Edith asked her usual question, "Why did you do it?" Dennin answered, "'Tis very simple. I was thinkin' ——"

But she hushed him abruptly, asked him to wait, and hurried to Hans's bedside. It was his watch off, and he came out of his sleep, rubbing his eyes and grumbling.

"Go," she told him, "and bring up Negook and one other Indian. Michael's going to confess. Make them come. Take the rifle along and bring them up at the point of it if you have to."

Half an hour later Negook and his uncle, Hadikwan, were ushered into the death chamber. They came unwillingly, Hans with his rifle herding them along.

"Negook," Edith said, "there is to be no trouble for you and your people. Only is it for you to sit and do nothing but listen and understand."

Thus did Michael Dennin, under sentence of death, make public confession of his crime. As he talked, Edith wrote his story down, while the Indians listened, and Hans guarded the door for fear the witnesses might bolt.

He had not been home to the old country for fifteen years, Dennin explained, and it had always been his intention to return with plenty of money and make his old mother comfortable for the rest of her days.

"An' how was I to be doin' it on sixteen hundred?" he demanded. "What I was after wantin' was all the goold, the whole eight thousan'. Thin, I cud go back in style. What ud be aisier, thinks I to myself, than to kill all iv yez, report it at Skaguay for an Indian-killin', an' thin pull out for Ireland? An' so I started in to kill all iv yez, but, as Harkey was fond of sayin', I cut out too large a chunk an' fell down on the swallowin' iv it. An' that's me confession. I did me duty to the devil, an' now, God willin', I'll do me duty to God."

"Negook and Hadikwan, you have heard the white man's words," Edith said to the Indians. "His words are here on this paper, and it is for you to make a sign, thus, on the paper, so that white men to come after will know that you have heard."

The two Siwashes put crosses opposite their signatures, received a summons to appear on the morrow with all their tribe for a further witnessing of things, and were allowed to go.

Dennin's hands were released long enough for him to sign the document. Then a silence fell in the room. Hans was restless, and Edith felt uncomfortable. Dennin lay on his back, staring straight up at the moss-chinked roof.

"An' now I'll do me duty to God," he murmured. He turned his head toward Edith. "Read to me," he said, "from the Book," then added, with a glint of playfulness, "mayhap 'twill help me to forget the bunk."

The day of the execution broke clear and cold. The thermometer was down to twenty-five below zero, and a chill wind was blowing which drove the frost through clothes and flesh to the bones. For the first time in many weeks Dennin stood upon his feet. His muscles had remained inactive so long, and he was so out of practice in maintaining an erect position, that he could scarcely stand. He reeled back and forth, staggered, and clutched hold of Edith with his bound hands for support.

"Sure, an' it's dizzy I am," he laughed weakly.

A moment later he said: "An' it's glad I am that it's over with. That damn bunk would iv been the death iv me, I know."

When Edith put his fur cap on his head and proceeded to pull the flaps down over his ears, he laughed and said:

"What are you doin' that for?"

"It's freezing cold outside," she answered.

"An' in tin minutes' time what'll matter a frozen ear or so to poor Michael Dennin?" he asked.

She had nerved herself for the last culminating ordeal, and his remark was like a blow to her self-possession. So far, everything had seemed phantom-like, as in a dream, but the brutal truth of what he had said shocked her eyes wide open to the reality of what was taking place. Nor was her distress unnoticed by the Irishman.

"I'm sorry to be troublin' you with me foolish spache," he said regretfully. "I mint nothin' by it. 'Tis a great day for Michael Dennin, an' he's as gay as a lark."

He broke out into a merry whistle, which quickly became lugubrious and ceased.

"I'm wishin' there was a priest," he said wistfully, then added swiftly; "But Michael Dennin's too old a campaigner to miss the luxuries when he hits the trail."

He was so very weak and unused to walking that when the door opened and he passed outside, the wind nearly carried him off his feet. Edith and Hans walked on either side of him and supported him, the while he cracked jokes and tried to keep them cheerful, breaking off, once, long enough to arrange the forwarding of his share of the gold to his mother in Ireland.

They climbed a slight hill and came out into an open space among the trees. Here, circled solemnly about a barrel that stood on end in the snow, were Negook and Hadikwan and all the Siwashes down to the babies and the dogs, come to see the way of the white man's law. Nearby was an open grave which Hans had burned into the frozen earth.

Dennin cast a practical eye over the preparations, noting the grave, the barrel, the thickness of the rope, and the diameter of the limb over which the rope was passed.

"Sure, an' I couldn't iv done better meself, Hans, if it'd been for you."

He laughed loudly at his own sally, but Hans's face was frozen into a sullen ghastliness that nothing less than the trump of doom could have broken. Also, Hans was feeling very sick. He had not realized before the enormousness of the task of putting a fellow man out of the world. Edith, on the other hand, had realized; but the realization did not make the task any easier. She was filled with doubt as to whether she could hold herself together long enough to finish it. She felt incessant impulses to scream, to shriek, to collapse into the snow, to put her hands over her eyes and turn and run blindly away, into the forest, anywhere, away. It was only by a supreme effort of soul that she was able to keep upright and go on and do what she had to do. And in the midst of it all she was grateful to Dennin for the way he helped her.

"Lind me a hand," he said to Hans, with whose assistance he managed to mount the barrel.

He bent over so that Edith could adjust the rope about his neck. Then he stood upright while Hans drew the rope taut across the overhead branch.

"Michael Dennin, have you anything to say?" Edith asked in a clear voice that shook in spite of her.

Dennin shuffled his feet on the barrel, looked down bashfully like a man making his maiden speech, and cleared his throat.

"I'm glad it's over with," he said. "You've treated me like a Christian, an' I'm thankin' you hearty for your kindness."

"Then may God receive you, a repentant sinner," she said.

"Ay," he answered, his deep voice as a response to her thin one, "may God receive me, a repintant sinner."

"Good-by, Michael," she cried, and her voice sounded desperate.

She threw her weight against the barrel, but it did not overturn.

"Hans! Quick! Help me!" she cried faintly.

She could feel her last strength going, and the barrel resisted her. Hans hurried to her, and the barrel went out from under Michael Dennin.

She turned her back, thrusting her fingers into her ears. Then she began to laugh, harshly, sharply, metallically; and Hans was shocked as he had not been shocked through the whole tragedy. Edith Nelson's breakdown had come. Even in her hysteria she knew it, and she was glad that she had been able to hold up under the strain until everything had been accomplished. She reeled toward Hans.

"Take me to the cabin, Hans," she managed to articulate.

"And let me rest," she added. "Just let me rest, and rest, and rest."

With Hans's arm around her, supporting her weight and directing her helpless steps, she went off across the snow. But the Indians remained solemnly to watch the working of the white man's law that compelled a man to dance upon the air.

MRS. ARCHER'S FEELINGS

BY

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

AUTHOR OF "THE GENEROUS MR. DEAN"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

MOTHERLY old maids are plentiful (and provident nature be thanked for it, since few women in these days seem able to care unaided for a houseful of children). Besides, we are so habituated to thinking of nature's law of love and parenthood as absolutely universal that we are constantly detecting (or imagining) in the celibate, signs of unsatisfied domestic tendencies. But one does not often think of a married woman as having missed her vocation. And yet that was exactly what struck one about Mrs. Archer. Mrs. Archer was unconvertibly, or, if you prefer, incorruptibly, maidenly. She had no babies to teach her either the sweetness or the indifference of the fact that we are all one flesh. After seventeen years of marriage she would no more have thought of sharing a hand-towel with her husband than of discussing her digestion. This super-refinement gave a pale halo to her personality, a delicate fragrance to her life and her home-life. But it was the perfume of the pot-pourri rather than of the fresh rose. She lived an embalmed youth instead of a green maturity. She never progressed from the standpoint of the sweetheart to that of the wife. If you had met her as *Miss* Somebody, with her tall slenderness, the exquisite appropriateness of it would have appealed to you; her sentiments were so fine and so detached; she did not need the real thing.

And there! When you say *sentiments*, you have epitomized Mrs. Archer. Life to her was not acts nor things nor thoughts, nor even anything so vital as emotions; it was sentiments. And she had the same set of them at thirty-seven that she had selected at twenty.

The first evening she and Archer spent in their new home, Mrs. Archer hung up over the library hearth an illuminated motto which she had herself done in water-colors: "ZWEI HERZEN UND EIN SCHLAG" (a verse not then so threadbare), wreathed in flowers that were probably celestial, since they certainly had never bloomed in any earthly garden.

"No, no, Carl. Let me. I want to do it," she laughed softly. She climbed down from the chair, stepped back to see if it was straight, went to shift it another micro-micron, retreated, put her head on one side again, and, satisfied, turned to him expectantly.

And Archer made it evident that he thought *her* a dear.

It was after the fifth or sixth annual house-cleaning that Archer stood one night before this their altar to Vesta, regarding the familiar decoration. "I say, Delia, the old text is looking pretty faded, isn't it? Even the posies. Why don't you make a new one?"

There was a pause before Delia, behind him, spoke — as if her mouth were full, he noticed, without really noticing it until afterward. "Would you want it different?"

"Surely. How about the one word 'TOGETHER'? Do you know, I think that's the nicest word in the language." He turned to smile his meaning at her, and saw her twisting fingers, the heat of hurt tears in her face. "Oh, I say, Delia, you know I didn't mean that. But a matrimonial platform ought to be as progressive as any other, now oughtn't it?"

Her silence did not seem like consent, and the idea, once called to his attention, now seemed to crop out all around him, as new knowledge always does, that everything else about the house was just the same as it had always been, in just the same place. What

"'No, no, Carl. Let me. I want to do it'"

had worn out or been broken had been duplicated as nearly as possible.

"Every trifle means so much, I couldn't bear any change," Mrs. Archer murmured "I want things always as they were when we were first so happy."

"Oh," said Archer. A new significance struck him in the fact that the hand he had caught still wore the ring he had given her when they were both at school. Too small now even for the little finger to which it had been forced, it was a cheap ring, a child's ring, and he thought, amused but touched, that it looked just that — childish. "So you don't like my advanced ideas?" He yielded them, soothingly. "Why, my motto is simply yours in a new, up-to-date suit. It seems to me a real Union is an Alliance of two Powers, not an Absorption of either. I want us to feel connected by an elastic band, not like the Siamese twins."

It seemed to him a matrimonial platform should be as progressive as any other. The Union that at first had meant a Single Identity, at five years meant a Federation; and at fifteen years he would have proposed as the working formula of the same old code, "RECIPROCITY AND NON-INTERFERENCE." But to Mrs. Archer, not one jot or tittle of the Confession of Faith was alterable, and the constitution followed the flag

Once, eight or nine years after their marriage, he noticed her drooping for days, and on the quivering verge of tears, especially when he petted her and asked if anything — what — was the matter? By the time he was really worried and a bit fretted about it, her sentiment of endurance gave way before her sentiment of grief: *He had taken her picture from his desk!* (It was her portrait just before their wedding, now fading, and an example of an inferior photographic day:

the clothes looked queer; the likeness was outgrown.) *He had taken her picture from his desk. Didn't he love her any more then?*

"Why, Delia! My Dear Old Girl! I was just straightening the office generally, and clearing out a lot of old things, and I thought — why should I want it around when I have the real you, as you really look, with me right along? Love you any more? Why, I care for you now, as you are at present, more than I could possibly care for a mere girl I was in love with. I don't understand. . . . "

"Exactly," she agreed, with the reproach of patience. Her light sigh breathed pity for herself. The touch of her fingers on his hair felt like pity for him. Her manner seemed to add, "And, of course, if one doesn't understand those things naturally, there is no more use trying to explain than to describe a perfume."

He supposed he must be very coarse-grained and stupid.

He was sure of it, when, after he had re-established the image in its restored shrine, it disappeared quietly, permanently.

He ought to have known better in the first place! But he couldn't yet always remember. And he never could always foresee.

"I hate to leave you alone," he said the first morning after the fall that had sprained her ankle. With an impulse of tenderness and protection even stronger than usual, he kissed her on brow, eyes, ears, lips, heart — "a seven-fold charm against all evil." He kissed her and left her in a glow.

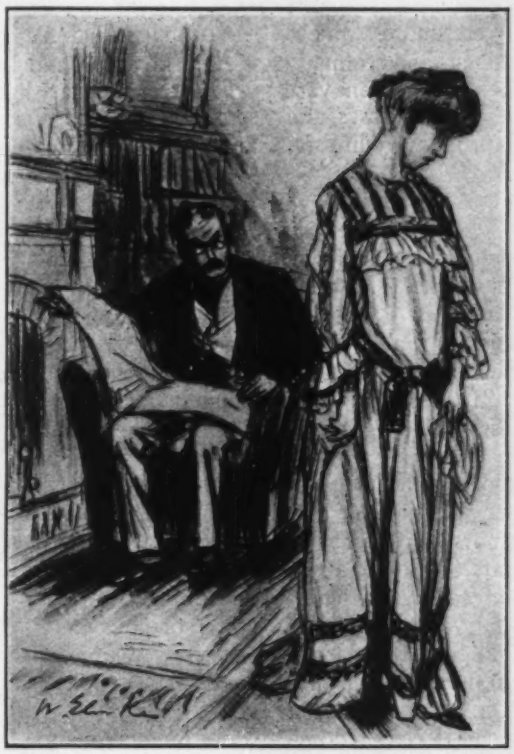
It was such trifles that made her happy! Why couldn't he gratify her? he asked himself affectionately, but it was impatient affection, and answered itself. Her very avidity repelled him.

Next morning as, starting off late and hurried, he merely brushed her soft cheek good-by with his fingers, he was checked sharply by the disappointment of her look.

She had at once expected the whole rite daily, as if it must be "always May."

Her expectation amounted to requirement, robbed an act of the grace of spontaneity, stereotyped a mood into a habit, a precedent. He felt that she refined sentiment to the point of sterilization.

Moreover her expectation, amounting to requirement, made him rebellious. He couldn't always think to bring her something from a trip or for an anniversary, or, if he remembered, he couldn't think what to bring. It suggested buying his welcome anyway. "And besides," he asked her, "why should I give you gifts when you have a checking right to the full extent of my own? To be exact, how can I, when it's all as much yours as mine?"



"He had taken her picture from his desk. Didn't he love her any more then?"

He asked the question, and Mrs. Archer only looked at him.

He asked the question with that jocularity with which, when one is a trifle irritated, he tries at once to make light of it to himself and to hide it from the other.

And because he did speak humorously, Mrs. Archer looked at him dubiously, not sure whether he was trying to warn her and ease her disappointment, or was teasing her to whet her interests.

It was the anniversary of their engagement.

The truth was that Archer had come home deliberately, stubbornly, empty-handed, and

was already shamed by her festive preparations, her gala self, the special dishes he liked (or had once liked; there was no difference to Mrs. Archer), a boutonnière of the particular rose she had used to break for him at the gate and had pinned on him for the first time "that night."

He regarded it as nothing short of a special providence that, just before dinner was announced, he was called up from the office, and could tell her he must rush downtown again. "I won't be long, just long enough to put the final edge to both our appetites," he assured her, with unmistakably double meaning, and left her face bright as a child's.

Into a shop to be relied on for high prices, novelty, and "the thing," he dived long enough to buy the first article he saw that cost enough.

Back at the house he even ran up-stairs as if it had been there all along, and so finally presented to her a squat grass-green vase with yellow marguerites, pink wild roses, and red berries, moulded in projecting, life-size bunches around it.

For one moment Mrs. Archer forgot to guard her face.

"I asked you to give me, to choose from, a list of things you would like," he cried quickly, accusingly.

"Oh! and spoil the spirit of it all."

"Well," his humor, momentarily checked, sought its level again, "it seems to be a choice of what you most prefer right, the spirit or the gift."

"The gift's all right, too." She caught it gallantly to her breast. "I noticed this ware at Darr's, and I know how expensive these imported things are." She did not mention that she had priced several pieces in sheer wonder as to what value they could have to any one. "It shall have the place of honor to-night." She transferred the dinner flowers to it. "Oh, how nice and low it is!" she exclaimed. "And I do so prefer flat decorations."

There was such sudden relief in her voice at the possibility of its own sincere enthusiasm, that Archer laughed. But his eyes were tender.

He knew she would use that vase conspicuously, and would explain at every opportunity (or lack of it) that it was a present from Mr. Archer, his selection. But when her guest would look up with the twinkle of mutual understanding, she would find Mrs. Archer proudly, seriously, unconscious. It was her way of defending both herself and him.

He knew, too, that if even her ingenuity and loyalty had failed to find some use for his offering, she would have hoarded it. She never threw away anything given her, even when worn out. He could not help seeing, with a sort of protesting admiration, that she was mercenary only for the tribute of the spirit.

"Don't you like to be told and shown?" she reminded him, across the "flat decoration" of flowers (natural and art-nouveau).

"Yes, of course, dear. But to me it's the atmosphere of affection that counts most, and the little things in which you yourself don't know you're showing it. To talk so much about it, and try so hard, seems to belong to the time when we were not sure — nor half so happy."

And she thought he had no sentiment!

The trouble was that they didn't like the same brand of sentiment, or want the same amount of it for seasoning.

She was always trying to perpetuate the thrill of the first kiss; he was content with the peace of the last one.

It seemed to him they dragged a steadily lengthening string of outgrown shells, instead of meeting each new year free and building for it fresh.

To-night she was so gay and so pleased, he thought the diplomatic moment had arrived for which he had been waiting to make a suggestion. Now he ventured in his lightest manner, "My dear, the table is a dream, the service Aladdin-like, and the food so appetizing that — I would enjoy my soup in a bowl instead of a cup, and I would like roast for dinner always, whether there's an entrée or not."

There was a moment's silence. Her hands and eyelids began to quiver; then her voice, "I'm sorry," she said, very low. "It won't happen again." And she looked like a summer flower after a frost.

"Now Delia!" he protested quickly, feeling himself a brute to want anything more than her smiles and her roses. "It's not so serious as that."

She did not answer. She dared not attempt to. And he sat helpless, both annoyed and sorry, the dinner spoiled, and the evening.

She *would* take criticism of anything connected with her as criticism of herself! The

"He sat helpless, both annoyed and sorry, the dinner spoiled, and the evening"

most oblique hint of criticism struck her like a touch of cold to an exposed nerve. And her nerves seemed chronically unprotected.

In the middle of the night he was roused by the sobs she could no longer stifle: She was sorry she was such a bad housekeeper, such a failure of a wife! Oh, yes, she was! She knew it herself; she knew every fault and mistake of hers. Oh, yes, it did matter! It was serious. It was her business to have things right, and — her highest ambition.

He hardly knew whether he most wanted to shake or kiss her.

It was a shadowy and wavering line that distinguished between sensibility and selfism.

But certainly for such a trifle as hunger it was not worth while to make her. and himself, so uncomfortable. Consequently, for the most part, things did "happen again," and again unchallenged.

Now if he had said, "The table is a dream. the service Aladdin-like, and the food appetizing," and stopped there, she would have blossomed like a window plant turned toward the south. She had as many feelers as a centipede. She was as sensitive as a thermometer. Her nature ran all to little tendrils, reaching toward the sunshine of love and praise. She had a way of saying that she would do anything for gentleness and appreciation. and could do nothing without them; that she never forgot or protested a debt of kindness. But the initial kindness she asked was constant approval. She went ever so alertly mendicant for affection and admiration. that, by logical paradox, she seemed to be looking for their opposites.

It is often so. One travels so far west that he finds himself in the east. There is no truth which, in its logical extreme. is not false; no virtue that exaggeration will not make into a vice.

The situation called for too much forbearance, and that on both sides. For secretly Mrs. Archer felt that she belonged to the noble army of the martyrs composed of that precious, pathetic sisterhood of the

Candidas and Noras, of the modern woman who, by special evolution, is a race superior to her contemporary man. It was not so much that Mrs. Archer thought herself misunderstood, as not understood. She felt that she passed a dual existence; one, on the material plane where she cared for her husband's creature comforts and received from him merely human companionship; the other, in those rare altitudes of thought and spirit, where she really lived — alone! It was very sad — which gave it the last touch of beauty!

Indeed, the situation required too much forbearance. Giving up cannot make happiness in life; at best it only prevents unhappiness. She fretted him. he hurt her; her idealizations were overtaxed and his humor. They *were* fond of each other; each valued and prized the other, but ——

The Archers had run into a blind alley. They were unhappy apart, but they could not be happy together.

One blazing noon when Archer dragged himself into the house, the luncheon-table was waiting for him. So was Mrs. Archer, in a house-gown that was the very materialization of coolness and rest. Her clothes were always symphonies of the season.

"I don't think I want any luncheon," he said. Face, lips even, were ashen. "Unless it's a cup of something hot, tea."

"Oh, yes you will! You should. But not hot, surely, to-day. I ordered sherbet to begin with, especially for you."

He sank down, tasted it once or twice, played with it

"What's the matter? Don't you like it? Isn't it nice?"

He braced himself to lay down the spoon. "Really I don't want anything, Delia. I'm not feeling very well. This heat — " He got up uncertainly. "I must — lie down." He turned toward a couch, with one thought, to get there quickly.

"Well, come up-stairs then." The bright reception in her face was blurred by disappointment.

The idea that he *must* was strong enough to take him up.

He dropped on the bed inert. "This heat!" he breathed. "Get me a little whisky."

"Stimulants?" she contradicted him. "In addition to the sun!" She rang for ice-water and bathed his head. At the first cold touch his eyes opened quickly, startled; his lips parted to speak. But she looked so eagerly concerned, so modestly important, so positively bright with that secondary happiness one has in doing an unpleasant thing nicely, in being graceful in an unfortunate situation, that he only turned his head away.

She roused him to slip the covers down, to get his clothes off, to make him to roll to the other side of the bed and then back so that she could spread a clean sheet as she had seen it done at an infirmary. She left him while she got a few roses from the shady side of the house to stand beside him. In the intervals she renewed the cold cloths, and he stirred restlessly and moaned a little now and then.

But only at last when she brought shaved ice did he ward the spoon from his lips with a feeble, falling hand.

He might as well have struck her. For a moment she stood perfectly still steadying herself. Then she put the glass down with gentle dignity and left the room.

But outside the solitude and silence felt uneasy. And, to be sure, he was ill; one must make allowances. She slipped back. He lay blue and stiff. She was frightened.

She was fanning him frantically when Dr. Hays got there.

"Great Heavens, Mrs. Archer!" he blustered the minute he looked at the man. "What are you doing? And ice? Do you want to kill him? You couldn't have done anything worse!" She shrank from him physically. He was a rough man, Doctor Hays. He had a way of stripping the sheet from the patient, and the cover from the indulgence that caused the disease; he used the knife as casually as the fever-thermometer. But there was no one who did get at both the cause and the cure like old Dr. Hays. People grumbled equally at his brigand ways and bills, but they sent for him in a hurry next time. "Ice forsooth! Get me some whisky, and something hot. Bottles. Quick!" He pushed the rose vase aside to make room on the stand, upset it, and, with a sweep of his arm and a dreadful word not even under his breath, he cleared the whole mess of rubbish out of his way. He never noticed her, nor how he got the things he called for. But he muttered once as he worked over the unconscious man, "I can't imagine *Archer's* being such a fool as not to know better than that."

As Mrs. Archer kept the servants and herself flying or ready at hand, her facile self-blame and self-depreciation grew to a passion, a torture. Oh! What had she done? But even in that anguish she carried herself with conscious dignity and magnanimity. After all, she had done her best. She was always the first to admit her errors, to try to amend them; she exacted more of herself than any one else could. He need not have added brutality to her distress. But then, of course, it was Doctor Hays.

"Doctor Hays took exactly the same notice of her, of her debasement, and of her condescension, that he did of the bottles"

And Doctor Hays took exactly the same notice of her, of her debasement, and of her condescension that he did of the bottles.

When Carl's eyes opened at last, the doctor looked at him glumly. "Well, Archer, I'm glad to say howdy to you again, but you don't deserve it. Any idiot would have known —— "

"S-h, s-h!" Carl cautioned him hastily, looking apprehensively around the field of his vision. "S-h, doctor. I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything."

"Fudge!" said Doctor Hays. "How about your feelings?"

He straightened up.

Mrs. Archer was standing on the other side of the bed.

He would not have been the physician he was had he failed to observe her look. The sheet had been stripped from her; the probe had gone to the very heart of her life at full beat. Only a moment before she was still self-serene, sweetly impervious to any inkling of her impression on others, of the badness of her goodness. But now! *"I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything."* — *"You couldn't have done anything worse."* — *"I can't imagine Archer's being such a fool as not to know better than that."* — *"Whisky . . . something hot."* — *"I wouldn't hurt Mrs. Archer's feelings for anything."*

Her very soul seemed to curl up, yellowed under a finger of flame. The pervasive refinement that always seemed such a distinction looked now meager, superficial, barren. Her whole life looked barren. For

the first time she saw barrenness as a reproach, as a sign of arrested development, of unfitness. She saw all her standards go like cobwebs in a gale. She had tried to sail her ship with gauze. But worse still, she had so cultivated her delicate perceptions and responsiveness that she had grown like a jellyfish, excruciatingly sensitive herself, and retaliating for the slightest interference with blistering poison.

But Doctor Hays had no concern with her tragedy.

"I'll send you a nurse," he said.

"Why, no, doctor." It was the old Mrs. Archer who spoke instinctively. "Do you suppose I'll let any one take my place with my husband at such a time?"

"I'll send you a nurse," he repeated. "Don't touch him till she gets here. I must have some one who knows and will obey orders."

He would have pushed by her brusquely, but Mrs. Archer had stepped out of the way. "Certainly, certainly. Whatever is best for him," she gasped.

At her voice Carl had turned enough to see her, and he saw. "Oh! Delia, dear," he said faintly, between twinges of pain, for neuralgia had set in from the chilling in his depleted state, "you did the best you knew."

She slipped down beside him, but not even laying the weight of her arm on him. The familiar torrent of self-accusation that was only indirect self-justification and a bid for justification from others did not come. "Yes," she said, with a quiet simplicity that had a new note in it. "But I know better — about several things — now. I'm sorry. It won't ever happen again."

"I hope not indeed!" he smiled.

But they both understood.

"'I says to 'im,' says Sadie, 'ain't you the fresh thing'"

THE TRIMMED LAMP

BY

O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR MILLION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

OF course there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear "shop-girls" spoken of. No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occupation into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as "marriage-girls."

Lou and Nancy were chums. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at home to go around. Nancy was nineteen; Lou was twenty. Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little cherub that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding-house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Gentle Reader: My lady friends, Miss Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice — cautiously — of their attire. Yes, cautiously; for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at the horse show.

Lou is a piece-work ironer in a hand laundry. She is clothed in a badly-fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long; but her ermine muff and scarf cost $25. and its fellow beasts will be ticketed in the windows at $7.98 before the season is over. Her cheeks are pink, and her light blue eyes bright. Contentment radiates from her.

Nancy you would call a shop-girl — because you have the habit. There is no type; but a perverse generation is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-ratted pompadour, and the exaggerated straight-front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous revolt against cheated womanhood; of

sad prophecy of the vengeance to come. When she laughs her loudest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it some day on Gabriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should wither and abash man; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowers — with a string tied to them.

Now lift your hat and come away, while you receive Lou's cheery "See you again," and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the housetops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan. Dan was Lou's steady company. Faithful? Well he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen subpoena servers to find her lamb.

"Ain't you cold, Nance?" said Lou. "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for $8. a week! I made $18.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than $10. And I don't know that it's any less respectful work, either."

"You can have it," said Nancy, with uplifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and hall bedroom. I like to be among nice things and swell people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburg — steel maker, or blacksmith or something — the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything; but I'll take my chances where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collars and saw me at the first board, ironing. We all try to get to work at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, how round and white they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. Some nice fellows come into laundries. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases, and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

"How can you wear a waist like that, Lou?" said Nancy gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid $16. for this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards and yards of hand embroidery on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've got on."

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, "was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was $12,000. I made mine, myself. It cost me $1.50. Ten feet away you couldn't tell it from hers."

"Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and put on airs, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something as fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came — a serious young man with a ready-made necktie, who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity — an electrician earning $30. per week who looked upon Lou with the sad eyes of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught.

"My friend, Mr. Owens — shake hands with Miss Danforth," said Lou.

"I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth," said Dan, with outstretched hand. "I've heard Lou speak of you so often."

"Thanks," said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cool ones, "I've heard her mention you — a few times."

Lou giggled.

"Did you get that handshake from Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, Nance?" she asked.

"If I did, you can feel safe in copying it," said Nancy.

"Oh, I couldn't use it at all. It's too stylish for me. It's intended to set off diamond rings, that high shake is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it."

"Learn it first," said Nancy wisely, "and you'll be more likely to get the rings."

"Now, to settle this argument," said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, "let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little vaudeville? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real sparklers?"

"WOOED HER ACROSS THE COUNTER WITH A KING COPHETUA AIR"

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacocky in her bright and pretty clothes, Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true Van Alstyne Fisher walk — thus they set out for their evening's moderate diversion.

I do not suppose that many look upon a great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her. She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and refinement. If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it, or another's.

The people she served were mostly women whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterions. From them Nancy began to take toll — the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice a gesture, from another an eloquent lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, of carrying a purse, of smiling, of greeting a friend, of addressing "inferiors in station." From her best beloved model, Mrs Van Alstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft, low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. Suffused in the aura of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits. The teachings of your parents may not keep alive your New England conscience; but if you sit on a straight-back chair and repeat the words "prisms and pilgrims" forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the Van Alstyne Fisher tones she felt the thrill of *noblesse oblige* to her very bones.

There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever you see three or four shop-girls gather in a bunch, and jingle their wire bracelets as an accompaniment to apparently frivolous conversation, do not think that they are there for the purpose of criticizing the way Ethel does her back hair. The meeting may lack the dignity of the deliberative bodies of man; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and her first daughter first put their heads together to make Adam understand his proper place in the household. It is Woman's Conference for Common Defense and Exchange of Strategical Theories of Attack and Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Man, its Chief Usher, who Persists in Throwing Bouquets Thereupon. Woman, the most helpless of the young of any animal — with the fawn's grace but without its fleetness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of sweetness but without its — Oh, let's drop the similes — some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange stratagems that each has devised and formulated out of the tactics of life.

"I says to 'im," says Sadie, "ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to me?"

The heads, brown, black, flaxen, red, and yellow bob together; the answer is given; and the parry to the thrust is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages-at-arms with the common enemy, man.

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to a woman successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is a wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition — the drawing of a matrimonial prize.

Her station in the store was a favored one. The music room was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the works of the best composers — at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a tentative and aspiring foot. She absorbed the educating influence of art wares, of costly and dainty fabrics, of adornments that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. "Here comes your millionaire, Nance," they would call to her whenever any man who looked the rôle approached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and dawdle over the cambric squares. Nancy's imitation, high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may

have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their sedulous apes. Nancy learned to discriminate. There was a window at the end of the handkerchief counter; and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street below. She looked, and perceived that automobiles differ as well as do their owners.

Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Cophetua air. When he had gone one of the girls said:

"What's wrong, Nance, that you didn't warm up to that fellow? He looks the swell article, all right, to me."

"Him?" said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, Van Alstyne Fisher smile; "not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H. P. machine and an Irish chauffeur! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought — silk! And he's got dactylis on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please."

Two of the most "refined" women in the store — a forelady and a cashier — had a few "swell gentlemen friends" with whom they now and then dined. Once they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in a spectacular café whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two "gentlemen friends" — one without any hair on his head — high living ungrew it; and we can prove it — the other a young man whose worth and sophistication he impressed upon you in two convincing ways — he swore that all the wine was corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived irresistible excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to shop-girls; and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the franker charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hemstitched, grass-bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been using her eyes and ears. When the rejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraidings and horror upon Nancy's head.

"What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire — he's a nephew of old Van Skittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nance?"

"Have I?" said Nancy. "I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allows him $20,000. a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was guying him about it the other night at supper."

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes.

"Say, what do you want?" she inquired, in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum, "Ain't that enough for you? Do you want to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't $20,000. a year good enough for you?"

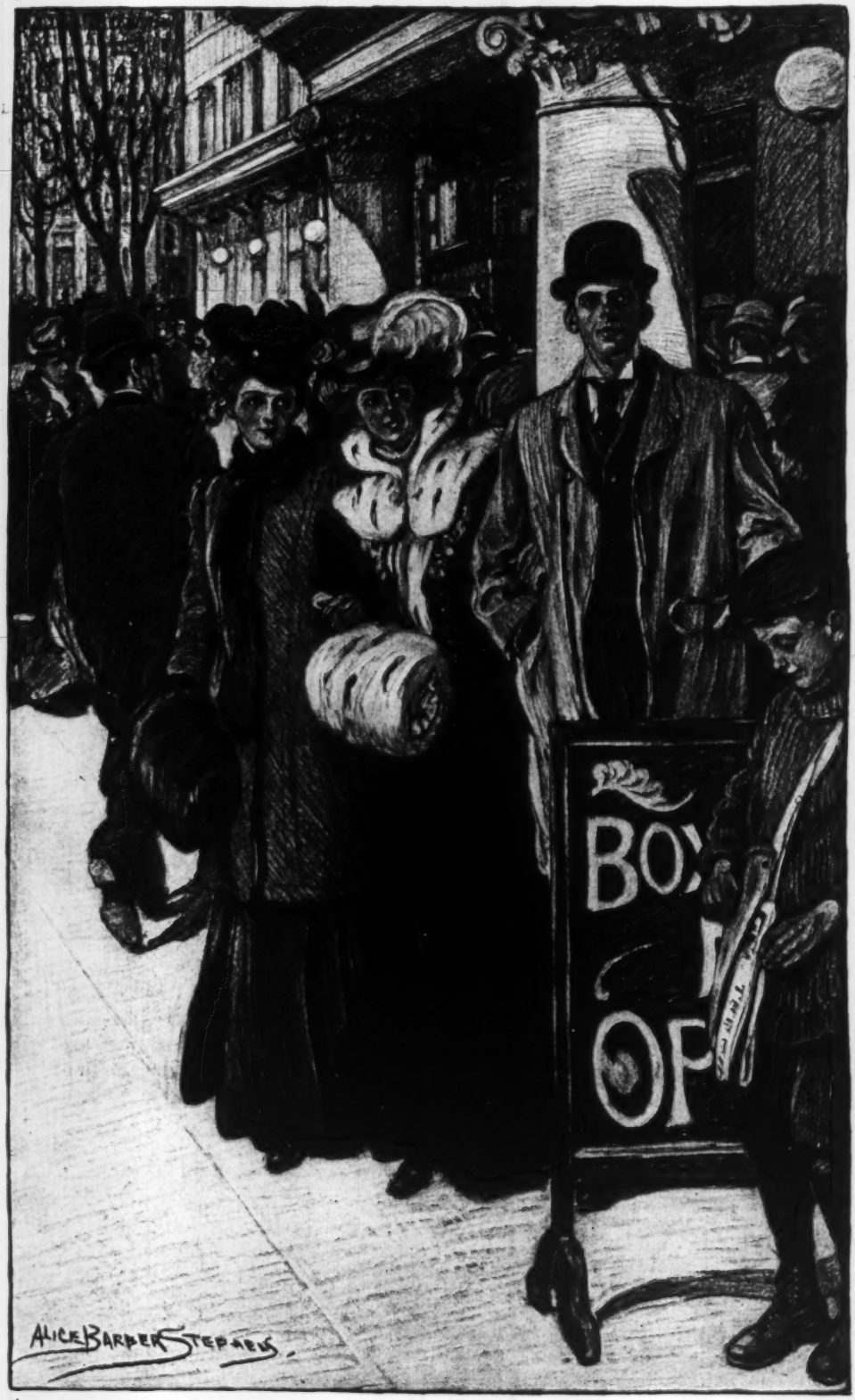
Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes.

"It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie," she explained. "His friend caught him in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together — I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be on any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch; but it's got to be able to do something more than make a noise like a toy bank."

"The physiopathic ward for yours!" said the brown pompadour, walking away.

These high ideas, if not ideals — Nancy continued to cultivate on $8. per week. She bivouacked on the trail of the great unknown "catch," eating her dry bread and tightening her belt day by day. On her face was the faint, soldierly, sweet, grim smile of the preordained man-hunter. The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-antlered and big; but always some deep unerring instinct — perhaps of the huntress, perhaps of the woman— made her hold her fire and take up the trail again.

Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of her $18.50 per week she paid $6. for her room and board. The rest went mainly for clothes. Her opportunities for bettering her taste and manners were few compared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, work and her thoughts of the evening pleasures to come. Many costly and showy fabrics passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus transmitted to her through the conducting metal.



"LOU FURNISHED THE COLOR, NANCY THE TONE, AND DAN THE WEIGHT OF THE DISTRACTION-SEEKING TRIO"

When the day's work was over Dan awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood.

Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes, that increased in conspicuity rather than in style; but this was no disloyalty; he deprecated the attention they called to her in the streets.

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatsoever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction-seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made tie and unfailing, genial, ready-made wit never startled or clashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone.

To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready-made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter: but she was young; and youth is a gourmand, when it cannot be a gourmet.

"Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away," Lou told her once. "But why should I? I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn; and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nance, what do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems to me that you could afford to be a little less stuck-up if you could make a good deal more money."

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the habit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every day. I'm right up against refined and rich people all the time — even if I do only wait on them; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh.

"I haven't selected one yet," answered Nancy. "I've been looking them over."

"Goodness! the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by you Nance — even if he's a few dollars shy. But of course you're joking — millionaires don't think about working girls like us."

"It might be better for them if they did," said Nancy, with cool wisdom. "Some of us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me," laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-fit."

"That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em closer. Don't you think that red silk lining is just a little bit too bright for that coat, Lou?"

Lou looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend.

"Well, no I don't — but it may seem so beside that faded-looking thing you've got on."

"This jacket," said Nancy, complacently, "has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day. The material cost me $3.98. I suppose hers cost about $100. more."

"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as millionaire bait. Shouldn't wonder if I catch one before you do, anyway."

Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon the values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and fastidiousness that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her even beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan — Dan the constant, the immutable, the undeviating.

As for Nancy, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and laces and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding and taste — these were made for woman; they are her equitable portion. Let her keep near them if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to herself, as Esau was; for she keeps her birthright and the pottage she earns is often very scant.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she throve in it and ate her frugal meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man,

the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and nothing smaller.

Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bridegroom when he should come.

But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her mind's eye, and shaped itself into letters that spelled such words as "truth" and "honor" and now and then just "kindness." Let us make a likeness of one who hunts the moose or elk in some mighty wood. He sees a little dell, mossy and embowered, where a rill trickles, babbling to him of rest and comfort. At these times the spear of Nimrod himself grows blunt.

So, Nancy wondered sometimes if Persian lamb was always quoted at its market value by the hearts that it covered.

One Thursday evening Nancy left the store and turned across Sixth Avenue westward to the laundry. She was expected to go with Lou and Dan to a musical comedy.

Dan was just coming out of the laundry when she arrived. There was a queer, strained look on his face.

"I thought I would drop around to see if they had heard from her," he said.

"Heard from who?" asked Nancy. "Isn't Lou there?"

"I thought you knew," said Dan. "She hasn't been here or at the house where she lived since Monday. She moved all her things from there. She told one of the girls in the laundry she might be going to Europe."

"Hasn't anybody seen her anywhere?" asked Nancy.

Dan looked at her with his jaw set grimly, and a steely gleam in his steady gray eyes.

"They told me in the laundry," he said, harshly, "that they saw her pass yesterday — in an automobile. With one of the millionaires, I suppose, that you and Lou were forever busying your brains about."

For the first time Nancy quailed before a man. She laid her hand that trembled slightly on Dan's sleeve.

"You've no right to say such a thing to me Dan — as if I had anything to do with it!"

"I didn't mean it that way," said Dan, softening. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

"I've got the tickets for the show tonight," he said, with a gallant show of lightness. "If you —— "

Nancy admired pluck whenever she saw it.

"I'll go with you, Dan," she said.

Three months went by before Nancy saw Lou again.

At twilight one evening the shop-girl was hurrying home along the border of a little quiet park. She heard her name called, and wheeled about in time to catch Lou rushing into her arms.

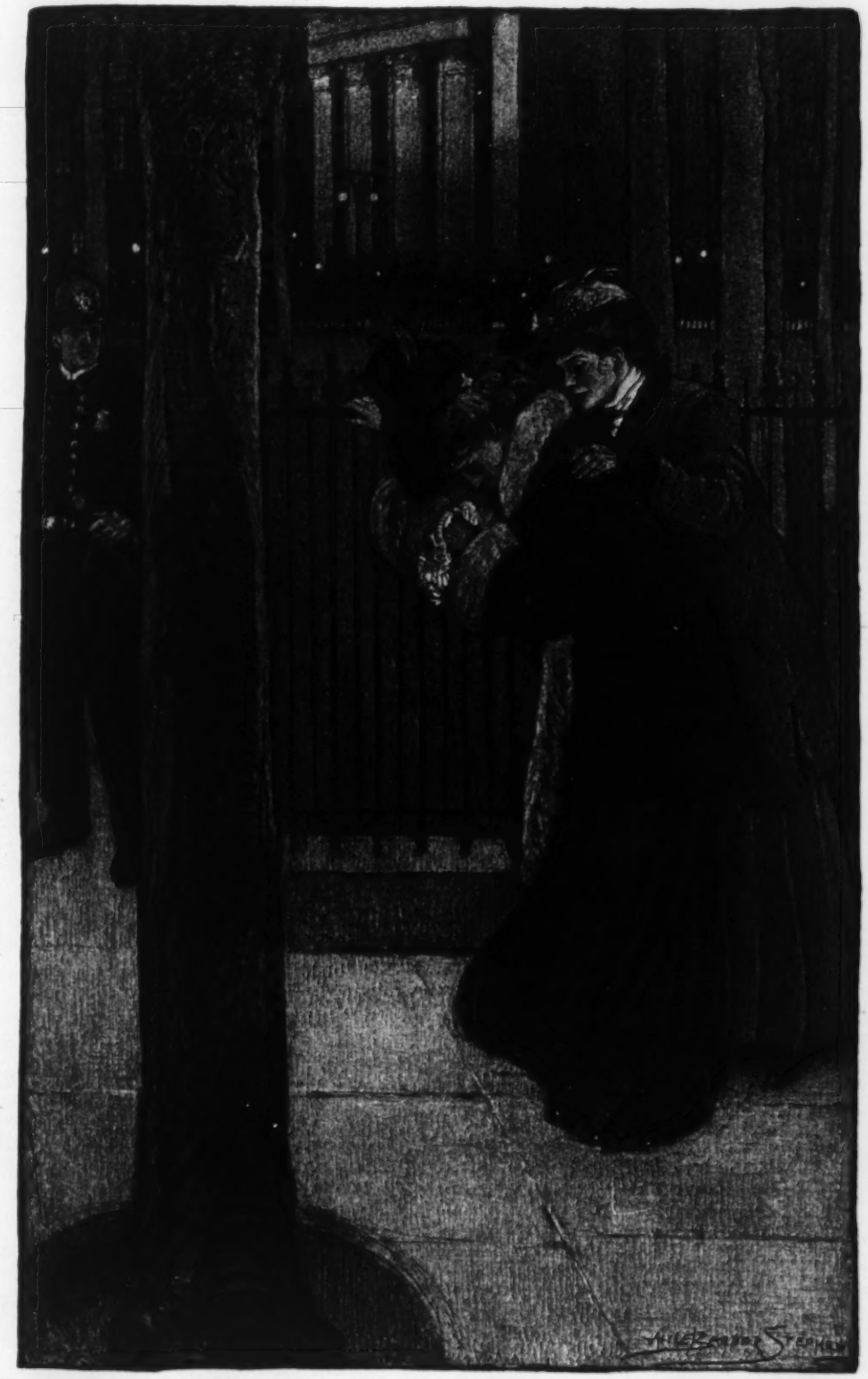
After the first embrace they drew their heads back as serpents do, ready to attack or to charm, with a thousand questions trembling on their swift tongues. And then Nancy noticed that prosperity had descended upon Lou, manifesting itself in costly furs, flashing gems, and creations of the tailors' art.

"You little fool!" cried Lou, loudly and affectionately. "I see you are still working in that store, and as shabby as ever. And how about that big catch you were going to make — nothing doing yet, I suppose?"

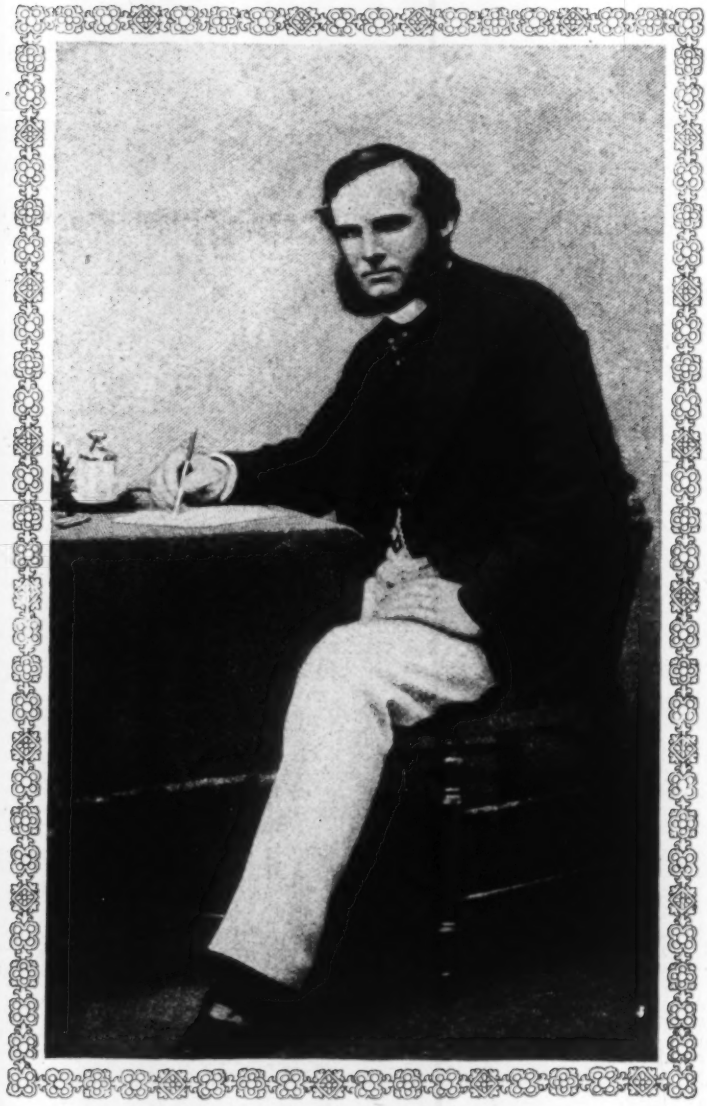
And then Lou looked, and saw that something better than prosperity had descended upon Nancy — something that shone brighter than gems in her eyes and redder than a rose in her cheeks, and that danced like electricity anxious to be loosed from the tip of her tongue.

"Yes, I'm still in the store," said Nancy, "but I'm going to leave it next week. I've made my catch — the biggest catch in the world. You won't mind now Lou, will you? — I'm going to be married to Dan — to Dan! — he's my Dan now — why, Lou!"

Around the corner of the park strolled one of those new-crop, smooth-faced young policemen that are making the force more endurable — at least to the eye. He saw a woman with an expensive fur coat and diamond-ringed hands crouching down against the iron fence of the park sobbing turbulently, while a slender, plainly-dressed working girl leaned close, trying to console her. But the Gibsonian cop, being of the new order, passed on, pretending not to notice, for he was wise enough to know that these matters are beyond help, so far as the power he represents is concerned, though he rap the pavement with his nightstick till the sound goes up to the furthermost stars.



"A SLENDER, PLAINLY-DRESSED WORKING GIRL LEANED CLOSE, TRYING TO CONSOLE HER"



HENRY B. HYDE IN 1868

The Tontine system as originated and practised by Henry B. Hyde, represented a complete perversion of all the principles and objects of good life-insurance. It was, in effect, a huge gamble on human lives, in which poor women and children were deprived wholesale of paid-for insurance protection, in order to furnish "investment returns" to more fortunate members. Tontine enabled Hyde to build up an enormous so-called surplus from which he appropriated, under a fictitious contract, about 2 1-2 per cent yearly. It also enabled him to conceal the drain that his system of high commissions to agents was making upon the Equitable's resources. Hyde's Tontine was a clever adaptation to modern conditions of a scheme first used by Louis XIV, in 1689, but conceived and developed by an Italian adventurer, Lorenzo Tonti, in 1656

THE STORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

IV

THE GREAT TONTINE GAMBLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

ONE of the most conspicuous hangers-on of the early court of Louis XIV was a certain Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan banker. Tonti was one of that numerous brood of speculators who found so fruitful a field for exploitation in the European courts of the seventeenth century. Of an adventurous disposition, unlimited personal resource, and unbounded confidence in himself and his schemes, he readily wormed his way into the royal favor, became a confidential secretary to Cardinal Mazarin, a pensioner of the crown and a valued adviser on all financial affairs. He abounded in ingenious devices for increasing the national revenue, paying off the debts of the clergy, erecting great public works, and building up the foreign trade, especially in the East Indies and the South Seas. At one time, he aroused much speculative interest in a plan for stimulating the growth of silk worms, by planting mulberry trees on all the highways of France. His fame rests almost entirely upon the fact, however, that he was the inventor of that scheme of gambling on human lives now generally known as Tontine.

Tonti first proposed this plan to Mazarin in 1656. Like Mazarin, however, he was an Italian and therefore personally unpopular. Parliament refused to register the undertaking; and the public, in a spirit of ridicule, gave it its present nickname of Tontine. Tonti himself soon forfeited the royal patronage; lost his pension, and, for some reason now unknown, landed as a prisoner in the Bastile. Thence he indited many appealing letters to the King and Colbert, describing his misery and poverty and continually harping upon the advantages of Tontine. Tonti's death, which took place toward the end of the seventeenth century, is another of the many mysteries enveloping the Bastile. One of his sons was that Chevalier Tonti, whose adventures among the Indians of the Northwest with La Salle and Iberville is one of the romances of early American history.

King Louis, although he neglected poor Tonti himself, never entirely abandoned his scheme. In 1689, when surrounded by a European coalition, harassed for money and unable to borrow further from the bankers or to wring another penny in taxes from his exhausted peasantry, he raised 1,400,000 livres on the Tontine plan. He followed precisely the program mapped out by Tonti more than thirty years before. He invited subscriptions, at 300 livres each, to a general fund. He agreed to pay the total interest on this fund to all surviving subscribers. Each member's share of the income was to cease at death and revert to those who still lived. Each member's income, that is, increased in proportion to the deaths of his associates. It was clearly a lottery in annuities, in which the prizes went to the long-lived members. It acquired popularity because of this gambling feature, and because it apparently promised a provision for old age. Its essential advantage to the King was that the capital fund itself need never be redeemed. It was

a state loan, that is, upon which interest only was paid, and which was entirely liquidated when the final survivor died.

King Louis' first Tontine apparently had a successful career. It met all its obligations fairly and continued until 1726. The solitary survivor was a widow, one Charlotte Barbier, who died in her ninety-sixth year. At that time she drew an annual income of 73,000 livres, in return for an original subscription of 300. King Louis and his successors frequently utilized this method of supplementing the public funds. In the eighteenth century private speculators also established a large number of Tontines; in France there was little less than a Tontine craze. Nearly all these private undertakings, however, ended disastrously. In most instances the Tontine managers were dishonest. The greatest private Tontine, the Caisse La Farge, cheated the public out of nearly 60,000,000 francs. Dishonesty was inherent in the plan itself. Tonti did not devise his original scheme in the interest of the people, but of the government. "I believe this is an easy way," he wrote to Colbert from the Bastile, "whereby the King may get several millions from his people which would never be subject to redemption. The King might use them to redeem his domain, and for the execution of other designs. This might be done without its being known. It transforms France into a gold mine for the monarchy." Private capitalists adopted the plan in an identical spirit; to get a large capital fund which they might use for their own immediate purposes; and which they never need pay back. Their swindlings became so outrageous that ultimately the state prohibited Tontines by law. In England and America the idea was chiefly utilized as a method of raising money for public buildings and hotels. In this case the property was held intact and ultimately divided among certain nominated survivors. The Tontine Coffee House, in New York, at Wall and Pearl Streets, was constructed on this basis. These enterprises also usually failed of complete success. Toward the close of the eighteenth century there was no more odious word in Europe than Tontine.

Hyde Adds the Tontine System to Life-Insurance

About 1868, some ingenious person directed Henry B. Hyde's attention to the career of this same Lorenzo Tonti. We might not inappropriately compare the Equitable Society in 1868 with the French government in 1689; and Hyde's financial position with that of Louis XIV. Like the French king, Hyde had outlined a long and expensive campaign of conquest. He sought to humble all his competitors; to give the Equitable the leadership among American life-insurance companies. Like Louis, too, he had deeply invaded his treasury by bitterly contested wars and needed money supplies for their further prosecution. Hyde was thus in a mood to adopt almost any new insurance scheme, especially when, in addition to these purposes, it seemed likely to increase his own annual income.

In 1868, therefore, the Equitable announced, with much expensive advertising, a new "discovery in life-insurance." It flooded the country with circulars duly setting forth the "greatest reform thus far promulgated by any life-insurance company." Up to that time the Equitable had dealt only in straight, conventional life-insurance. It had issued only life, endowment, and term policies. Now, however, it radically changed its program, and began to handle an entirely novel brand. It offered a new form of policy, and named it Tontine in honor of the Italian adventurer whose theories it embodied. This policy combined two distinct principles; the payment of a definite sum in the event of death, and the chance at a money prize in case the insured survived a stipulated period. The insurance indemnity was, of course, a fixed sum — the face of the policy; the amount to be won by the survivors, however, was indefinite, or depended upon several contingencies. Hyde did not call this ultimate payment to survivors, however, a "prize"; he called it an "investment return."

In order to add a Tontine attraction to the regulation life-insurance policy, Hyde necessarily had to make important modifications. According to the original French idea you subscribed a stipulated amount and reaped incommensurate rewards if you outlived your associates. Your income began coincidentally with your entrance into the pool; its increase only depended upon continued survivorship. Hyde, however, proposed to adopt arbitrarily a certain period during which the Tontine fund should accumulate. Each year he grouped

the Tontine policy-holders in three separate classes — those who elected to remain in the pool ten, fifteen and twenty years. In 1870, for example, Hyde may have had 15,000 Tontine policy-holders. Of these perhaps 5,000 entered the ten-year class. This group would have a separate Tontine fund, which would be divided among all who were alive in 1880, and had kept up their premium payments. Another 5,000 may have adopted the fifteen-year class. For them also would be accumulated another Tontine fund, divisible among the survivors in 1885. The last 5,000 may have chosen the twenty-year class. These would divide up their Tontine prizes in 1890. Meanwhile, if any member in good standing — if he had regularly paid his premiums, in other words — died at any time, his family received the amount for which he had insured; if he lived until his period expired, he got his share of the Tontine winnings; if he failed to pay the premiums, he got nothing at all. Ostensibly the purpose of arranging ten, fifteen and twenty year classes was to accommodate the periods to the ages of the insured. A young man might reasonably enter the twenty year class, because of his natural hopes of survival; an old man the ten or fifteen, because his chances of survival were not so promising.

Herein, therefore, we have three separate classes each year. In reality Hyde proposed an even more bewildering number of groupings. He added his Tontine feature to all kinds of policies; endowments, ten payments, fifteen payments and so on. Had he actually maintained his program, he might have had in the neighborhood of 200 classifications in a number of years. In practice, however, Hyde ignored these distributions. All Tontine policy-holders on all plans he grouped together, and distributed the winnings among them practically as he pleased.

Tontine Fund Heaped up from Forfeitures

The essential feature of the plan was the abandonment of the annual dividend system, which the Equitable had adopted in 1866. Tontine policy-holders, instead of receiving back the excess cost of their insurance every year, agreed to forego it for ten, fifteen or twenty years, according to the particular class they elected to enter. Under the original Tontine plan, there were two great sources of accretion to the Tontine surplus; the amounts usually paid as "surrender values" to retiring members, and the amounts popularly known as "dividends." In other words, Hyde fed the Tontine fund from the two great life-insurance accumulations: "reserve" and "surplus." The reserve has already been described as the deduction made from the premiums paid in the early years to cover the increased insurance cost of the later. It is the inevitable consequence of the modern level premium system, the only one which has thus far proved practically successful. In order that one may pay the same sum every year and not one annually increasing, the actuaries "average the matter up." At age forty, the usual net price charged per $1,000. for straight life-insurance is $23. Its actual cost at that age is about $9. The difference, $14., is the amount you contribute to the insurance expense of those later years when the actual cost exceeds the premium charged. This excess is called the "reserve." If you drop the policy you are thus in this position: You have paid the full cost of your insurance for the years it has been in force, and have contributed a reserve which, in part, is to meet the expense of later years. If you drop your policy obviously, justice demands that you take this reserve cost with you. If it is not paid back, clearly you have contributed money for which you have received no insurance equivalent. Inasmuch as a mutual company ostensibly seeks to furnish insurance at its actual cost and give value received for every penny paid in, surrender values are an essential part of its structure.

Up to 1861 most companies ignored this simple principle. For generations this fact has been the standing reproach of life-insurance. In England, especially in the first half of the nineteenth century, the managers of life companies had waxed fat and wealthy by forfeiting the reserves of their retiring members. In America, thanks to the sleepless work of Elizur Wright, their claims had for the first time received general recognition. He had secured the passage of the first non-forfeiture law in 1861; and had gradually educated policy-holders to demand, in case of withdrawal, a certain percentage of what they had paid in. The Massachusetts companies, because of the non-forfeiture features of their policies, became widely popular. New York State had passed no non-forfeiture law, but competition had compelled the New York companies, including the

Equitable, to adopt a modified non-forfeiture system. The lapse rate in the latter sixties, however, was enormous. Of every 100 policies issued, only about 10 per cent expired by death or maturity. The rest were surrendered or lapsed for non-payment of premium. Herein Hyde found his great opportunity. He proposed to stop paying surrender values to his lapsing Tontine policy-holders, and to contribute the amounts which lapsing members would ordinarily have received to his Tontine fund.

Let us consider in some detail precisely what this meant. Below is given a table of surrender values and their equivalents in insurance now paid at various periods upon a $10,000. ordinary life policy issued at ages forty and fifty: *

If Lapsed	Age 40 Surrender value	Paid up Insurance
After 5 years	$ 670.	$1490.
" 10 "	1770.	3190.
" 15 "	2780.	4560.
" 20 "	3830.	5750.
	Age 50	
After 5 years	$ 980.	$1820.
" 10 "	2510.	3760.
" 15 "	3780.	5220.
" 20 "	4980.	6410.

In other words if you insure at age forty for $10,000., pay for twenty years and then drop out, you are entitled to a cash value of $3,830., or a paid up policy of $5,750. If you insure under similar conditions at age fifty, and discontinue after twenty years, you take either $4,980. cash or a paid up policy for $6,410. These are your mathematical equities, under contract, after the company has deducted the cost of carrying your insurance for twenty years. The payment of these equities is no more than life-insurance justice; anything else, in a mutual company, is little better than robbery.

Family Protection a Stake in a Huge Gamble

Under the Tontine plan, you forfeited, on lapse, your whole money interest in the policy. This surrender value was usually paid, not in cash, but in insurance. Thus, if forced out, you obtained, in addition to the insurance during the period the policy ran, a paid up policy which was the insurance equivalent of your reserve accumulation. If you remained in for any considerable period, that policy, as we have seen, might represent a considerable amount. It was the only financial protection your family held against your death. Hyde now calmly proposed that you place this insurance in jeopardy; make your family protection a stake in his Tontine lottery. If you lost in this game — dropped out, that is, before the Tontine period expired — you left your wife and children absolutely unprovided for; if you won — stayed in until the end — your family received the insurance for which your own premiums had paid, and its proportion of the insurance paid for by the premiums of those who had been closed out. Manifestly the odds stood strongly in favor of the rich. Those who discontinued their payments usually did so through poverty. The richer policy-holders, however, had no difficulty in keeping up their premiums. Obviously, therefore, Tontine was merely a plan by which the more affluent policy-holders could appropriate the insurance of their less fortunate associates.

All "Dividends" diverted to the Tontine Pool

Hyde also heaped up his Tontine fund by generally forfeiting "dividends." Again we must keep clearly in mind precisely what this "dividend" is. The word, as explained in a previous article, is an unfortunate misnomer. If it could be eliminated from the nomenclature of life-insurance, the situation would clear immensely. Life-insurance prices are based upon two fundamental assumptions: that a certain number of people will die every year, and that the money laid aside as reserve will earn a certain rate of interest. To the premium thus ascertained, the company adds a certain percentage for expenses, called the loading. If the anticipated deaths occurred precisely as indicated; if exactly the expected interest on reserve were earned; if the managements spent for administrative purposes and commissions the sum provided by the premium loadings — the cost of the insurance would be identically what was charged. Inasmuch as all these elements vary, the actual cost of insurance varies also. In order to safeguard itself against fluctuations, however, the company always charges an excess price. Thus, at the end of every year, it finds itself in possession of a certain sum of money over and above the actual cost of that year's insurance and reserve. This

* The figures are those paid at present by the Equitable.

excess cost is the so-called surplus; its repayment to policy-holders the "dividend." The dividend, therefore, it cannot be too frequently insisted upon, is not a dividend at all, but merely the return of an overpayment.

In Hyde's early Equitable days, these "dividends" or overpayments, were accumulated for five year periods, and then returned. In the early years, Hyde unquestionably largely drew upon them to pay agents' commissions, percentages and other management expenses. In other words he brought in his new policy-holders at the expense of the old. He could safely do this so long as the dividend distributions were postponed for considerable periods, inasmuch as his practice would not be readily detected. But, in 1866, competition with the Mutual Life compelled him to return these overpayments every year. The small "dividends" then paid clearly showed that he had drawn upon them heavily for acquisition expenses of new business. "Mr. Hyde frequently told me," said John A. McCall, in effect at the recent New York insurance investigation, "that he had to abandon the annual dividend system simply because he could not meet the competition of the Mutual Life." The Equitable's great lapse rate for the years from 1866 to 1868 — its annual dividend period — clearly reflects the existing dissatisfaction. Manifestly the honest practice would have been a general retrenchment of expenses, and the return to all policy-holders of their annual overpayments. That, however, did not coincide with Hyde's ambitions. Instead, he decided to drop the annual system entirely, and to add these dividends, or overpayments, to the Tontine fund. If you died before your Tontine period expired, you obtained no "dividends" at all; if you lapsed you also forfeited them. Your "dividends," in either of these events, went into the Tontine surplus for division among the survivors.

Briefly, therefore, the theory of the Tontine program may thus be summarized:

A. *If you died before the end of the Tontine period, your beneficiaries received the face of the policy; but no "dividends."*

B. *If you lapsed, you got no "dividends" and no "surrender value." You lost every cent you had paid, and the insurance which it would have purchased.*

C. *If you lived to the end of the Tontine period and regularly paid your premiums, you got your own dividends and your share of (a) the "dividends" of those who had died; and (b) the "dividends" and surrender values, or reserves, of those who had lapsed — all accumulated at compound interest.**

Only One Out of Three Could Win

In this great gamble Hyde had carefully calculated the chances of success. He presented figures, professedly based upon general experience, showing the expected number of lapses and deaths. He declared — and, in fact, recommended his new insurance on this ground — that, of every 1,000 at age thirty-seven who began the game, and elected the twenty year period, only 353 would survive to divide up the profits. That is to say, only about one man in three could possibly win. His leading actuary apologetically said that, in all probability, not even this many would survive; that his estimates had been extremely conservative, and based upon figures "less favorable" than those experienced by other companies. By "less favorable" he meant that more lapses would probably take place than he had counted upon; that is, that more families would forfeit their insurance; and that the prizes for the persistent members, consequently, would be larger.

In this lottery, moreover, you played for an indefinite stake. In other gambling games, you usually know what, in case of success, you are to receive. You put ten dollars on this horse; you lay twenty on the turn of a particular card. If your horse wins, you get your ten dollars; if your card turns up, you pocket your twenty. Any other policy would be an incitement to riot. In Tontine, however, you laid down a specific sum every year; but, even though fortune went your way, you hadn't the slightest idea what the prize would be. It was a blind pool with a vengeance. Hyde guaranteed no winnings. He stipulated in every contract — every policy, that is — that, at the expiration of the Tontine period,

* The Tontine policy must not be confused with an ordinary endowment. An endowment is a perfectly legitimate, though somewhat expensive, form of life-insurance. It guarantees the payment of a particular sum in case of death or the survival to the end of a particular period. The amount, in both cases, is clearly specified in the contract. A Tontine policy specifies the amount to be paid at death; but makes no guarantee concerning the amount to be paid on survival. The Tontine feature had absolutely no connection with life-insurance; it was a special fund, devised as described above, for division among those who remained in the pool. It was added to endowment policies as well as to ordinary life. Endowments also accumulate reserves and dividends; Tontine funds were accumulated from them and divided among the surviving endowment policy-holders, precisely as in the case of ordinary life.

each survivor's share "should be equitably apportioned by the company." In other words, the company — that is, Hyde himself — could give you just as much, or just as little, as they chose. If it handed over nothing at all, the policy-holder had absolutely no redress. As we shall see, many disgruntled prize winners, when their bonuses fell so far below their anticipations, appealed to the courts for a more "equitable" share. The learned judges informed them that the company had absolute jurisdiction over the distribution; that the policy-holders may have made a foolish and one-sided contract, but that they had made a contract all the same. Any gambling-house conducted "on the level" assumes direct obligations to the winners, but the Equitable did not. Hyde held the advantageous position of a stake-holder in a bet, who had secretly arranged the program so that he could himself manipulate the money in hand, and pay over to the successful gambler precisely as much, or as little, as he willed. Many policy-holders, finally waking up, attempted to retire. They then discovered that Hyde had safely locked them up for anywhere from ten to twenty years. Their only revenge was to cease paying premiums. That was precisely what the Equitable above all desired; for then, everything they had paid was immediately swallowed by the Tontine pool.

One Half the Policy-Holders Deprived of Paid-for Insurance

Hyde's Tontine scheme thus ostentatiously deprived one-half his policy-holders of their paid-for insurance. Its success depended upon the number of widows and children it left unprovided for. The more lapses Hyde secured; the more helpless families he despoiled, the greater company the Equitable became. He accompanied his Tontine announcement with certain estimates as to possible Tontine profits. Eminent mathematicians have calculated the amount of suffering which he thus proposed. He figured, for example, that every policy-holder aged thirty who insured for $10,000. and who managed to live and keep up his premiums for twenty years, would receive a cash prize of $7,120. If 10,000 men insured on that basis, precisely 6,882 would have to forfeit all their insurance in order to give the remaining 2,498* that additional bonus. This minority would divide up some $7,400,000. cash, forfeited by those forced out of the pool. That $7,400,000. would have provided at least $17,000,000. of paid up insurance. As the amount of the average policy was about $2,000. that would have provided insurance protection for 8,500 helpless families. For the last few years the Equitable has written in the neighborhood of $300,000,000. of insurance a year. To realize the expected Tontine profits on that amount, Hyde would have confiscated at least $57,000,000. of paid-for insurance — or, on the basis given above, the insurance protection of 25,500 families. Precisely what was the lapse rate on Tontine policies we probably shall never know. On this subject, Henry B. Hyde was questioned at length at the New York Insurance Investigation of 1877. Did he know the number of Tontine policies which had been forfeited in 1876? No, sir, he did not. Did he know the number and amount of Tontine policies which had been forfeited since the system began? No, sir, he did not. Had he any intention of making public these facts? No, sir, he had not. In 1885, the New York and Ohio legislatures appointed committees to discover this and other facts concerning Tontine; but without result. The lapse rate, however, must have been enormous. From 1870, when the Tontine scheme began, until 1885, when the issuing of full Tontine policies ceased, the Equitable wrote $613,000,000. of new insurance; in the same period it lapsed $400,000,000. — or 65 per cent of the whole. Probably at least two-thirds of this was Tontine.

* 620 would die.

The Tontine Fund Drawn Upon for Agents' Commissions

What was Hyde's purpose in thus degrading the very purpose of life-insurance itself? In the first place, as we have seen, he wished to escape comparisons, as to dividends earned, with other companies. By postponing them for long periods he cleverly concealed the real situation; and meanwhile talked loudly as to what they would be, when those periods expired. Again, he needed a large surplus upon which he could draw for management expenses; especially in his war with the Mutual Life. Hyde, as has been proved, neatly escaped all responsibility for these Tontine dividends. Thus he had a huge reserve war

chest, which he could draw upon as occasion required. He could use it in paying excessive agents commissions, salaries, bonuses and prizes; in reckless advertising and in other expensive methods of insurance propagandism. In other words, that he might build up a great institution and kill off his competitors, he proposed to pay part of his policy-holders' dividends and the surrender values of lapsing members to his faithful agents. He made this surplus serve other purposes. He found it extremely useful as an advertisement. As its size increased year by year, he pointed to it as a sign of impregnable financial strength. He compared it with the smaller surpluses heaped up by annual dividend companies, omitting all reference, of course, to the salient point — that he had a large surplus because he withheld his dividends; and that his rivals had proportionately small ones because they distributed them every year. He found his campaign cry "Surplus is Strength" an eloquent enticement to new business. Here once more he contradicted himself. On the one hand he declared again and again that his surplus all belonged to present policy-holders and could not be used for other purposes. On the other he sedulously cultivated the idea that the surplus, in case of necessity, could be drawn upon to strengthen the Equitable's reserves. Again, he made new policy-holders believe that here was a huge dividend fund in which they might participate; while, according to his original theory, the surplus represented accumulations on the funds of old policy-holders, among whom it must be eventually divided.

A Source of Private Gain to Hyde

From the very first, the surplus proved a source of personal gain. The Tontine system automatically increased the annual compensation of the Equitable's chief executive officers. In addition to his salary, Hyde received 2½ per cent of the surplus every year.* James W. Alexander, at the same time, received one-half of one per cent; and George W. Phillips, the actuary, an identical amount. Manifestly, the larger the surplus, the larger this annual percentage. If Hyde distributed this surplus annually, however, his profits would never be abnormally large, because the surplus itself would be comparatively small. But if he accumulated it for twenty years, what limitless possibilities of gain! Hyde proposed for all his policy-holders a ten, fifteen or twenty year division; but intended, as usual, to take his own percentage every year. He wished to place his insured upon the deferred dividend basis; but the annual system was still good enough for him. Observe how this Tontine system increased his annual earnings. Under the annual system, for example, you received, perhaps, a first year's dividend of $100. Hyde would get 2½ per cent of that, or $2.50. That ended his participation. But, if you took a twenty year Tontine, that $100. remained in the pool for twenty years, and Hyde got his $2.50 every year. In the second year, you received a dividend of $125. Under the annual system, Hyde could get just a single percentage, or $3.12. But, under the Tontine scheme, he would get that $3.12 for nineteen years. Thus every year Hyde, Alexander and Phillips appropriated together 3½ per cent of the surplus. As the Equitable earned only a little more than 5, this left only about 1½ per cent of the interest increase for the insured. And yet one of the chief sources of Tontine winnings, according to Hyde's representations, were the "wonderful results accomplished by compound interest." In fact, Tontine did very largely increase Hyde's annual income. His "extra compensation" jumped, under the Tontine stimulus, from $6.000. to $50,000. per annum. Its ultimate discovery, and the great scandal caused thereby, led to its abandonment. Actually, however, Hyde never gave it up; it was ostensibly in exchange for this "surrendered contract" — which as we have seen, was never a contract, but a "verbal understanding" — that his wife received, after his death, her $25,000. pension. This "contract," if in force now, would entitle the President of the Equitable to $1.000.000. a year. Thus may be traced the genesis of the deferred dividend system to a percentage on the surplus secretly enjoyed by Henry B. Hyde. Hyde personally profited by the surplus in other ways. as will duly appear; but, at the very beginning, it was thus immediately identified with his private fortunes.

* Testimony of Henry B. Hyde at the Insurance Investigation of 1877. Page 38 (Manning's edition).

Q. That was on the basis of 2½ per cent of the surplus?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. In the hands of the company at the end of each year?
A. Yes, sir.

Why the Tontine Surplus was Made an Asset

Others have detected, in the Tontine scheme, an even more far reaching plan. They have declared that Hyde aimed at heaping up a huge surplus, the ownership of which would ultimately vest in the holders of Equitable stock, that is, in Hyde himself.

This interpretation is apparently supported by the fact that the Equitable for many years has carried its Tontine surplus not as a liability which, of course, it is, but as an asset. The present writer does not believe that this was Hyde's original idea. Temperamentally he was incapable of any such far reaching plan. He lived entirely in the present; and never mapped out a program more than a year ahead. He was essentially an opportunist. He adopted Tontine — to sum up the situation — to save the Equitable from threatened bankruptcy, to avoid unfavorable comparisons with other companies, to obtain a large fund for expenses, to get a basis for glittering promises of profits and thus entice new business; and also, unquestionably, to increase his own annual income. These were the immediate necessities of the moment; beyond that, Hyde seldom gave a thought. Afterwards the Equitable management also found it a convenient protection against their own dishonesty. Had it not been for the Tontine surplus the Equitable unquestionably would have gone to the scrap-heap years ago. Scores of other companies which imitated Hyde's agency methods failed in the '70's; had they adopted Tontine they probably would have weathered the storm. Some strangely perverted casuists advance this as an argument in favor of Tontine. But these companies became embarrassed because of wild extravagance and dishonesty; and went down because they could not recoup with the forfeited dividends of their insured. The Equitable's management also became extravagant and dishonest, but Hyde made good the hiatus with the Tontine accumulations. Manifestly the cure really demanded was not Tontine, but the reform of the original abuses. Hyde made this surplus an asset, in order to save the Equitable from insolvency.

This change was made in 1877. That was a terrible year in life-insurance history. Almost every month some company collapsed. The Equitable's policy-holders lived in daily dread. The society was investigated three times in as many months; once by the insurance committee of the New York Senate, once by its own policy-holders and once by the insurance department. "I can't transact any business," said Hyde, "I spend all my time being investigated." John A. McCall, then deputy superintendent made the official examination. The Equitable's liabilities, according to the rigid Massachusetts standard, were $29,425,650. Its assets were $30,872,374. Included in the latter were the the New York and Boston buildings, grossly overvalued at more than $5,000,000., and the stock of the Mercantile Trust Company at $1,525,405. The value of that stock at that time was problematical; a year or two before the Mercantile Trust Company had been on the brink of insolvency itself. Even accepting the New York liberal standard of valuation, which placed the liabilities at $26,231,141., the showing was not at all favorable. In order to make the society solvent beyond dispute, Mr. McCall quietly transferred the Tontine surplus, then amounting to $2,193,577., from the column of liabilities to that of assets. It has remained there ever since.

Hyde found several obstacles in the way of his reform. His own charter, as we have seen, required the distribution of surplus once in every five years. Hyde succeeded in getting through a law which changed all that. No one at the time suspected his purpose; his law seemed the perfection of innocence. It was entitled: "A law authorizing the payment of annual dividends." It was thus a sneak bill; it provided that any life-insurance corporation "which, by its charter, or articles of association, is restricted to making a dividend only once in two or more years, may hereafter, notwithstanding anything to the contrary in such charter or articles, make and pay over dividends annually, *or at longer intervals*," etc. Thus Hyde, in a law which on its face authorized annual dividends, interjected a clause which apparently permitted him to declare them at such intervals as he chose — and, for that matter, not at all. The influences back of this measure are obscure. The insurance papers of the day make not the slightest comment on it; the insurance report of 1869 has only a perfunctory reference. No insurance law, however, has had more far-reaching and unfortunate

consequences; it has been appealed to for years as the legal support of the deferred dividend system. Eminent authorities, however, have always questioned whether it actually authorized Tontine; many still maintain that the Equitable and other New York companies, in deferring dividends, have persistently violated their own charters.

Hyde's first Tontine plan, proposed in 1868, was a little too complicated, and the public did not readily catch on. Not until 1871 did he begin to make great headway. In that year he recast and rechristened it. He announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, his celebrated "Tontine Savings Fund Policy." His pamphlet for that year is one of the curiosities of life-insurance literature. In this Hyde boldly announced his abandonment of all conservative life-insurance principles. "It will be seen," he said, "that the Tontine principle is precisely the reverse of that upon which Life Assurance is based. In the former case the motive is essentially selfish; in the latter, it is the result of one of the noblest and most unselfish aspirations which can animate the human breast — the desire for securing a provision for those who are dependent upon our exertions for support when death shall have called us away." And yet Hyde now proclaimed his abandonment of this high ideal; and his adoption of the system which was "essentially selfish" and the "reverse" of "the principle upon which Life Assurance was based." His arguments were ingeniously specious. Under his Tontine plan, he declared, the great end of life-insurance was achieved; that is, in case of death, the actual face value of the policy was paid. He simply proposed to withhold from those who died early all dividends, and to pay them, together with the accumulations from lapses, to those who survived the Tontine period. Thus, said Hyde, he equalized the burdens of life-insurance. The injustice of the old system rested upon the fact that those who died early paid very small amounts for the benefits their families received; while those who lived long frequently paid in more than the face of the policies. By withholding all surplus from the former and paying it to the latter he thus secured a fine balance of justice. Hyde knew, of course, the fallacy and absurdity of this argument. As has previously been explained, no one ever cheats a life-insurance company; whether he dies ten minutes after obtaining his policy, or fifty years afterwards, he pays the company precisely what it costs to carry his insurance. In making up its rates the company figures upon so many deaths the first year, so many the second, and so on. It makes no difference whether *you* die that first year or *I;* the company has simply realized the death it had prepared for and upon which it has based its charges. Hyde, however, saw the great popular value of this argument; it met the vulgar objection to life-insurance that "you had to die to win." Hyde had more difficulty in excusing the greatest iniquity of his system: his wholesale confiscation of the reserves of lapsing members. By stigmatizing these as "deserters," as renegades, who, having abandoned their policies, had no claim upon the company's consideration, he even blinded the public on this score. These deserters, however, as has already been said, formed more than 90 per cent of all policyholders of the time; and were the unfortunate classes who were usually forced by unexpected poverty to cease their payments.

"Expert" Endorsements of Tontine

Hyde gathered to his support the most influential people in society and finance. He widely advertised the endorsement of twenty-one of the leading merchants and bankers of New York City. He also backed up Tontine by much actuarial authority. He had annexed Sheppard Homans to the Equitable after the latter's quarrel with the Mutual Life. Homans' reputation stood high; next to Elizur Wright, he was probably the foremost American authority. Homans had much to do with formulating the original scheme; and from the first remained its warmest sponsor. The New York Life, which immediately followed the Equitable, retained Elizur Wright as a possible defender. Wright gave a characteristic opinion. He endorsed the mathematical accuracy of the computations; but followed this with a whole-souled condemnation of the plan. The New York Life never published this "endorsement." In public Wright denounced Tontine as "life-insurance cannibalism." "Its sole and only function," he added, "is to make the richer part of the company richer by making the poorer part poorer. It is as if a temperance society should endeavor to promote its cause by establishing a liquor saloon

under its lecture-room, or a church should support its minister by a lottery." Others, however, Hyde found more amenable. He early enlisted the support of William Barnes, the New York Superintendent of Insurance. "The Tontine system," said Mr. Barnes, in a letter which Equitable agents extensively used in soliciting Tontine business, "seems so natural and applicable to certain classes of policy-holders, that like many important discoveries in science and art, the wonder is how it could have remained so long dormant and undiscovered. Especial credit is due to the man or men, who conceived the thought of collecting the *Tontine tendencies* of men and applying this momentum to the development and spreading of Life Assurance." Mr. Barnes was the son-in-law of Thurlow Weed, and high in the councils of the Republican party. He is now more than eighty years old, but has never lost his interest in insurance or politics. He has lately acquired much notoriety as the defender of modern life-insurance methods, and is as strenuously the champion of the deferred dividend system as he was thirty-eight years ago.

Hyde fortified these arguments by the most extravagant estimates of what the Tontine winnings would be. He baited in thousands by making promises which he never fulfilled, and which, at the time, he must have known he never could make good. No patent medicine was ever more extravagantly advertised. Our old friend Charlotte Barbier, the fortunate widow who under Louis XIV's first Tontine obtained an annual revenue of 74,000 livres in return for a subscription of 300, was pushed to the front, in Equitable literature, on all possible occasions. Men who had taken Tontines, with satisfactory results, wrote letters which were widely published as advertisements — another adaptation of a popular patent medicine device. Hyde called the Tontine policy "endowment insurance at life rates." He asserted, that is, that, for an ordinary life premium, the accumulated surplus and reserve, at the end of the period, would equal the face of the policy — that is, be the same as an endowment. He declared that this same surplus would purchase an annuity large enough to pay all future premiums and a life income besides! Under a Tontine policy, that is, you ceased paying after twenty years; but your insurance still went on, and you got an income in addition. "After the dividends arrived," said an official Equitable circular, "there would be the requirement of no more premiums, the assurant receiving, instead, a considerable annuity commencing just at the time when age begins to impair the faculties"! Hyde declared again and again that a Tontine policy was safer and more profitable than a United States gold bond. He claimed that the Tontine dividends would be *three or four* times as large as those paid on the annual plan. He especially recommended a Tontine policy to those who had mortgaged homes. Insure, he said, for the amount of the mortgage; if you die, the policy will pay it off; if you live, the dividends will not only pay the interest, but a fair size annuity.

The "Blue Books" of Estimates

Even more mendacious were the famous "blue books" which Hyde placed in every agent's hands. He originated that practice, since become so general, of showing prospective policy-holders written estimates of "investment" returns. Hyde's actuaries had worked the whole thing out in detail; and formulated precise figures for every age and every period and every form of policy. Hyde had sufficient shrewdness, however, never to guarantee these figures; and guardedly informed the agents that they were only "estimates." On this ground the Equitable sought to escape responsibility when the actual dividends fell so far below Hyde's glowing anticipations. That, however, has never been accepted as a satisfactory excuse. Here was a great life-insurance company; on its surface, a great trust institution, whose every word should have been honor and truth and justice; and now it placed in the hands of thousands of agents, many ignorant, many untruthful, most having in view only a single end — a commission — a book containing in detail the most extravagant promises. Was it to be expected that, competition being what it was, they should inform their clients that these figures were only "estimates"? Of course they carefully avoided this particular point. Conservatism has never been a striking characteristic of Equitable agents; and their clients almost invariably regarded the figures furnished them as actual guarantees. They did not know that these estimates were never

incorporated in the policy; that the agent's glib promises in no way legally bound the company; and that, far from receiving the promised bonuses, the Equitable had not contracted to pay them anything at all. Neither did they know that the agent had been admonished to sell nothing but Tontine policies; that he was paid extravagant commissions for doing so; and that these commissions usually exceeded these paid on old line insurance. As always, the agent was some particular friend; and was relied upon implicitly for advice as to the most desirable form of policy. In this country to-day are thousands who were taken in by this glowing propaganda of the early 70's; many are probably reading these very lines. Leading experts warned them time and time again, but unavailingly, that their expectations could never be realized. Eminent actuaries, here and in Europe, riddled the "blue books," demonstrating their bad faith. The life-insurance surplus, as already explained, is derived from three sources — excess interest on reserve, excess loadings for expenses and decreased mortality. In the old Tontine days, the profits from lapses also went in. Hyde based his Tontine estimate on a 6 per cent interest rate; at that time the Equitable earned something more than five — and regularly earned less in the succeeding years. Hyde figured upon the usual number of lapses, ignoring the fact that the Tontine scheme, by so heavily penalizing withdrawals, would tend to keep people in. Above all, he based his great profits upon expected retrenchments in management expenses! He figured upon a 12½ per cent expense rate; at that very time the Equitable spent 16 per cent of its premium income and, in succeeding years, ran it up to 25. Sheppard Homans is generally credited with having prepared these estimates. In this one act he irretrievably ruined his reputation. He became, afterwards, merely a hanger-on of Hyde; his widow, up to a few months ago, drew a pension from the Equitable. Homans' original estimates were much larger than those actually published; and were cut down at the suggestion of J. G. Van Cise, at that time a clerk in the Equitable's actuarial department.

Three Different Blue Books in One Year

That these estimates could never have been honestly made is evident from the fact that in 1886, the Equitable had three separate blue books in the agents' hands. On January 1, 1886, Hyde issued an entirely new volume of estimates. This made so considerable a reduction that the agents raised a great howl. As a result it was withdrawn, after having been in circulation less than a month, and the agents directed to solicit business on the estimates of 1883. In the fall, Hyde withdrew this book and issued another, giving entirely new estimates. For example, in January the Equitable informed a prospective $10,000. policyholder, aged forty, that in twenty years his cash profit would amount to $3,795.70. "We can't get business on so low an estimate as that!" shouted the agents. The Equitable, therefore, authorized the promise of a cash bonus of $7,166. In October, the society split the difference between these two estimates and placed the figure at $5,925.70.

Appealing to the "Tontine Tendencies" of Men.

We must thank William Barnes for one telling phrase, which in itself sufficiently explains the Equitable's success. Hyde had "collected the Tontine tendencies of men." He had appealed, that is, to their gambling instinct. Into every hamlet went his agents with their "blue books," selling not primarily family protection but possible prizes in a great insurance lottery. They always tellingly appealed to the individual man. "Take a Tontine policy," they said. "Look at the enormous returns if you survive this Tontine period. You will get not only your own profits, but part of the profits of all that die! *You* will not die; *you* are strong, in good health — *you* will be sure to live. But thousands in your class will die, and by every one of those deaths you will profit. Moreover, look at the enormous number who will lapse their policies. Do you know that nine out of every ten who purchase life-insurance drop out? Under our Tontine scheme these poor devils won't get a cent; everything they have paid goes into the surplus to be divided among the survivors. Of course *you* won't drop out. *You* are well-to-do; and will have no trouble in meeting all your payments." This appeal took like wild-fire. As long as human nature retains its gambling instinct, it always will. Thousands willingly staked their own chances of living

and paying against the similar chances of their fellow-insurers. They readily risked all their own life-insurance, for a possibility of getting a part of that of their less fortunate associates.

Thus Hyde placed in the hands of hundreds of agents his "blue books" and sent them forth to preach the gospel of Tontine. He raided the leading offices; got away the best men, paying them unheard of commissions — made possible, of course, by this Tontine fund. He astounded the public by his lavish advertisements — the money also drawn from the Tontine fund. Into every state and territory his "blue books" found their way. In the early '70's he invaded Europe. His "blue books" appeared in every English parish and every French and German village. Foreigners opened their eyes at this speculative insurance; and, in spite of the frantic protests of the home companies, purchased Tontine policies by the thousand. Thus in twenty years, by virtue of Tontine, Hyde made the Equitable the biggest life-insurance company in the world. He had accomplished the revenge of his boyhood — had built up a larger company than the Mutual Life. Frederick S. Winston, who shut his door upon young Hyde that eventful March night in 1859, finally died in 1885, disappointed and embittered. At Hyde's own death in 1899, he had accumulated assets of more than $304,000,000.; a surplus of more than $65,000,000.; and had more than a billion dollars worth of insurance in force. He could hardly find a spot on the world's map where the Equitable Society was not known. Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Chinamen, Japanese and Malay Islanders — all entered the mad race for Tontine. He had erected his tremendous monument on the basis of misrepresentations. By this time, too, he had debauched the whole life-insurance system in this country. For how many disappointed lives; how many desolate homes Henry B. Hyde was responsible; how many millions of dollars he diverted from the hands of their owners into his Tontine pool — these things can never be accurately told. For his influence extended far beyond the Equitable. He corrupted not only his own company but scores of others. He pursued his scheme so successfully; he accumulated such enormous funds which he used in propagating his own ideas, that the great majority of companies were forced to follow his example. Twenty years after he first adopted the Tontine system, four-fifths of all the other companies had followed suit. The New York Life fell into line immediately, in 1871; the Mutual, after attacking for years what it called the "Tontine game," ate its own words after President Winston's death and became a Tontine company itself. The Northwestern of Milwaukee fell into line in 1881; the Penn Mutual about the same time. The smaller New York companies — the Home, the Washington Life, the Manhattan, the Germania — these were all forced, many of them say against their will, to become Tontine companies. Under all sorts of names — reserve dividend, life rate endowment, dividend investment, dividend endowment — Tontine became the predominant idea in American life-insurance. Hyde did not win this great triumph, however, without a hard battle. There were a few companies and a few men who kept the faith; who fought, against overwhelming odds, his demoralizing innovations; and who maintained the old ideals until the end. Only three companies kept themselves entirely free from Tontine; the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey, the Connecticut Mutual of Hartford and the Provident Life and Trust of Philadelphia. How bravely these opponents struggled; what they suffered; how they had to wait, for their complete justification, until this year of grace 1906 — this story will be told in the succeeding article.

Robin Goodfellow — His Friends

by

Rudyard Kipling

Illustrated by André Castaigne

IV

Hal o' the Draft

A RAINY afternoon drove Dan and Una over to play pirates in the Little Mill. If you don't mind rats on the rafters and oats in your shoes, the mill-attic, with its trap-doors and inscriptions on beams about floods and sweethearts, is a splendid place. It is lighted by a foot-square window, called Duck Window, that looks across to Little Lindens Farm, and the place where Jack Cade was killed.

As they climbed the attic ladder (they called it the mainmast tree, out of the ballad of Sir Andrew Barton, and Dan "swarved it with might and main," as the ballad says) they saw a man sitting on the window-sill. He was dressed in a plum-colored doublet and tight plum-colored hose, and he drew busily in a red-edged book.

"Sit ye! Sit ye!" Puck cried from a rafter overhead. "See what it is to be beautiful! Master Harry Dawe — pardon, Hal — says I am the very image of a head for a gargoyle."

The man laughed and raised his dark velvet cap to the children, and his grizzled hair bristled out in a stormy fringe. He was old — forty at least — but his eyes were young, with funny little wrinkles all round them. A satchel of embroidered leather hung from his broad belt, which looked interesting.

"May we see?" said Una, coming forward.

"Surely — sure-ly!" he said, moving up on the window-seat, and returned to his work with the silver-pointed pencil. Puck sat as though the grin were fixed for ever on his broad face, while they watched the quick, certain fingers that copied it. Presently the man took a reed pen from his satchel, and trimmed it with a little ivory knife, carved in the semblance of a fish.

"Oh, what a beauty!" cried Dan.

"'Ware fingers! That blade is perilous sharp. I made it myself of the best Low Country cross-bow steel. And so, too, this fish. When his back-fin travels to his tail — so — he swallows up the blade, even as the whale swallowed Gaffer Jonah . . . Yes, and that's my ink-horn. I made the four silver apostles round it. Press Luke's head. It opens, and then —" He dipped the trimmed pen, and with careful boldness began to put in the essential lines of Puck's rugged face, that had been but faintly revealed by the silver point.

The children gasped for it fairly leaped from the page.

As he worked, and the rain fell, he talked — now clearly, now muttering, now breaking off to frown or smile at his work. He told them he was born at Little Lindens Farm, and his father used to beat him for drawing things instead of doing things, till an old priest called Father Roger, who drew illuminated

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letters in rich people's books, coaxed the parents to let him take the boy as a sort of painter's apprentice. Then he went with Father Roger to Oxford, where he cleaned plates and carried cloaks and shoes for the scholars of Merton College.

"Didn't you hate that?" said Dan.

"I never thought on't. Half Oxford was building new colleges or beautifying the old, and she had called to her aid the master-craftsmen of all Christendie — kings in their trade and honored of Kings. I knew them: I worked for them: that was enough. No wonder —" He stopped.

"You became a great man," said Puck.

"They said so. Even Bramante said so."

"Why? What did you do?" Dan asked.

The artist looked at him queerly. "Things in stone and such, up and down England. You would not have heard of 'em. To come nearer home, I rebuilded this little St. Bartholomew church of ours. It cost me more trouble and sorrow than aught I've touched in my life. But 'twas a sound lesson."

"Um," said Dan. "We had lessons this morning, please."

"I'll not afflict ye, lad," said Hal, while Puck roared; "only 'tis strange to think how that little church was rebuilt, re-roofed, and made glorious, thanks to some few godly Sussex ironmasters, a Bristow sailor lad, a proud ass called Hal o' the Draft because, d'you see, he was always drawing and drafting; and"— he dragged the words slowly — "*and* a Scotch pirate."

"Pirate?" said Dan. He wriggled like a hooked fish.

"Even that Andrew Barton you were singing of on the stair just now." He dipped again in the ink-well, and held his breath over a sweeping line.

"Pirates don't build churches, do they?" said Dan. "Or *do* they?"

"They helped mightily," Hal laughed. "But you were at your lessons this morn."

"Oh, pirates aren't lessons. It was only Bruce and his silly old spider," said Una. "Why did Sir Andrew Barton help you?"

"I question whether he ever knew it," said Hal, twinkling. "Robin, how a mischief's name am I to tell these innocents what comes of sinful pride?"

"Oh, we know all about *that*," said Una. "If you get too beany — that's cheeky — you get sat upon, of course."

Hal considered a moment, pen in air, and Puck said some long words.

"Aha! That was my case, too," he cried. "I was proud of — of such things as porches — a Galilee porch at Lincoln for choice — proud of Torrigiano's arm on my shoulder, proud of my knighthood when I made the gilt scrollwork for "The Sovereign"— our King's ship. But Father Roger sitting in Merton Library, he did not forget me. At the top of my pride when I should have builded the porch at Lincoln, he laid it on me with a terrible forefinger to go back to my Sussex clays and rebuild, at my own charges, my own church, where us Dawes have been buried for ten generations. 'Out! Son of my Art!' said he. 'Fight the Devil at home ere you call yourself a man and a craftsman.' And I quaked, and I went . . . How's yon, Robin?" He flourished the finished sketch before Puck.

"Me! Me past peradventure," said Puck, smirking like a man at a mirror. "Ah, see! The rain has took off! I hate housen in daylight."

"Whoop! Holiday!" cried Hal, leaping up. "Who's for my Little Lindens? We can talk there."

They tumbled down-stairs, and turned past the dripping willows by the sunny mill dam.

"Body o' me," said Hal, staring at the hop-garden, where the hops were just ready to blossom. "What are these vines? No, not vines, and they twine the wrong way to beans." He began to draw in this book.

"Hops. New since your day," said Puck. "They're an herb of Mars, and their flowers dried flavor ale. We say: —

Turkeys, heresy, hops, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

"Heresy I know. I've seen Hops — God be praised for their beauty! What is Turkis?"

The children laughed. They knew the Lindens turkeys, and as soon as they reached Lindens orchard on the hill the full flock charged at them.

Out came Hal's book at once. "Hoity-toity!" he cried. "Here's Pride in purple feathers! Here's wrathy Contempt and the Pomps of the Flesh! How d'you call them?"

"Turkeys! Turkeys!" the children shouted, as the old gobbler raved and flamed against Hal's plum-colored hose.

"Save Your Magnificence!" he said. "I've drafted two good new things to-day." And he doffed his cap to the bubbling bird.

Then they came through the grass to the knoll where Lindens stands. The old farm-house, weather-tiled to the ground, took almost the color of a blood ruby in the afternoon light. The pigeons pecked at the mortar in the chimney-stacks; the bees that had lived under the tiles for generations filled the hot August air with their booming; and the smell of the box-tree by the dairy window mixed with the smell of earth after rain, bread after baking, and a tickle of wood-smoke.

The farmer's wife came to the door, baby on arm, shaded her brows against the sun, stooped to pluck a sprig of rosemary, and turned down the orchard. The old spaniel in his barrel barked once or twice to show he was in charge of the empty house. Puck clicked back the garden-gate.

"D'you marvel that I love it?" said Hal, in a whisper. "What can town folk know of the nature of housen — or land?"

They perched themselves a-row on the old hacked oak bench in Lindens garden, looking across the valley of the brook at the fern-covered dimples and hollows behind old Hobden's cottage. The old man was cutting a faggot there. It was quite a second after his chopper fell that the chump of the blow reached their lazy ears.

"Eh — yeh," said Hal. "I mind when where that old gaffer stands was Nether Forge — Master John Collins's foundry. Many a night has his big trip-hammer shook me in my bed here. *Boom-bitty! Boom-bitty!* If the wind was east, I could hear Master Tom Collins's forge at Stockens answering his brother, *Boom-oop! Boom-oop!* and midway between Sir John Pelham's sledge-hammers at Brightling would strike in like a pack o' scholars, and *Hic-haec-hoc!* they'd say, *Hic-haec-hoc!* till I fell asleep. Yes. The valley was full o' forges as a shaw o' cuckoos. All gone to grass now!"

"What did they make?" said Dan.

"Guns for the King's ships — and for others. Serpentines and demi-cannon mostly. When the guns were cast, down would come the King's Officers, and take our plow-oxen to haul them to the coast. Look! Here's one of the first and finest craftsmen of the Sea!"

He fluttered back a page, and showed them a young man's head. Underneath was written: "Sebastianus."

"He came down with a King's order on Master John Collins for twenty serpentines (wicked little cannons they be!) to furnish a venture of ships. I drew him sitting by our fire telling Mother of the new lands he'd find the far side of the world. And he found them, too! There's a nose to cleave through unknown seas! Cabot was his name — a Bristow lad — half a foreigner. I set a heap by him. He helped me to my church-building."

"I thought that was Sir Andrew Barton," said Dan.

"Ay, but foundations before roofs," Hal answered. "Sebastian first put me in the way of it. I had come down here, not to serve God as a craftsman should, but to show my people how great a craftsman I was. They cared not, and it served me right, one split straw for my craft or my greatness. What a murrain call had I, they said, to mell with old St. Bartholomew's? Ruinous she had been since the Black Death, and ruinous she should remain; and I could hang myself in my new scaffold-ropes. Gentle and simple, high and low — the Hayes, the Fowles, the Tanners, the Collinses — they were all in a tale against me. Only Sir John Pelham at Brightling bade me heart-up and go on. Yet how could I? Did I ask Master Collins for his timber-tug to haul a beam? The oxen had gone to Lewes after lime. Did he promise me a set of iron cramps or ties for the roof? They never came to hand, or else they were spaulty or cracked. So with everything. Nothing said, but naught done except I stood by them, and then done amiss. I thought the countryside was fair bewitched."

"It was surely," said Puck, knees under chin. "Did you never suspect any one?"

"Not till Sebastian came for his guns, and John Collins played him the same dog's tricks as he'd played on me with my iron-work. Week in, week out, two of three serpentines would be flawed in the casting, and only fit to be remelted. Then John Collins would shake his head, and vow he could pass no cannon for the King's service that were not perfect. Saints, how Sebastian stormed! I know, for we sat on this bench, sharing our sorrows intercommon.

"When Sebastian had fumed away six weeks at Lindens and gotten just six

serpentines, Dirk Brenzett, master of the "Cygnet," sends me word that the block of stone he was fetching me from France for our new font, he'd hove overboard to lighten his ship, chased by Andrew Barton up to Rye Port."

"Ah! The pirate!" said Dan.

"Yes. While I am tearing my hair over this, Ticehurst Will, my best mason, comes to me shaking, and swearing that the Devil, horned, tailed, and chained, has run out on him from the church tower, and the men would work there no more. So I took 'em off the foundation, which we were strengthening, and went into the Bell Tavern for a cup of ale. Says Master John Collins: 'Have it your own way, lad; but if I was you, I'd take the sinnification o' the sign, and leave old Bartholomew's church alone!' And they all wagged their heads, and agreed. Less afraid of the Devil than of me — as I saw later.

"When I brought my sweet news to Lindens, Sebastian was limewashing the kitchen-beams for Mother. He loved her like a son.

" 'Cheer up, lad,' he says. 'God's where He was. Only you and I chance to be pure pute asses. We've been tricked, Hal, and more shame to me, a sailor, that I did not guess it before. You must leave your belfry alone, because the Devil is loose there; and I cannot get my serpentines because John Collins cannot cast them aright. Meantime Andrew Barton lies off the Port of Rye. What for? To take those very serpentines which poor Cabot must whistle for; the said serpentines, I'll wager my share of new continents, being now hid away in Harry Dawe his church tower. Clear as the Irish coast at noonday.'

" 'But selling cannon to the King's enemies is black treason — hanging and fine!' I said.

" 'It is large, sure profit. I have been a trader myself,' says he. 'We must be upsides with 'em for the honor of Bristow.'

"Then he hatched a plot, sitting on the limewash bucket. We gave out to ride o' Tuesday to London and made a show of farewells in the street — especially to Master Collins. But in Wadhurst Woods we turned; rode home to the Watermeadows, hid our horses in a willow tod at the foot of the glebe, and stole a-tiptoe up hill to the church again. A thick mist, and a moon coming through.

"I had no sooner locked the tower-door behind us than Sebastian goes over full length in the dark.

" 'Pest!' he says. 'Step high and feel low, Hal. I've stumbled over guns before.'

"I groped, and one by one — the tower was pitchy dark — I counted the lither barrels of twenty serpentines laid out on pease straw — no conceal at all.

" 'There's two demi-cannon my end,' says Sebastian, slapping metal. 'They'll be for Andrew Barton's lower deck. Honest — honest John Collins! So, this is his warehouse, his arsenal, his armory! Now, see you why your pokings and pryings have raised the Devil in Sussex. You've hindered John's lawful trade for months,' and he laughed.

"A clay-cold tower is no fireside at midnight, so we climbed the stairs to the bells, and there Sebastian trips over a cow-hide with its horns and tail.

" 'Aha! The Devil has left his doublet! Does it become me, Hal?' He draws it on and capers in the slits of window moonlight — won'erful devilish-like. Then he sits on the stairs, rapping with his tail on a board, and his back-aspect was dreader than his front, and a howlet lit in, and screeched at the horns of him.

" 'If you'd keep out the Devil, shut the door,' he whispered. 'And that's another false proverb, Hal, for I can hear your tower door opening.'

" 'I locked it. Who a plague has another key, then?' I said.

" 'All the congregation, to judge by their feet,' he says, and peers into the blackness. 'Still! Still, Hal! Hear them grunt! That's more o' my serpentines. One — two — three — four they bear in! Faith, Andrew equips himself like an admiral! Twenty-four serpentines!'

"As if it had been an echo, we heard John Collins's voice boom up all hollow: 'Twenty-four serpentines and two demi-cannon. That's the full tally for Sir Andrew Barton.'

" 'Courtesy costs naught,' whispers Sebastian. 'Shall I drop my dagger on his head?'

" 'They go over to Rye o' Thursday in the wool-wains, hid under the wool packs. Dirk Brenzett meets them at Udimore, as before,' says John.

" 'Lord! what a worn, handsmooth trade it is!' says Sebastian. 'I lay we are the sole two babes in the village that have not our lawful share in the venture.'

"HE CLEANED PLATES AND CARRIED CLOAKS AND SHOES FOR THE SCHOLARS OF MERTON COLLEGE"

"There was a full score folk below, talking like Robertsbridge market. We counted them by voice,

"Master John Collins pipes: 'The guns for the French carack must lie here next month. Will, when does your young fool (me, so please you!) come back from Lunnon?'

" 'No odds,' I heard Ticehurst Will answer. 'Lay 'em just where you've a mind, Mus' Collins. We're all too afraid o' the Devil to mell with the tower.' And the knave laughed.

" 'Ah! 'tis easy enow for you to raise the Devil, Will,' says another — Ralph Hobden by his cough.

" 'Aaa-men!' roars Sebastian, and ere I could check him, he leaps down the stairs — won'erful devilish-like — howling no bounds. He had scarce time to lay out for the nearest than they ran. Lord, how they ran! We heard them pound on the door of the Bell Tavern and, then we ran, too.

" 'What's next?' says Sebastian, looping up his cow-tail as he leaped the briars 'I've broke honest John's head.'

" 'Get to Sir John Pelham's,' I said. 'He is the only one that ever stood by me.'

"We rode to Brightling, and past Sir John's lodges, where the keepers would have shot at us for deer-stealers, and we had Sir John down into his Great Hall, and when we had told him our tale and showed him the cow-hide which Sebastian wore still girt about him, he laughed till the tears ran.

" 'Wel-a-wel!' he says. 'I'll see justice done before daylight. What's your complaint? Master Collins is my old friend.'

" 'None of mine!' I cried. 'When I think how he and his likes have baulked and dozened and cozened me at every turn over the church,' and I choked.

" 'Ah, but ye see now they needed it for another use,' says he smoothly.

" 'So they did my serpentines,' Sebastian cries. 'I should be half across the Western ocean by now if my guns had been ready. But they're sold to a Scotch pirate.'

" 'Where's your proof?' says Sir John, stroking his beard.

" 'I broke my shins over them not two hours since, and I heard John give order where they were to be taken,' says Sebastian.

" 'Words! Words only,' says Sir John. 'Master Collins is somewhat of a liar at best.'

"He carried it so gravely that for the moment I thought he was dipped in this secret traffic, too, and that there was not an honest ironmaster in Sussex.

" 'Name o' Reason!' says Sebastian, and raps with his cow-tail on the table, 'Whose guns are they, then?'

" 'Yours, manifestly,' says Sir John. 'You come with a King's order for 'em, and Master Collins casts them in his foundry. If he chooses to bring them up from Nether Forge and lay 'em side by side in the church tower, why they are so much the nearer to the main road and you are saved a day's hauling. What a coil to make of a mere act of neighborly kindness, lad!'

" 'I fear I requited him very scurvily,' says Sebastian, looking at his knuckles. 'But what of the demi-cannon? *They* are not in my order.'

" 'Kindness — loving-kindness,' says Sir John. 'Questionless, in his zeal for the King and his love for you, John adds those two cannon as a gift. 'Tis as plain as this coming daylight, ye stockfish.'

" 'So it is,' says Sebastian. 'Oh, Sir John, Sir John, why did you never use the sea? You are lost ashore.' And he looked on him with great love.

" 'I do my best in my station.' Sir John strokes his beard again. 'But — suffer me! — you two lads, on some midnight frolic into which I probe not, roystering around the taverns, surprise Master Collins'— he thinks a moment —'at his good deeds done by stealth. Ye surprise him cruelly.'

" 'Truth, Sir John. If you had seen him run!' says Sebastian.

" 'On this you ride breakneck to me with a tale of pirates and wool-wains, and cow-hides, which, though it hath moved my mirth as a man, offendeth my reason as a magistrate. So I will e'en accompany you back to the tower with some few of my own people, and three or four wool-wains, and I'll be your warrant that Master John Collins will freely give you your guns, Master Sebastian. He breaks back into his natural voice —'I warned the old tod and his neighbors long ago that they'd come to trouble, but we cannot have half Sussex hanged for a little gun running. Are ye content, lads?'

" 'I'd commit any treason for two demi-cannon,' said Sebastian.

" 'Ye have just compounded with treason felony for the same bribe,' says Sir John, 'Wherefore to horse, and get the guns.' "

"'HE HAD SCARCE TIME TO LAY OUT FOR THE NEAREST THAN THEY RAN. LORD, HOW THEY RAN!'"

"But Master Collins meant the guns for Andrew Barton all along, didn't he?" said Dan.

"Questionless, that he did," said Hal. "But he lost them. We poured into the village on the red edge of dawn, Sir John horsed, in half armor, his pennon flying; behind him thirty stout Brightling knaves, four abreast; behind them four wool-wains, and behind them four trumpets to triumph over the jest, blowing: *Our King went forth to Normandie*. When we halted and rolled the ringing guns out of the tower, 'twas for all the world like Friar Roger's picture of the French siege in the Queen's Missal-book."

"And what did we — I mean, what did our village do?" said Dan.

"Oh! Bore it nobly — nobly," said Hal. "Though they had tricked me, I was proud of them. They came out of our housen, looked at that little army as though it had been a post, and went their shut-mouthed way. Never a sign. Never a word. They'd ha' perished sooner than let Brightling overcrow them. Even that villain, Ticehurst Will, coming out of the Bell for his morning ale, he all but ran under Sir John's horse.

"'Ware, Sirrah Devil!' cries Sir John, reining back.

"'Oh!' says Will. 'Market day, is it? And all the bullocks from Brightling here.'

"I spared him his belting for that — the brazen knave!

"But John Collins was our masterpiece! He happened along-street (his jaw tied up where Sebastian had clouted him) when we were trundling the first demi-cannon through the lych-gate.

"'I reckon you'll find her heavy,' he says. 'If you've a mind to pay, I'll loan ye my timber-tug. She won't lie easy on ary wool-wain.'

"That was the one time I saw Sebastian taken flat aback. He opened and shut his mouth, fishy-like.

"'No offense,' says Master John. 'You've got her so cheap I thought ye might not grudge me a groat if I help move her.' Ah, he was a masterpiece! They say that morning's work cost John two hundred pounds, and he never winked an eyelid, not even when he saw the guns rolled off to Lewes."

"Neither then nor later?" said Puck.

"Once. 'Twas after he gave St. Bartholomew's the chime of bells. (Oh, there was nothing the Collinses, or the Hayes, or the Fowles, or the Fanners would not do for the church *then!* 'Ask and have' was their song.) We had rung 'em in, and he was in the tower with black Ralph Fowle, that gave us the rood-screen. The old man pinches the bell-rope one hand and scratches his neck with t'other. 'Sooner she was pulling yon clapper than my neck,' he says. That was all. That was Sussex — seely Sussex for everlastin'!"

"And what happened after?" said Una.

"I went back into England," said Hal, slowly. "But they tell me I left St. Bartholomew's a jewel — justabout a jewel! Wel-a-wel! 'Twas done for and among my own people, and — Father Roger was right — I never knew such trouble or such triumph since. That's the nature o' things. A dear — dear land." He dropped his chin on his chest.

"What's your Father talking to old Hobden about?" said Puck, opening his hand with three leaves in it.

Dan looked toward the cottage.

"Oh, I know. It's that old oak lying across the brook. Pater always wants it grubbed."

In the still evening they could hear old Hobden's deep rumble.

"Have it *as* you've a mind to," he was saying. "But the vivers of her roots they hold the bank together. If you grub her out she'll all come tearin' down, an' next floods the brook'll swarve up. But have it *as* you've a mind. The mistuss she sets a heap by the ferns on the trunk."

"Oh! I'll think it over," said the Pater.

Una laughed a little bubbling chuckle.

"What Devil's in that belfry?" said Hal, laughing, "I should know the voice."

"Why, the oak is the regular bridge for all the rabbits between the Three Acre and our meadow. The best place for wires on the farm, Hobden says. He's got two there," Una answered. "*He* won't let it be grubbed!"

"Ah, Sussex! Silly Sussex for everlastin'," murmured Hal; and the next moment their Father's voice calling up to Little Lindens broke the spell.

THE FIFTH STORY OF THIS SERIES, "DYMCHURCH FLIT," WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

ARCHIE'S BABY

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "THE JOYOUS HEART," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

THEY were a family group of English young people, and they were plying with tea a lady whom they delighted to call the Californian. Through the windows one could see a green, green lawn sloping down to a belt of old trees, storm-riven oaks and close-knit English elms, and beyond hung the gray tower of a little old stone church the Normans had raised on foundations the Saxons had laid.

One of the girls was having a birthday, and she happened to be telling the exotic guest that she was born in the big southeast chamber called the Still-room; some ancestress had once upon a time indulged therein a fad for distilling perfumes and brewing cordials.

"And is that flowery old chintz the very same you opened your eyes upon?" asked the lady.

Why, yes; from a little discussion and comparison of dates it developed that it was; and the Californian smiled as one who ponders and is pleased.

There was that in her smile caught her boyish host's hopeful attention: "Oh, what's the difference," he cried with brotherly brusqueness, "whether Frances was born in the blue bed or the brown? I'd wager you came into the world — do you know I've always fancied you must have been the first white child born somewhere? If you tell me you were not," he went on with plaintive hesitancy, "I must — I must warn you I shall feel my affections have been betrayed."

"But I was," declared the Californian, and gratification as at a fitting turn in a play filled the English faces. "I was the first child, white or in colors, born in the Big Hope mining camp. And now if you knew enough you could unmask my pretensions. Though I make it my *metier*, in geographical strictness I'm not a Californian, for the Big Hope was east of the Divide."

It must have been something like forty years before that the Big Hope had been

blessed with the gracious advent. Yet the lady looked as if she stood upon the crowning point of life. Perhaps her beauty and her temperament had conferred that triumphant aspect upon her long ago, but at any rate it could never have been more convincing than now. It was attained by no misleading conjurings against time; there was nothing about her of the pickled youth of the woman who is laboriously "well-preserved." On the contrary she looked her vigorous years, and as with a man, any man typical of his favored sex, her years served to vivify and enrich her. She was a white and gold beauty, with the thick calla-lily skin that defies so many enemies, and she was given to cultivating her type in white gowns; she wore one now. Despite the academic distinction she had just made she was eminently Californian, but Californians range wide, and it might paradoxically be said that she was the more Californian in that she breathed an aroma of distinguished old-world, cosmopolite experience. Mingled with the fresh tang of her native democracy it was as if you smelled at once a rose and the good earth that grew it.

The circle about her now had drunk in more than one strange yarn of her's before, and it was not hard for so appreciative an audience to get her to tell the tale that had lit her reminiscent eyes when she named the name of the Big Hope Camp. She settled herself in the embrace of her easy-chair, and looked about her and smiled to herself; and it was with her eyes turned through a window on the green, green turf and the gray Norman tower that she began her story.

My father was mining at the Big Hope. There was only one other thing to do there, and he was doing that, too. He had a train of burros, and was beginning his career as a magnate of transportation. He bosses more railroads now, I'd have you know, than any other man in the world. But his great distinction in those days was that he had a wife on the spot — it was no distinction to have a wife or wives back East. My mother was the only woman in the camp. I'm glad to know she liked it. I have my daddy's word for it, for I've no shadow of recollection of her myself. I know the Big Hope, though. It was on a spur of mountain that jutted out into the desert, snowy sierras in the clouds above it, and their dark green ramparts rising steep behind; a boundless sea of sand and mirages opened wide to the illimitable sky in front; the camp hung between, like some tiny disturbance of nature made by beavers, or ants, if you like.

The long sluice-boxes running down the mountain were rotting to pieces when I first saw the place to remember it; the claims were played out, and only a few Chinamen were pegging away at the tailings. But I saw the log house I was born in.

And now comes the story. When I was eighteen months old my girl-mother, still but for me, the only woman creature in Big Hope, bore her second child, and both she and the new baby died. Little father was a terror-stricken lad as well as a broken-hearted. He was well-nigh paralyzed with the fear that now I, too, must die for lack of something or other a dollar would buy at any cross-roads in Christendom. The gay audacity of his youth perished. It never returned as regards anything about women and children. Its only play since then has been in the field of transportation — he always talks of transportation rather than of railroads, because you see he dealt so much with burros and stages and pony express before he came to railroads. His pet charities are maternity and children's hospitals, and I, fragile being that I am, must cable him every day that I'm alive, though he, at sixty-odd, refuses to be bothered wiring me oftener than once a week.

Well, now you see, I, in my turn, was the only woman in camp. My reign lasted a month. Packers walked me to sleep, miners rocked my cradle and were full of witticisms, I am told, on this continuance of their professional labors — even *you* know, don't you that you rock a cradle in placer mining? I was recognized as a valuable nugget. But my father was preparing as best he could to part with me. I must be sent through the desert to the pass, over the Sierra Nevadas, then across California, and down the Santa Clara Valley, a month's journey all told, to Monterey. Dad had a sister whose husband was "in cattle" down there, living in the midst of civilization, not more than fifty miles by stage from a graduated doctor. Daddy has a reverential awe of a graduated doctor to this day, though in his own fields he's supposed to be properly skeptical of mere sheepskin. He was in a terrible case, for he could not go with me, could not take me to the aunt I must reach. His partner was sick, very sick; the poor little man could not

well leave him, he could not think of leaving the sick man's precarious interests to suffer, and to tell the truth he could far from afford to let his own go to pot for two months while he took a mighty expensive journey. And in the meanwhile, he could not sleep till I was gotten into some graduated doctor's sphere of influence.

Children, children, of a British nursery, what do you suppose was done?

Enter the hero of my tale, Archibald Hamilton Douglas Graham (perhaps I may leave you to infer the nationality of his forbears), burro packer, aged twenty-two.

Both Archie and my dad were as American Americans as ever fought Indians, yet I've a notion that the Scotchness of Archie's name helped to bring his fate upon him. My father's Scotch comes from generations back, but a little of that blood goes a long way and is thicker than water to the last. He puts it that Archie lived up to his name, and came out ahead in the competitive examination he was privately holding, while he watched the men's methods with me during that month that he waited for the spring to pass into the settled open weather of summer. Archie it seems did not want to get rid of m when I cried. He wanted, instead, to find the pin; he was a profound believer in the pin. Considering who dressed me, I dare say there were grounds for his faith. I understand that these sentiments and opinions made him a marked man for the whole camp from the start. And at the last — the last! Well, the real last was a long way off, sixteen years after he and I left Big Hope, he walking beside the responsible burro upon whose back my condensed milk, my wardrobe, my bottles and my safety-pins were packed with the diamond hitch. For Archie was the boy, God bless him, that took that eighteen months' baby in his arms and hit the wildest trail such a pair ever traveled. Beside burros, on horseback, in stages, for four weeks I was hardly out of those arms four hours. He washed me and dressed me, cleaned my bottles and my clothes, sang me to sleep, and all the time carried me, carried me while he walked behind the burro train on the edge of precipices and through the desert, carried me on one arm and guided a horse with the other, and held me close while those old stage coaches swayed and bumped along and the driver kept his lookout for road-agents and bad Indians. What's the use of expecting me to be like other people after a start like that! Don't mind! I always do swell up inside with little weeps when I talk about it. I don't know why, for what I feel is a desire to shout, to talk like the Bad Man of Calaveras County, and to charter an ocean steamer and go home!

Please see that new flight into Egypt, that piteous, absurd little caravan, without a madonna. There were the Sierras, rearing themselves to the sky about us, and the ribbony, rocky trail circling out from Big Hope around them, and on the other hand space, naked space, and far down naked desert, stretching gray and blue-opaline and violet around the few far mesas — to the end of the world. Mesas, my dears, are just great splinters and chunks of the planet left over when the world was made, and thrown in the desert to be out of the way. I had on a bright pink calico frock and red shoes. Daddy has them now, but he never saw them for sixteen years after that morning. The camp turned out to see us off, of course. The burro train and the other drivers went on ahead, and my father, the little powerful dynamic boss, walked silent behind the last, my burro, with Archie. My Daddy carried me till they came to the edge of the camp, and the start of the ribbony rocky trail around the spur; the men had stopped fifty yards away; they gave me three cheers and then punctiliously turned their backs and went about their business, while my father loosened my hold on his red shirt's neck-band and handed me over to Archie, and Archie hurriedly dangled before me his watch, and when I had grabbed it, clasped hands with Dad, and they parted without a word. Dad watched us till we turned out of sight around the great green mountain. I got all these details out of him when I was a little girl, all except the scenery, and that I looked up years after for myself; dead mining camps don't do much to alter the everlasting hills and the eternal desert.

Dad to this day when we talk about that trip always repeats that Archie Graham was an able chap. I dare say he has been heard to declare that I showed myself at the same time an able infant. He called it able when Archie found the pins that were sticking me. And now that Archie was striding away with me, a pink calico speck, his ability was all Dad had to comfort him. He mentions it now in reminiscent fear and trembling for the same purpose — to comfort himself. It is solid enough comfort now; it was well

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein

ARCHIE'S BABY

proven. If it is not able to take care of a baby like that, on a trip like that, pins and colic and bottles, bears and catamounts and Indians and all, I don't know what is. I can't tell you so much about the trip. I had Dad to cross-question at the proper age, at seven say, when questioning comes easy, when you talk naturally in interrogation points, but I had no such chance at Archie Graham. I know we bivouacked nights in the desert before we came to another camp. There's the flight into Egypt for you; fire is the most beautiful thing in the world, and it is never so beautiful as in the blue twilight of the desert. The other men had to wait on Archie like bond slaves, while Archie waited on me. They told that when they got back to Big Hope. "It was right and fittin'," they said, but it would have come hard if Archie's head had swelled as might have been expected. But Archie's head they granted, was "tol'able hard"; which seems to me a tribute equally honorable to those who gave and to him who received it. Archie must have been a master of tact, able in that, too, for he got all kinds of favors. Seats surrendered to him in full stages, beds in full taverns, errands done, privileges at kitchen fires, and he seems to have been mighty chary of anything but coin in return. There was no passing of me from hand to hand. The rare men who were allowed to hold me, were under stern orders to let no one else touch me; and they minded as if they were greenhorns handling dynamite. When we got into range of feminine council Archie braced up even against woman's natural airs of professional superiority, and would take advice only for what he thought it was worth.

But it was before there were any such clashes of expert opinion that he achieved what was, all things considered, his most surprising feat. He had me christened. I was baptized in a bar-room. It was at the camp where we took our first stage, the stage over the Divide. It was a real *bona fide* christening, only not Presbyterian, as any man himself named Archibald Hamilton Douglas must naturally have preferred. He explained and apologized for the liberty taken when he got to Monterey. The explanation was that he felt as if he ought to do all he could to make things right, he was easier in his mind to have it done. I gather he felt that the Lord could be more reasonably expected to look after His own, than after a baby of no religious affiliations. But the apology seems to have been pretty much all spent on the theological phase of the matter; it was hard luck and he was sorry, but a Methodist preacher was all there was, and wonder enough to get him. I've a notion myself that Methodist preachers are usually the easiest come by in such hard fields as frontier mining-camps. This one was on the way somewhere else, but he had embraced the chance, real Methodist fashion, to stop over and talk to the boys. The boys only woke up to an appreciation of their privileges when I came into the game. It was a popular occasion, my christening was. My poor little mother had named me Juanita Marie, something foreign seeming to her suitable and romantic, and she being too new to the country to sympathize with the current prejudice against Greasers. Archie knew I had been called Nita, and he said that was all he knew. I don't believe myself that whatever his information he'd ever have brought out a Greaser name for that ceremony. He and the preacher fixed it up between them and they named me Anita.

No, you've never heard it, nor anybody else for many a year, except lawyers and people who have listened to this yarn, but that's what my sponsers bestowed on me in baptism. My Aunt said she had some sense of the fitness of things and that she could not call a great, fat, quiet, blonde child a little, quick, dark name like Anita, and it wasn't what my mother had named me anyway. She found equally good reasons, it appeared, for not calling me what my mother had named me; and the outcome was that as soon as Archie's back was turned, for she would not hurt his feelings, she addressed me as Mary, and Mary I've been ever since; Mary, with occasional relapses back to Marie, and all the time my name is Anita, and sixty-three men, beside a fringe of Greasers and Chinamen, saw it given to me.

I'm going to cut this second-hand testimony short and get down to things I can remember myself, only you must hear how bitter hard a thing it was for Archie to part with me. He hung around for three days, and my aunt said she was never so sorry for any one in her life. You see God so made the world that you can't go on for days and weeks taking care of a baby without giving it the heart out of your breast. Aunt Tishia always told how Archie was a born gentleman, modest, self-effacing, and how yet he was tormented to that degree as to how she

washed my milk-bottles, and as to whether she kept on my flannel band at night, that he was forced with blushing pain to pursue curious investigations. He tried to apologize on the ground that she had no children of her own. She made the obvious rejoinder that neither had he; but she did her best to come up to his standard as a nursery maid. After this dangling around he melted away with no announced good-bys — unless they were breathed to me in confidence. I respected all his confidences, poor lad, though my Aunt thought she found suspicious tear spots on the breast of my little pinny once when he had had me off to himself in the garden.

Well, he went and I never saw him again. But wait, that is not the end of the story nor the end of my part of it.

Archie never held the pen of a ready writer, but for years at long intervals he wrote to me, and as I got to be a big girl I learned to print mis-spelled messages to him. By the time I was ten my father's fortune was piling up — transportation was transporting us far; and it was decided that I be sent to Paris and put to school in the convent of the *Sacré Coeur*.

Archie Graham and the flight into Egypt had made the romance of my childhood; it takes a child to simply lave in undiluted, unmodulated romance; and life at the Convent, instead of weaning me from my sentimental attachment to my Uncle Archie, did just the other thing. At first the poor little wild Californian nearly died of homesickness, and Uncle Archie, who existed for me only in dreams, was the one part of my old life that I could still cherish unchanged. Then when I began to come to and take an interest in the game, it transpired that Uncle Archie and my little embroidered Odyssey of our travels, and Uncle Archie's queer presents were my long suit. I began to trade on being a wild Californian; poor little lonely chick, I wanted to be liked for something! I fancy I've gone on trading with the same stock ever since. But I never did better with it than then. It was not of course as if I'd been a boy. It is the most touching thing in the world the way boys, any boys, even little polished, hat-lifting continentals, will take fire at the mention of red Indians. I fancy I could have been the hero of a decade in any boy's school in France; but even as it was I became fashion's favorite. Archie's presents, old and new, the gold nugget, the rattlesnake rattles, the beaded moccasins, the buckskin shirt — these were the distinguished possessions with which I outshone powers and principalities.

But the years went on, and the past faded, and the wild West treasures though still treasured, played a smaller and smaller part on the little French girl's stage; and the letters that came and went between Paris and Red Dog or Hangtown or whatever might be temporarily Archie's outlandish post-office grew fewer and fewer, and stopped, first his and then mine, as the "cat dies" when you are swinging.

My heart was not unfaithful, but Archie was become part of a great myth — the myth of America, of California, of kin; and, poor little soul, I was sick of letters! I wanted to go back and find it all, if it was truly real and could be found.

When I was seventeen I went, and a French governess and a French maid went with the convent-bred *jeune fille*. My darling Daddy met us in New York, and we traveled across the continent in a special car. He kept a wistful awe of me till we struck the desert, the desert that had stamped its brand on me before I could remember, and burned it in with more than one strange adventure, after I came to consciousness. Like the ocean, the desert can have no rivals; it is akin to nothing else in creation; and it had been part of my life when I was little!

As the train drew out into that endless sea of sand, under that vast sky, into a World as unlike anything made for man as the dead moon, no plate-glass windows could shut out the awful matchless wildness of it; and with the sting of the alkali in my nostrils, Paris and the convent passed away, and like the prodigal son I arose and went unto my father; away from those *triste* Frenchwomen, in the smoking-room, I howled, simply howled like a hound with emotion, as I threw myself on his neck. He understood, and that was when we really met, that was when my native tongue (perhaps I'd better not call it English) really came back to me, as I sat on his lap amid all that luxury and wept for a burro and a frying-pan and a camp where I could hear the coyote's cry. Now we talked out everything that had been shut up in our hearts before, and soon I asked about Archie Graham. Dad had lost sight of him, too. That is Dad had been in New York most of the time for five years, and had heard nothing about or from him.

That meant nothing more than the chances of a day, as you might say. He expected to pick him up around the corner any time. Archie had never allowed Dad to do anything special for him. He rolled around the wide West, prosperous enough it seemed, unmarried, adventurous, mining, speculating, buying and selling claims. Dad said we'd hunt him up when he got around to it.

Well, very soon strange things happened, as if in a play, and there was no need to hunt.

Dad got a wire at some water-tank calling him back to New York, and I was left to stare at the wonderful desert out of my plate-glass windows alone; that is the French women stared anywhere else, at their own little high-heeled bottines, rather than at the gray dead ocean, where, running along with us, I could follow the old emigrants' tragic trail by the bones that still lay bleaching upon it.

At Reno a friend of my father's, Mr. Clay Chisholm, came to see me, just to shake hands and look me over, for the ten minutes of the train's stop. Five of the ten had passed when he remarked, "'Lucky chance,' I said to myself when I heard your car was to be with this train, for I just happened to be down here; came down from Virginia City this morning, and I've got to get back there this evening for a murder trial to-morrow." Mr. Clay Chisholm was a lawyer, you see.

"Who killed who?" I asked, feeling — I remember it so well — that the story might help me to get back to this country of mine I was so hungry to understand again.

"Well," began Mr. Chisholm, "I'm on the defense this time, though I don't usually go in for criminal practice." It makes me shiver now when I think how slow and digressively he talked, and how our three or four minutes were flying. "It was a gambling row and that makes it bad for my client. I'm afraid they'll hang him. They come mighty near doing it before, this is his second trial. You see we are getting too proper and civilized to like that kind of thing, though to his own mind my friend Graham acted in self-defense. Well, little girl —" he was looking at his watch and rising from his seat.

"What's his other name?" I asked, sitting still and staring at him.

"His? Graham's? Archibald Hamilton Douglas, he's ——"

But I was on my feet clutching him with both hands: "Archie Graham, it's my Uncle Archie, and they'll hang him;" and he took care of me for a whole month all by himself when I was a baby; he —" I choked on my sobs.

"What's that?" cried the lawyer so sharply that my nerves twanged in my body. Some one outside called, "All aboard! all aboard!" and the man started and glared about him; then catching my arm he fired at me the question — "Was he the boy that took you to Monterey?"

With my answer he was transformed.

"Quiet down, Miss Mary," he said gently, "I'm not going to get off here, I'll go on with you. Yes, I'll look out for Archie all right. That's just what I am doing. We pass the East-bound train somewhere between here and the summit — I'll fix it. I can catch a freight out of Reno some time to-night. And now," he was very suave and gentle with me, "now you are going to sit down and tell me all about your's and Uncle Archie's trip across the Divide."

I was puzzled and impatient. I wanted to know about Archie. He told me very succinctly. He had been a year and a half in jail, and the confinement had broken down his health. The trouble about clearing him was that the country was anxious to show Eastern capital how reformed and refined it was by hanging some one, and Archie was the convenient scapegoat at hand.

"It was self-defense," said Mr. Chisholm, "but we can never prove it; we've simply got to get the jury on our side on general principles, and the trouble is all the popular general principles just now turn the other way. I ought to be able to get two or three men on that jury who'd refuse to hang a man that could shoot as good as that — I'll show you how it was done. But one or two men trying to stand out would have a rough time of it. I'd hate to trust to 'em. I want something better than that. The shots were like this," and he demonstrated the superiority of Archie's gun-play with serious enthusiasm. Archie was playing poker and sitting between two men whom he caught cheating; presumably all three tried to draw their revolvers, but Archie got the drop on one, fired, and then, literally quicker than sight, turned his pistol over his shoulder — no time to turn himself — and fired again; and each shot killed his man. It was the second that was making him trouble. It was granted the first man was reaching for his gun, and he was a known bad man who when he reached meant death; but the other man, though

the cards up his sleeve proved collusion with number one, had no killings to his account, and how did Archie know he was even pulling his gun when he didn't see him, was facing the other way, and fired over his shoulder? Now Archie knew it, and so did every one else by the light of experience and common sense. An armed man with cards up his sleeve was not going to see his partner shot, not then and there, without trying to save himself, and the only way to save himself was to shoot first. It was all according to a code about as definite as a French duel's. But a New York capitalist who was on the ground had been scared away, people said, by this unseemly bloodshed in the midst of their rising school-houses and multiplying churches; and Archie had the "business sentiment" against him. Archie, Mr. Chisholm remarked sorrowfully, had simply failed to keep up with the procession.

Then brightening again he appealed to me once more for the story of the flight into Egypt.

I began to understand dimly what you divined at his first sign of interest in that history, that it had a bearing on practical politics, in your lingo that it suited his book — in talking about Archie I can't seem to speak anything but United States. It flowed then, did my United States, coming back fuller and freer as I went on; and I told him what I've been telling you. He listened with silent passionate attention; and when Archie had landed and left me at Monterey, he sprang from his seat and lifted me with him right off my feet, as if I were four years old.

"By the Great Horn Spoon," he cried, "you've done it, you've saved him!"

I suppose I stared, bewildered as well as happy, my little feminine mind not comprehending the larger logic of trial by jury. He misapprehended my difficulty.

"Oh," said he, "we may go back on the finest double shot seen this side of the Rockies since the railroad came through, but Eastern capital can't preach down the Western heart when it comes to a kid story like that! And I'll get that to the jury — the judge don't judge that can keep me from ringing that in on those twelve good men and true!"

And with these reassurances, obscure to my intelligence, but nevertheless comforting to my heart, he swung off to catch his Eastbound train.

Of course he was right about the Western heart, the dear, romantic Western heart. He was a very artful gentleman, was Mr. Clay Chisholm, and he said not a word of me to Archie. In his final summing up he brought in my Odyssey, and my poor prisoner, sitting there in the dock, broken, ill, and on trial for his life, was taken unawares with the dearest memory of his youth. The iron melted and when he heard — it was in the speech — that I was in the country, caring, crying for him, he cried, too.

The jury was out ten minutes. Oh, I love a jury! What are law and evidence in the teeth of the eternal verities!

When he clasped hands with Chisholm, a free man, all Archie said, all he could say in his breaking voice, was, "I knew when you told about her — I knew my baby would save me!"

No, strange as it seems, I never saw him again, never after he left his baby at Monterey. He was dying with consumption, and though it was too late, my father hurried him down into the sunshine of New Mexico. I wanted to go to him, but I was a *jeune fille*, and one thing and another interfered. I know now the truth; the older heads, the older hearts were against the meeting. The little one that has grown up is gone, vanished — vanished beyond all other possessions of the past. A strange young lady seen in the flesh, coming to him under the name that long ago in the mountain bar-room he had given his baby — she could but have wrecked the dream child he cherished.

When he was gone a wee pink calico frock and two red shoes were found among his scant, rough bachelor possessions.

THE LADY PEDDLER AND THE DIPLOMATS

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE RETURN OF THE GYPSY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

MRS. EVANS gave a final tap with her hammer to the wheel of an old buckboard which she had just succeeded in patching together with rude skill, and then stepped back to view the result of her labor.

"I guess that's good for several trips yet," she remarked with evident satisfaction, "if that mule just holds out," turning a doubting eye on an old gray horse with spavined knees and a blind eye, now sunk in relaxed and listless slumber.

"Oh, he'll get along all right, and I'll go with you to hist him up whenever he stumbles," replied Mrs. Nitschkan, who leaned comfortably against a huge, pink boulder on the rocky hillside behind them.

"He'd better hold out," Mrs. Evans bestowed a menacing glance at the animal. "How'd ever I get 'Vitina' fer man an' beast, applied external and internal, to all the poor sufferers through this camp an' up an' down these mountains if he don't?"

As she stood, with hands on hips, considering the question, she formed a complete contrast to her friend. A wide sombrero was thrust jauntily on one side of her sleek, brown head and a trim gingham gown of starched freshness was belted tightly about her compact, little waist. A determined, bird-like creature with quick, darting movements, she seemed the very embodiment of force and energy.

Mrs. Nitschkan, on the other hand, was a sturdy, devil-may-care daughter of the mountains; her very costume expressing her complete indifference to all prevailing conventions.

Her dress consisted of a man's coat thrown loosely over a man's flannel shirt open at the throat, and a short skirt which entirely failed to conceal her heavy miner's boots. A soft hat was pushed far back on her curly, brown head, and in her sun-burned face twinkled a pair of bright, blue eyes, while her frequent smile displayed small, milk-white teeth.

"I guess we'd best climb up and try that seat," suggested Mrs. Evans. "If it's goin' to give way with us, I'd rather it'd do it here than any old place along the road, probably just in front of the post-office."

They were about to attempt this somewhat hazardous feat when, hearing shouts, they turned quickly to see two of their friends hastening down the mountain road and gesticulating in such a manner as to convey the fact that they bore news of especial importance.

"Well, what do you think?" cried Mrs. Thomas as she drew near, her round pink-and-white face all aglow with excitement.

"Yes, vat you tink?" echoed Mrs. Landvetter, a huge feather pillow of a woman, spotlessly Dutch.

"What?" exclaimed both women.

"There ain't nothin' happened to Sile at the Mont d'Or Mill is there?" breathlessly from Mrs. Evans.

"Nor to Jack in the Gold Bug?" from Mrs. Nitschkan.

"Oh, Land, no! Get your men folks out of your heads fer onc't, It's just this," fluttered Mrs. Thomas, "I seen Rufe Hayes, that drives the hack up from the station, an' he says that a lady peddler's jus' come up on the train. Rufe says she was peart as could be, talkin' to every one on the hack an' offerin' 'em free samples of medicine."

"Medicine!" for a moment, Mrs. Evans's face fell, then her unfaltering courage expressed itself in a firmer set of the lips. "What kind?" she demanded briskly.

"All kinds," explained Mrs. Thomas volubly. "A black case full of 'em. She says that this thing of givin' one kind of medicine fer all diseases is clean out of date. She says, this peddler does, that different diseases require different remedies."

"She does," repeated Mrs. Evans with superior scorn. "Well, it's plain to be seen that she's not on to the newest thing in medicine, and," with some heat, "if anybody's goin' to get out of this game, it ain't me, an' you can tell her so with my compliments. It's a matter of principle with me. I know I got a good thing in 'Vitina,' an' something that the folks here needs. That's the only reason that I took the agency fer it. It's the best medicine fer man an' beast that ever was put up. You girls know what a way we got to live here. The nearest doctor seven miles off over the Pass, an' us either dead or got well by the time he gets here.

"Now if this peddler can work any such miracles in this camp as I've done with 'Vitina,' all right. I'm ready to make my bow and get out, but I guess my standin' 's such that folks here know I'm no faker."

But in spite of a stiff upper lip, she was considerably perturbed in spirit. She knew her Zenith, as the little village far up in the Rockies was called, and Zenith was but an epitome of the fickle world, which lavishes its adulation upon the unfortunate objects of its interest only to cast them heedlessly upon the rocks or into the lions' den when a new favorite captures its attention.

Yet not for one moment did she show a shadow of turning. As the days went by, she importuned her customers as ceaselessly as ever, although her quick wits divined indifference in lieu of the enthusiasm with which "Vitina" had once been received; and slowly but surely was she forced to face the unwelcome truth that her rival was, as she expressed it, "fully on to her job."

Daily the tide set more strongly against her, but steadfastly, she refused to accept ultimate defeat. Fully awake to the necessity of some strategic manoeuver, she attempted to enhance the attractions of "Vitina" by surrounding it with soaps, perfumes, essences, and a souvenir spoon thrown in now and then; but the ensuing revival of interest was merely temporary and quickly dissipated by a little hot shot from the enemy, to the effect that that particular kind of soap would crack open the hands, that the essences were poison, the spoons tin, and the perfumes of a variety whose vogue had long passed.

Knowing the intense and almost feverish rivalry which existed between the two vendors of medicine, it was with some trepidation that Mrs. Thomas addressed her friend, a month later, as the women climbed the mountain side leading the old horse whose strength was not equal to the task of drawing four of them. "Do you think you'll go to the church social in the Town Hall tomorrow night, Mis' Evans?"

It was a shimmering, sparkling morning and the road wound up over "the range" with the dim, purple vistas, where the eye plunged happily into the depths of deer-haunted shadow, and then glanced upward to white, majestic peaks towering remotely above them. Even purveyors of "Vitina," it would seem, must feel the awe and splendor of the scene and pay it the fleeting tribute of silence; but these mountain women were used to scenic interruptions.

"Do I think I'll go to the church social?" returned Mrs. Evans haughtily. "What for should I be driven from my own church social by a creature like that? Perhaps I ain't got a plaid silk waist an' a string o' pink beads knockin' against my knees every step I take, but my hair an' my teeth, an' my figure's my own, an' I guess one that's born a McKenzie can hold up her head with the best."

"You're all right, Evans," exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan admiringly, "and if you get into a scrap with her, jus' give me a wink an' I'll do her up."

"They won't be no call for that," replied Mrs. Evans mysteriously. "I got other plans in my head."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Mrs. Nitschkan. "Mis' Evans's got one of her little games on hand."

"An' right enough, too," sympathized Mrs. Thomas. "How'd ever us poor women ——"

"What plans you got to drive her out, Effie?" interrupted Mrs. Nitschkan with eager interest.

"She ain't a-goin' to be druv," replied Mrs. Evans with succinct emphasis.

"Ain't a-goin' to be druv!" echoed her companions in bewildered amazement.

"No, sir," Mrs. Evans paused in the roadway and thrust her arms akimbo, "she's a-goin' to stay right here an' get married."

"Get married! Who to?" chorused the listeners.

"Willie Barker over to Mt. Tabor," with nonchalant assurance. "He's got a nice drug store there, an' if he marries a dressy wife that's fond of spendin', he'll get that bee outen his bonnet that's always a-buzzin' to him to start a branch store here in Zenith."

"There ain't a man goin' to look at her," scoffed Mrs. Thomas, secure in her own opulent attractions, "a pinched-up wrinkled piece of scrawniness. Leastways," with a pouting expression of mutiny, "I don't think you've any call to hit on Willie Barker. There's others that haven't got his manners that'd do fer her. I never go to his store that he don't set up the soda-water or a sack of candy."

"Look here, Marthy Thomas," Mrs. Evans's voice was stern, "I've done a good turn for you now and again, and I'm callin' on you now to remember it. You're promised to Dan Mayhew, an' you can keep your eyes off Willie Barker."

"I'm 'fraid," mused Mrs. Nitschkan doubtfully, "that it's goin' to be the toughest job we ever tackled."

"My Gawd, Sadie Nitschkan," exclaimed Mrs. Evans wearily, "an' you can say that, knowin' men as you'd ought to! They're jus' like a flock o' sheep. Now what us girls's got to do is to talk her up grand. Make the boys think she runs 300 to the ounce."

Mrs. Landvetter clicked her lace needles. "Vell, you can't neffer tell," she remarked, somewhat vaguely. "Ven you talks it, it sounds great; but ven you tink how she look, it sounds bad."

The next evening, Miss Polk attended the social in company with the woman at whose house she lodged. They had arrived early, and the three horny-handed musicians were but tuning up their instruments when the lady peddler took her seat in one of the chairs ranged about the wall. Tall, gaunt, slightly gray, but eternally kittenish, with the trained vivacity of the experienced saleswoman, she sat gazing out upon the highly waxed but uneven floor illumined by glass lamps about the walls, with a set smile of anxious anticipation. This faded into an expression of intense surprise as Mrs. Evans bustled up to her, and grasping her hand voiced her pleasure at seeing Miss Polk present.

"Thanks," responded the lady peddler, recovering her vivacity. "Thanks Mis' Evans, you an' me ought to have a lot in common, both in the same line of business."

The little woman she addressed cocked her bird-like head and looked up with quick, cool eyes. "In business!" with light surprise, "you're clean off, Miss Polk. I got a husband to support me, an' a house and children to look after. I ain't got no time fer peddlin' pills. I jus' accommodate a few of my friends with 'Vitina,' the best remedy fer man an' beast applied internal and external that ever was invented."

A certain shrewd sparkle suddenly shone in Miss Polk's eyes and there was a slight squaring of the jaw beneath her good-natured smile.

"Well, it's my work an' I like it," she affirmed, "but bein' as it's jus' play to you I'd like to rent your horse and cart for the summer. There's such a demand for my pills that I just can't get around to folks fast enough."

This return fire was so rapid and effective that to Mrs. Nitschkan, at her friend's elbow, "a scrap" seemed inevitable; but although Mrs. Evans's lips compressed to a thin scarlet line, and there were white dents about her nostrils, she held herself well in hand.

"Oh, Mr. Evans wouldn't never hear of that," lightly. "An' now, Miss Polk, us girls want to do all we can to give you a good time in Zenith. Have you met all the boys yet?"

Miss Polk ran her eyes hastily over the groups of miners standing about the hall. "Mercy no!" with a little gasp, "not half of 'em."

"Well, us girls'll see that you do" announced the tiny woman. "Wait till I get Elzevir down," depositing the sleeping child on a chair, "an' I 'll bring some of 'em up." With that, she bustled away. "Here, Jim," accosting the first man she met, "I want you to come an' meet the lady peddler, she's a mighty nice girl."

"Girl!" echoed the reluctant miner.

"Oh, well, she ain't so young and perhaps not to say pretty," admitted Mrs. Evans, with frankness, "but Jim, she's certainly got style. Kind o' citified lookin' you know, an' yet she don't put on no airs."

"An' she's so bright, too," cooed Mrs. Thomas, joining them. "She jus' keeps me in the giggles all the time. Here Tom," stopping a sturdy fellow as he passed them, "you want to hurry up quick an' get a dance promised with the lady peddler. Them Mt. Tabor folks'll be here in a minute, an' Willie Barker'll like as not take every

dance. You know they'll have so much in common, all their different pills to talk over."

Tom's expression of reluctance vanished. There was a feud of long standing between Willie Barker and himself. "Well, Willie Barker won't get nary a dance, if I can help it," truculently. "Anyways," moved by a chivalrous instinct, "if all you ladies say is true, she must be better'n she looks."

So well did the little band employ their energies in arousing an interest in Miss Polk, that long before the party arrived from Mt. Tabor the lady peddler knew for the first time in her existence the excited joy of halving her dances.

Having sown the seed, Mrs. Evans was naturally anxious to discover whether it had fallen upon fertile soil, so on the homeward way she inquired of Mr. Evans his impressions of Miss Polk.

"Oh, she's all right," he replied indifferently, "the boys didn't seem to think she was pretty; but kind o' citified and stylish and she don't put on no airs." His wife smiled triumphantly in the darkness.

"An' she's bright, too," continued Evans with more warmth in his tone, and a reminiscent chuckle, "why, when you was a-waltzin' with Willie Barker her'n me most died laughin'. I thought she'd choke. She said: 'That's the funniest thing I ever saw. How Mrs. Evans is able to keep her feet on the ground with him takin' them kangaroo hops is more'n I can understand.'"

Mrs. Evans compressed her lips. "So you couldn't find nothing better to do, Sile Evans, than to sit there pokin' fun at your own wife an' Willie Barker. Maybe Willie Barker does dance kind o' funny; but I guess in the sight of the Lord, his dancin's as good or better'n yours. You needn't get set up 'cause the lady peddler talked to you ten minutes, and she needn't get set up 'cause the boys paid her a little attention, for she's goin' to marry Willie Barker."

"Marry Willie Barker!" exclaimed Evans.

"Yes, marry Willie Barker. Here was I workin' up a trade an' it was doin' good, too, an' I was savin' up toward that piece of black silk in Swanstrom's window, an' havin' the children's teeth fixed, an' I ain't goin' to have it snatched out of my hands."

"How do you know Willie will want her, or she'll want Willie?" asked Mr. Evans stupidly.

"How'd I know anything? If you don't believe me, you just sit still and watch how things go."

Apparently, things went very well. The entertaining became very brisk; Zenith was evidently in the throes of a social season, such as it had never known before, and Miss Polk received enough attention to turn her head, a result which Mrs. Thomas declared had been achieved. "I talked Willie Barker up to her as good as the best," said that lady aggrievedly, "an' what did I get?"

"'Oh,' she says, tossin' her head, 'I couldn't think of lettin' anything interfere with my c'reer.'"

"What's a c'reer?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan.

"It seems to be some kind of dinky work you're doin' when you ain't got no show to get married," responded Mrs. Thomas cautiously, as one not sure of her ground. "You talk a lot about it, an' how you wouldn't give it up for nothin'."

"There's a lot in the askin'," said Mrs. Evans sententiously. "Things certainly is goin' well; but I mos' wish I'd been born a atheist. They can go round an' enjoy themselves with no thought of their responsibilities or the Judgment Day; but fer a Christian an' a perfesser it's different. You got to manage things fer folks an' bear their burdens till the cows come home."

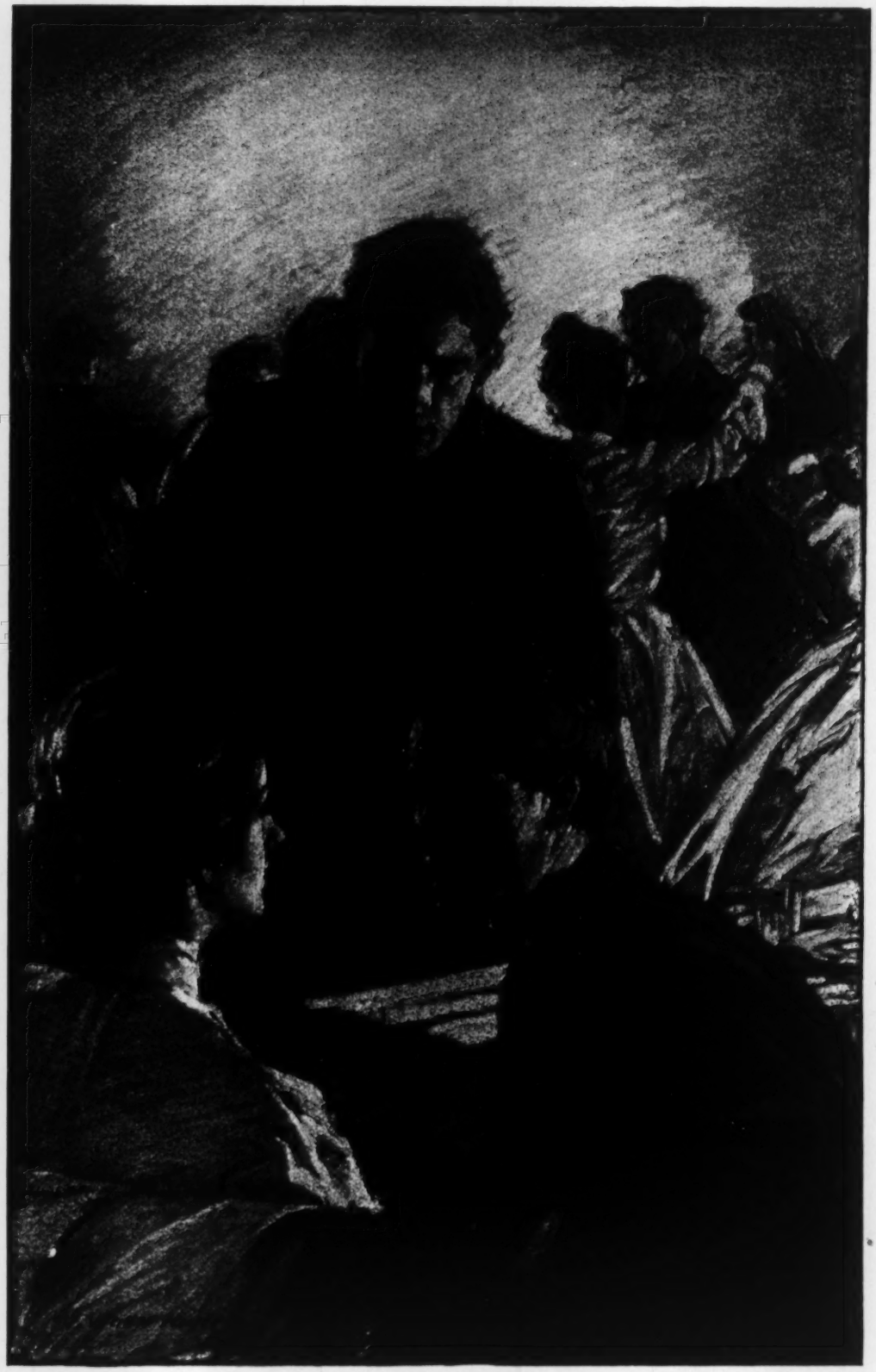
"You certainly are a manager, Evans," admired Mrs. Nitschkan.

"Some has to be," with a resigned sigh, "I often think that when I reach the other shore, I'll get a good deal of comfort out of comparin' notes with Noah. I know what a time he had herdin' those animals into the Ark."

But in spite of her skill in adjusting the affairs of others, Mrs. Evans was about to make a startling and disconcerting discovery. For the first time in her experience, she was to learn how powerless we are to control the forces we lightly set in motion.

If Miss Polk's belleship had in a sense been thrust upon her, and had been achieved by press agents and spurious methods, the woman herself was possessed of sufficient shrewdness and mother wit to see her opportunity and make the most of it. This hard-working, old-young, neglected creature had blossomed under the sunshine of masculine approbation, into a maturity far more attractive than her starved, sharp-angled, disappointed youth had ever been. She did not lose her head, neither did she adopt the capricious wiles of youthful coquetry. On the contrary, in this atmosphere of new and exotic appreciation, her individuality seemed

"LEADING THE OLD HORSE WHOSE STRENGTH WAS NOT EQUAL TO THE TASK OF DRAWING FOUR OF THEM"



"THE LADY PEDDLER KNEW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER EXISTENCE THE EXCITED JOY OF HALVING HER DANCES"

to broaden, develop and expand, and the qualities she possessed were those that won their way with the mountain people. She had a gift of give and take repartee, eminently good-natured, without bitterness or sarcasm; she was sympathetic and tactful, and a shrewd knowledge of human nature gained by her years of canvassing had supplied her with a fund of humorous anecdote.

Consequently, during the long summer months, the porch of the cabin where she lodged was usually filled to overflowing. It had become the natural and accepted thing for Miss Mayme Polk to entertain from twenty to thirty young miners every evening.

As regularly as the clock ticked, Willie Barker drove over from Mt. Tabor; and when the sun slowly sank behind the peaks, Rufe Hayes might be seen starting from his lonely cabin on Corona Mountain to begin his sheer three-mile walk to the village.

The dances became more frequent; picnics were the order of the day: Miss Mayme Polk was enjoying such a belleship as she had never dreamed of in her most ecstatic moments.

"It do beat all," said the village Solon, squinting his eyes at the distant peaks from the window of the assayer's office, "it do beat all, how men an' brothers 'll go crazy in bunches over some piece of bone and gristle that's begun to grow yellow behind the ears. An' the reason is this. Take a girl, she shows her preferences right off. 'I'm fer Jack,' says she, 'the rest kin go hang.' But you take a old thing like this one, an' she's the same to all, to Harry that's flat broke, an' to Dick that's got the best showin' of ore in the camp; but all the time she's doin' some tall thinkin'."

Mrs. Evans's smile of elation at the success of her plans had gradually grown less confident. Something of puzzle, almost of bewilderment had crept into it and a tiny network of perplexed lines was showing on her smooth brow.

In the meantime Miss Polk's sale of drugs was phenomenal, record breaking. The miners bought steadily, consumingly, and the "hack" was so overloaded with the boxes of medicine which came up from Denver each day, that the passengers were seriously incommoded.

In fact Miss Mayme Polk's popularity was something of a landslide, and Mrs. Evans was beginning to feel as if she might be crushed beneath the avalanche.

For the first time she was tasting the bitterness of success. Obedient to her will, events had arranged themselves — with a mathematical precision. Everything had turned out exactly as she had planned. Willie Barker stood ready to offer the lady peddler his hand and heart, and all nis worldly possessions, and not only Willie Barker but Rufe Hayes, Jimmy Johnson and a score of others; but the taste of her fruit of fulfilment was as dust and ashes in Mrs. Evans's mouth.

It was upon this scurvy jest of fate that she pondered, one evening, as she lighted the lamp, and drew out the contents of her mending basket; but not long was she left to her own meditations. Presently there was a knock upon the outer door, and it swung open to admit her three friends and counselors.

"Gee!" exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan fanning herself with her hat. "It's a warm night. There ain't scarce a breath from the peaks stirrin'. Well, Mis' Evans," gazing admiringly at her friend, "you certainly done it. I jus' come past Mis' T. R. Warden's an' I'm a-tellin' you true, the porch is jus' black with the boys."

Mrs. Thomas's round, good-humored face did not relax from the faintly displeased lines into which it had recently fallen.

"It sure looks as if she might get Willie Barker after all," advanced Mrs. Evans with a rather nervous assumption of impatience.

"Gosh A'mighty, woman!" Mrs. Nitschkan's tones were more robust than usual, "Willie Barker? Why, she's got her pick of the whole camp. They're hers at bargain prices. She kin take 'em or leave 'em as she chooses."

Mrs. Thomas twisted pettishly in her chair. "The boys in this camp are clear gone crazy." Then with cutting emphasis, "I guess, Mis' Evans, you've gone too far — I guess you've done more'n you bargained for this time. A woman's place is the home, but you can't never be contented with your speere. You're always tryin' to play Gawd."

For once Mrs. Evans's habitual, cool self-control deserted her. She threw her work to the floor with a gesture of despair. "I never see anything like it," she exclaimed. "I expected to realize on my 'Vitina' this summer so's I could get that piece of black silk in Swanstrom's window, an' Celora's teeth fixed — an' what's happened? Folks is so took with this lady peddler's pills that 'Vitina's' jus' fell dead. You can't give a

bottle away, an' that mule's in the shed eating his head off, an' now" — bursting into shrill tears — "Sile's took to going down to see this Polk about three evenings a week. He sits here for 'bout an hour after supper, an' kicks his feet up an' down on the stove an' then makes some excuse about havin' to see one or 'nother of the boys about the ore or about some haulin' to the mill or something, an' then he comes home here three or four hours later lookin' as good humored as you please, an' sayin' the only place he could find the boys was at Warden's. An ," with a final burst of tears, "I jus' sit round here, an' can't do nothin'. I ain't got no inventiveness. I don't know what's come to me ; but I ain't got no inventiveness."

"You ain't no call to do all the roarin', Mis' Evans," said Mrs. Thomas severely. "It's bad enough when husbands takes on that way, but what is it when the gentleman you're engaged to cuts up the same capers?" Then she, too, subsided into tears.

Mrs. Nitschkan looked from one to another of her weeping friends. "Gosh A'-mighty!" with a low whistle. "So that's the way the wind blows!" Then the surprise on her face giving place to decision, she slowly rolled up her sleeve and felt of her great, swelling muscles.

"Stop bawlin', girls," she continued authoritatively, "an' listen to me. I've heard the boys talk about this here what-do-you-call-it — diplomacy game, an' I've heard of the big stick, too. Now Mrs. Evans has been tryin' the diplomacy game, an' it ain't worked, so I'm a-goin' to see what the big stick'll do. Now, I'll tell you what. We'll jus' sit where we are till Miss Polk's callers is through callin' an' then we'll creep down there an' Miss Lady Peddler'll be given till the six o'clock train to-morrow morning to get out of Zenith."

But scarcely had she finished speaking when there came the sound of laughter and of footsteps without. Then a knock, and Miss Polk herself entered accompanied by a middle-aged, dark, pompous stranger.

To the women who rose suddenly to their feet, she appeared a vision of the style they adored. A poppy-strewn organdie, a poppy-wreathed hat, scarlet ribbons and long gloves completed a costume whose elegance awed them into momentary silence.

Miss Polk advanced smilingly. "Mr. Leffingwell, ladies," indicating the stranger in her wake. "I just ran off a minute," she continued volubly, "an' left Mis' T. R. Warden to entertain the boys ; but you folks have all been so nice to me that I couldn't go away without telling you good-by."

"Good-by!" gasped the women.

"Yes," smiled Miss Polk. "My sales have been so awful good up here that Mr. Leffingwell," smiling at that gentleman from under the poppy-wreathed hat, "has offered me a permanent agency."

"Then, you ain't a-goin' to marry Willie Barker, nor Rufe Hayes, nor none of the boys here?" faltered Mrs Evans.

"Oh, dear me, no," with a conscious giggle. "No, indeed," smoothing her gloves. "They're lovely gentlemen, every one of 'em ; but I got my c'reer, you know."

Mr. Leffingwell coughed slightly, it may be significantly, for Miss Polk tossed her head and bridled.

"Yes, Mr. Leffingwell's got to leave to-morrow, and he wants me to go right down with him, an' take charge of the office — the work's pressing ; but I will say, I'm sorry to leave, for as I said to Mr. Leffingwell, coming up here, 'Well, of all the hospitable, kind-hearted ladies, Mis' Evans, and her crowd takes the cake. Why, these ladies, Mr. Leffingwell, have just turned themselves inside out to give me a good time.'" She spoke with evident sincerity. "And now, Mis' Evans, that I've got this chance, I want you to take up the agency for my pills — you could handle them right along with 'Vitina.'"

Mrs. Nitschkan slapped the lady peddler upon the back with a heartiness which set every poppy on the hat quivering.

"That's what I call white, woman dear, that's what I call white, and Effie Evans you ain't got no Christian spirit if you don't take up her offer."

But Mrs. Evans, too overcome to speak, had dropped into a chair and now sobbed audibly in her apron.

"She'll take you up all right," assured Mrs. Thomas, soothingly. "It's just a touch of the strikes, from the shock-like of your goin' so sudden."

"Well, then that's settled, an' I got to run," replied Miss Polk, patting Mrs. Evans's shoulder. "Good luck to you all, and good-by." She gathered up her scarlet and white skirts and paused a moment in the doorway. "I will say, Mis' Evans, if there was more folks like you, always tryin' to help others an' make things pleasant for 'em, this world would be a better an' a happier place."

"TO THE WOMEN WHO ROSE SUDDENLY TO THEIR FEET, SHE APPEARED A VISION OF THE STYLE THEY ADORED"

CANCER—CAN IT BE CURED?*

BY

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. (EDIN.)

AS in the case of the fabled shepherd of our youth, who cried "Wolf" when there was no wolf, and was ultimately left to be consumed, the incessant reiteration of lies is apt to throw discredit upon the truth. It is in the nature of cancer to lend itself peculiarly to exploitation by the charlatan. It is a disease in which all are interested and from which any of us may suffer, years bringing not immunity but increased susceptibility. And, indeed, it need hardly be said that the charlatan has not been slow to avail himself of his opportunities. He has discovered innumerable cures, which agree only in this, that they do not cure. Similarly, sincere but deluded investigators have discovered innumerable microbes which agree only in this — that their presence in cases of the disease is inconstant, accidental and irrelevant. Hence it needs some courage to assert that the conquest of cancer is now an immediate possibility, and I feel that a personal explanation is desirable. Dr. John Beard, Lecturer in Comparative Embryology in the University of Edinburgh, is the worker with whose results we are here concerned. Trypsin, the substance which occupies the place of honor, has been known to physiologists for many years and can readily be obtained anywhere.

It is customary to speak of a man's motive as if motives were not almost invariably multiple. Nevertheless, my chief motive in the present instance is the belief that medicine has lately become possessed of a new method of treatment for cancer, and indeed all forms of malignant tumor, for the want of which many person's in many parts of the world may now be hastening to a not-inevitable grave. This is no time for hiding such a light under a bushel. The facts which I am to recount may be due to a series of miraculous interventions with the course of nature. Or they may be no facts, but dependent upon the simultaneous loss of reason by the various persons who have observed them. There are now too many of them, and they are too consistent, for any one to believe that they are to be explained as a series of unprecedented coincidences. The other hypotheses being incredible, I, for one, have no choice but to believe that I am now privileged to describe a number of facts, our knowledge of which not merely marks an epoch in embryology, but promises to put an end forever to what is perhaps the most appalling of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

One Death in Forty Due to Cancer

Cancer is an extremely common disease, causing more than one in forty of all deaths. Its frequency is generally believed to be rapidly increasing, though such a belief is an illegitimate inference from the statistical figures. Many observers, however, believe that though the disease may not actually be increasing in the sense in which that word is usually understood, yet the greater expectation of life which now falls to the members of civilized communities, implies that a larger proportion of them than formerly reach the ages at which this disease most commonly appears. If you live long enough, so to speak, you will probably die of cancer.

The most superficial forms of this disease have lately been found to be controllable, some by radium, some by the Röntgen rays. These very cases, however, are readily accessible to the knife, and if secondary growths

* This article has been corrected and approved by Dr. Beard, himself.

have occurred, the therapeutic agent cannot follow them with any more success than can the surgeon. These trivial exceptions apart, the only known cure for cancer is the knife. This being so, it is natural that modern surgery, empowered with anaesthesia and antisepsis, should have yearly sought, and with ever-increasing success, to effect radical cures of this otherwise incurable malady. Doubtless the patient re-enters into life maimed and halt, yet so are we made that this is a welcome alternative to death. But whilst all praise must be given to surgeons for their efforts, and whilst their frequent success in greatly prolonging life, and their occasional success in extirpating the tumor, root and branch, must be acknowledged, yet it is unfortunately true that surgery is a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, and that despair is only too constantly justified.

Whither, then, must we turn? Surely pathology will give us an answer. Of what does cancer consist? What is its origin and history? How may we break the chain of its causation?

There is now-a-days no pathology but the cellular pathology founded by Virchow. Every kind of malignant tumor consists of living cells which multiply at the expense of their surroundings and, after long battening upon their host, finally kill him, thereby putting a term to their own life. None of the tissues of the host can withstand them, and Dr. Beard holds that their action is due to their possession of a ferment which he calls "malignin" and which digests and destroys the living molecules of the cells of the host. This ferment was discovered by Eugen Petry in 1899. Plainly, the next question is to ascertain, if possible, the *differentia* of the malignant cell, and its historical origin. Is it, for instance, a cell derived from without the body; in other words, is it the result of an infection?

Cancer Not the Result of Infection

To this most important question a positive answer may be returned. A cancer, naturally arising, is *not* the result of an infection. Its parent cell or cells have existed, in innocence, in the body which they ultimately destroy. But before dismissing this matter we may note the results of the splendid work of Professor Jensen of Copenhagen, whose labors have just been recognized in Great Britain by the award of a valuable prize. There have been innumerable attempts to transfer portions of cancerous growths from the human patient to the lower animals; and these have one and all failed. But Jensen and others have found that it is possible, with care, to transplant portions of a malignant growth from a given animal to another animal of the same or a closely allied species. For instance, there is now in existence the remarkable tumor which is known as Jensen's mouse-tumor. Having taken its origin about four years ago in a mouse, it has since been transplanted into some three thousand mice successively, having killed all *except two*.* Of these, much more anon. This work of Jensen's has enabled the study of the essential properties of cancer to proceed at a rate otherwise impossible. Apart from this practical issue, it is of great interest to know tha the body of a mouse of one kind may serve to nourish the cancerous cells derived from the body of a similar mouse, but will not sustain the life of cells derived from a rat or a mouse of a different variety.

Granted, then, that the cells of a malignant tumor are naturally native to their host, we must ask ourselves at least three questions. Dr. Beard believes that he has answered the first of these; the second is readily answerable; and to the third no certain answer can yet be returned. We may take them up in the reverse order.

The third question is this: What are the circumstances which, in a given part of a given individual, cause the growth and multiplication of cells which have always been present in him, but have hitherto been quiescent? We are beginning to guess, but we do not know. Hence if we are to use the word "cause" in the ridiculous fashion of common speech, which assumes that, for any given fact, there is only one cause — as if the universal past were not the cause of any one fact — we may say that the cause of cancer remains unknown. Why certain cells, latent from the first, should multiply and become patent at this place but not at that, at this age but not at that, in your neighbor but not in you — we cannot say. *But so far as the control of cancer is concerned, our ignorance does not matter.*

Characters of a Cancer Cell

The second question we must ask is this: What are the characters of the cancer cell which distinguish it from those of the

* Several have been cured since these words were written.

normal body cell? These characters have long been known in a general way. If it be adequately nourished from without, the cancer cell is capable of indefinite multiplication. It is of an extremely low order, being incapable of differentiating itself; it cannot form tissues; the blood-vessels within the midst of a cancer have grown into it from without; no cancer cell is capable of giving rise to anything but another cell like itself. This absence of any power of differentiation distinguishes the cancer cell. It is also distinguished, curiously enough, by its low vitality. Though it produces substances which enable it to destroy every living tissue with which it comes in contact, including even bone, yet it is itself readily susceptible to the action of deleterious agencies. Cancer cells die in large numbers as the results of the attacks of microbes, thus giving rise to many of the most distressing symptoms of the disease and producing poisons which are absorbed, causing the chronic poisoning of the patient.

Hence we must ask ourselves the question which is logically first. What is the nature of the cell or cells from which a cancer arises? Two answers are possible. It may be that the cancerous cell, the parent of a tumor, was once a normal body cell, and that, owing to obscure causes, it has reverted to a lower type in which, according to the Spencerian law, the power of genesis is gained at the expense of the power of individuation, so that the cell, having lost its individual rank, has regained the power of indefinite multiplication, which is characteristic of microbes and countless other lowly cells. In the past many observers have inclined to the view that a cancer takes origin in such degenerate cells — that a cancer is the result of a local cellular reversion.

On the other hand, it may be that the parental cell of a cancer was, in the beginning, different from the cells surrounding it. This view has also been popular. The pathologist Cohnheim, for instance, conceived the theory of what are called "embryonic rests" — the word being better translated as *residues*. Cohnheim supposed that, in the course of development, certain cells from the external or epiblastic layer of the embryo, for instance, have become misplaced, lying perhaps in tissues formed from a different layer, such as the middle layer or mesoblast. Such embryonic residues, Cohnheim supposed, might lie dormant for years, giving rise to trouble only when some special cause excited them to growth. The cause of such excitement might conceivably be infection by some special kind of microbe, and it need hardly be said that students have again and again deceived themselves with the belief which we have already dismissed.

Parent Cancer Cell Has Always Been in the Body

Dr. Beard holds the latter of these two views — that the parent cell of a cancer was different, at the very first, from its neighbors. He believes, indeed, that the parent cancer cell has always been *in the body but not of it.*

And now we must leave the subject of cancer altogether, as it would appear, and must turn to embryology, which will lead us to an explanation of the words italicized and which has now enabled Dr. Beard not only to cure two mice, otherwise doomed, but also several human beings, stricken with this terrible disease. Ranking ourselves with Dr. Beard as, for the nonce, comparative embryologists, and scientific investigators, let us consider the history of individual development as it is seen in a very large number of the lower animals and plants. In these there is found a fact which is technically known as the *alternation of generations.* The best popular description of it that I am acquainted with is to be found in the fifteenth chapter of Professors Geddes and Thomson's "Evolution of Sex" (Revised Edition). It is often found that the immediate descendant of a pair of organisms, male and female, is not a creature like one of themselves, but is a sexless being whose progeny, in their turn, reproduce the sexual state of their grandparents. Space is not here available for the discussion of the various forms of this phenomenon. Many years ago, however, Dr. Beard declared, that, even in the higher animals which we call vertebrates, there is a disguised alternation of generations, just as there is in flowering plants. I have before me, as I write, twenty-three papers of various lengths which have been published by Dr. Beard during the last seventeen years, the first being communicated by Professor Huxley to the Royal Society and received April 20, 1889. In that paper Dr. Beard first described the presence within the Bill-fish, *Lepidosteus osseus* and other fishes, of certain curious cells, which seemed to play a

temporary part in development and then totally disappeared. Three years later he published at Jena a paper on "A Supposed Law of Metazoan Development," which contains the first enunciation of his theory that even in the Metazoa or higher animals the process of alternation of generations occurs. I may quote a few words from that remarkable paper. After describing the presence of the larval or asexual form in many of the lower Metazoa, and pointing out "the analogy which would obtain between the suggested mode of Metazoan development and the accepted fact of an alternation of generations in the life histories of all plants above the lowest Thallophytes," Dr. Beard says:

Facts of Embryology Upon Which Theory of Treatment is Based

"I venture to attach most weight to the application of the principle to the vertebrata . . . It is undoubtedly the obstacles offered by the phenomena of vertebrate development which have hitherto prevented the enunciation of the law of development as an alternation of generations. Larvae are so commonly encounted among the invertebrata that the wonder is that no one has inquired why they are so rare in any guise in the vertebrata." Dr. Beard goes on to assert that larval structures can be found in several Amphibia and fishes, and that these degenerate. Speaking of one such structure, he says: "It is gradually broken down by some ferment action." Dr. Beard's conclusion is that "Metazoan development appears to me to be by means of an alternation of generations in that, from the fertilized organism arises the larva, upon which, in one way or another, according to the circumstances of each case, a new form, the adult or imago, takes its origin." Fourteen years have elapsed. It has been found that, just as in various of the vertebrates, the egg gives rise to a larva which does not directly develop into the new organism, but "serves as the foundation on which the development recommences, as it were *de novo*"; so, according to Dr. Beard, in such vertebrates as the skate and chick, there is found to be an asexual larval stage, upon which the embryo proper develops. Such are the embryological beginnings which have in all probability led, as we shall see, to the conquest of cancer.

It is Dr. Beard's belief that the alternation of generations is common to all vertebrates including man. What then becomes of the asexual stage or generation, since there is no sign of it in the adult individual? In the case of the skate and the chick, Dr. Beard has discovered what he calls a "critical period," which marks the beginning of the disappearance of the transitory larval generation that has hitherto been growing. We may call the characteristic tissue of which this structure is composed by the convenient name of *trophoblast*. Dr. Beard appears to have shown that up to the critical period in the case, for instance, of the fish, all the digestive processes have depended upon an acid, intracellular digestion, very similar to that which occurs in the stomach of the adult. The critical period is determined by the development in the embryo of a new organ called the pancreas (or sweetbread). In each of us this is the most important organ of digestion. It produces various ferments, the most important of which is known as trypsin. This substance acts only in an alkaline medium, being thus contrasted with pepsin. Writing in the *Lancet* rather more than a year ago, Dr. Beard said:

"At this epoch, the critical period, the fish commences to feed itself on yolk, not by an (intracellular) acid, peptic digestion, but by an alkaline, pancreatic one. The commencing activities of the pancreas during foetal life initiate an alkaline digestion by the means of the most powerful and important of all the digestive juices, the pancreatic . . . If the secretion be absent, neither the asexual structures of a fish development nor the cells of chorio-epithelioma [a tumor] do or can degenerate. The solution of the problem of the functional relation of embryo and trophoblast — how the latter nourishes itself by an (intracellular) acid digestion and degenerates slowly by a pancreatic digestion — becomes at the same time the embryological, if not the medical, resolution of the problems of malignant neoplasms . . ."

Theory of Misplaced Germ-Cells

And now let us return to cancer. What are we to regard as the nature of a cancer, in the light of our discovery of trophoblast? The answer which Dr. Beard returns is that cancerous tissue is none other than "irresponsible trophoblast." In order that the justification for this dictum may be advanced, we must consider our modern knowledge of

germ-cells. That this term corresponds to a reality, Weismann and Beard have definitely taught us. Every individual, produced as the higher animals are produced, is derived from a united pair of germ-cells. The old view was, that these are derived from the individual who bears them; but Weismann taught us that this is not so. He has familiarized us with what he calls the "continuity of the germ-plasm." From the point of view of the race, the individual is merely the ephemeral bearer of the immortal germ-plasm, which is as old as the race and is subject to no law of death. Weismann employs the phrase germ-plasm since he is unable to demonstrate the actual continuity of germ-cells in every case. Dr. Beard, however believes that he has demonstrated the actual continuity of germ-cells *as cells* from generation to generation. If we take a special instance, such as the smooth skate (*Raja batis*) which Dr. Beard began to study nearly twenty years ago, we find, according to him, that an actual continuity of germ-cells is demonstrable. When he studies the very young skate — and the same is true of many other fishes and of the chick — he finds that the germ-cells are by no means confined to their proper and characteristic site in the body. He has found them in the head, the skin, the gill region, the liver, the blood, "in fine, there is hardly a place in the whole trunk or head in which such aberrant germ-cells have not been observed." He has figured them again and again. There is no possibility of mistaking their identity under the microscope. Where have these aberrant germ-cells come from — these cells, the malign possibilities of which are soon to be indicated? The common view would be that they had wandered from the part of the body of the embryo which gives rise to the germ-cells. But to Dr. Beard such an assertion is nonsensical; the germ-cells are older than the embryo. They are not products of any part of the body of the individual; they have arisen outside the embryo and have migrated into it. Dr. Beard has proved that this is so. In the smallest embryos of the skate no germ-cells are visible. Later on, germ-cells appear, but only a very few of them are found in their characteristic site in the body. For instance, in embryos 20 millimeter long 50 per cent of the germ-cells are misplaced, whilst in embryos half as long again only about 30 per cent are misplaced. In the very youngest embryos, containing no germ-cells, hosts of germ-cells are to be found lying in the tissue immediately outside the embryo and preparing to enter it. In a word, the germ-cells precede the embryo and gradually wander into it as it develops. Many of the germ-cells never reach the proper position. They wander along what is called the germinal path, but may find themselves misplaced in all parts of the body. Commonly their fate is to degenerate, but apparently they do not always do so.

It follows that the germ-cells, not being developed from the embryo, are direct products of the original cell (of bisexual origin) which gives rise, on the one hand, to them, and on the other hand to the embryo itself. Thus the germ-cells within the embryo are its own immature "twin" brothers and sisters. In other words, the embryo is the product of one of the primary germ-cells, whilst the remainder come to be regarded, quite erroneously, as its own sexual products.

According to Dr. Beard, all malignant tumors are products of aberrant germ-cells, so that a death from cancer is, so to speak, a case of fratricide, since the individual and the tumor which kills him are both derived alike from one parent-cell. There are a host of instances in the lower animals, if not also in man, of the development of these aberrant germ-cells into tumors which show distinct signs of the attempt to produce a second individual.

Of these extraordinary cases Dr. Beard seems to have provided an explanation. But far more commonly such an aberrant germ-cell does not give rise to any such tumor, but passes on to the asexual stage or generation, producing the trophoblastic tissue of which we have already heard. In a word, a cancer results from the attempt of an aberrant germ-cell to continue its life cycle, the attempt having ended merely in the indefinite production of larval, asexual or trophoblastic tissue.

If this theory be correct, the conditions which lead to the destruction, digestion, and complete absorption of the normal trophoblastic tissue that begins to vanish at the "critical period," should have similar effects upon "irresponsible trophoblast." In a word, *trypsin should cure cancer* by digesting its cells. The rest of the pancreatic secretion should destroy and dispose of the products of this digestion.

Dr. Beard's First Experiments with Animals

Plainly this was a matter that must be put to the test, and Dr. Beard forthwith proceeded to do so, availing himself of the work of Professor Jensen, and with the assistance of Dr. H. Wade. Several mice were inoculated with tissue from the mouse-tumor to which we have already referred. After about five weeks, when a number of them had well-marked tumors, two were selected for treatment, their history being carefully compared with that of the untreated mice whose tumors were of the same age. A solution of trypsin was employed for injection into the two mice in question. Says Dr. Beard: "After ten days, when four injections in all had been made into each mouse, one of them was found dead by the laboratory servant. The post-mortem examination made by Dr. Wade revealed no cause of death. But for the presence of a tumor mass the mouse appeared to be quite healthy. The laboratory attendant thought that it had got caught between the cage and food vessel, and so (when intoxicated?) had caused its own death. The microscopical examination demonstrated that every single cell of the tumor was in degeneration, fully half of them being represented by shapeless masses of particles, probably remains of nuclei, and all the rest were mere skeletons of cells. Even these seemed in very many cases to be crumbling and falling rapidly away, as though in a hurry to quit the scene. The somatic tissues of this mouse, as represented by the leucocytes and connective-tissue stroma cells, were quite normal, and in the following instance also. The treatment of the second mouse lasted for twenty-two days, when it was killed, since on that day one of the untreated mice died of its tumor. In the case of that mouse the tumor was as large as the last segment of a man's thumb, whilst in the treated mouse it was only as big as a lentil. Microscopically this latter apology for a tumor was in advanced degeneration, shrinking away to nothingness and quite harmless. . . . Even without further treatment the tumor would have in all probability been absorbed shortly or its remains cast out."

The conclusion from these experiments, which are now, of course, being repeated, was that "the action of trypsin upon the cancer cell is to pull down the cancer albumin — a living substance — and the cancer ferment — malignin — produced by this. . . . In addition to their confirmation of the conclusion that trypsin is the substance which will destroy the cancer cell with ease, and without danger to the individual (Beard and Shaw Mackenzie), these experiments go far to prove that in its nature cancer is neither germinal nor somatic, for trypsin, the architect of the soma [the body], does not in life destroy the soma or sexual individual or its sexual products, whilst its action is direct and utterly ruinous upon trophoblast or asexual generation." (*British Medical Journal*, January 20, 1906.)

What Trypsin Has Done for Man

Can trypsin do for man what it did for these two mice? In the above quotation there is the assertion that it can. Dr. Shaw Mackenzie, to whom the reference is made, has obtained apparently satisfactory results from the administration of trypsin in man, in order to prevent the recurrence of cancers after operation. Evidently, however, this is not a conclusive or satisfactory means of demonstrating the value of trypsin in man, if it has any. Its value must be tested in cases of present cancer, the diagnosis and the active growth of which at the time of treatment are beyond dispute. For preference, we must choose cases in which the growth is visible and the results, therefore, more certain. On the other hand, it is necessary also to choose cases in which the growth is inaccessible, so that we may test the value of the treatment where the local application of trypsin is impracticable. Trial is now being made in many parts of the world, and the present writer's personal knowledge of the results warrants him, he considers, in giving publicity to the whole matter. Warrants, indeed, is too weak a word. The giving of the widest and most immediate publicity to these facts seems to be a proceeding from which it would be cruel and cowardly to refrain, even though absolutely dogmatic and final statements cannot yet be made, and even though one may be accused of rushing in where wiser people fear to tread. If the cases I have seen be not miraculous in the common sense of the term — that is to say, due to Divine interference with natural law — one has no choice but to speak.

By the courtesy of the physician in charge, to whose notice I first brought the trypsin

treatment, and solely for my own pleasure and instruction, I have personally watched, from the first, the treatment of a case of cancer in an outlying district of London. The diagnosis was beyond dispute and had been independently confirmed at two hospitals — one of them world-famous. The growth was visible and evidently full of vitality. The surgeons had pronounced the case inoperable, and the patient was evidently sinking. Writing two days less than four weeks after the tentative and partial commencement of treatment by trypsin, I am able to report that, so far as all the indications go (and they are abundant), the tumor has already been killed outright. The patient is now apparently on the high road to recovery, though some difficulty has yet to be apprehended by reason of the poisonous action of the disintegration products of the growth. So far as my small experience goes, this is certainly the most amazing thing I have ever seen. Several practising physicians — not mere on-lookers like myself — have already made similar reports to Dr. Beard. Erroneous diagnosis, coincidence, miracle, spontaneous death of the tumors — none of these explanations is adequate in these cases, any more than in the two mice of happy memory.

I might quote another case of the same kind which I have myself seen but I prefer merely to mention another which, at the time of writing, has been under treatment for six weeks, three successive operations having been performed by a distinguished surgeon who declined to undertake a fourth. In this case it is possible to say, even at this stage, not only that the growth of the tumor has been arrested but that it is now dead. The patient is apparently making a rapid recovery and it is expected that in a few weeks more, no signs of the tumor will be discoverable.

Methods of Treatment

In the present tentative and merely experimental stage of the treatment, the plain duty of any one who tries it, is to adopt all the possible means of bringing the action of this potent ferment to bear upon the cancerous cells. Those practising pioneers who have already ventured to act upon the Augustinian advice to prove all things, are therefore administering trypsin or pancreatic extract by the mouth, under the skin and, where possible, by local application. My interest here is merely, having seen what I can scarcely believe myself to have seen, to avail myself of my peculiar opportunity to perform what I believe to be a public service. It is not for me to state doses and methods. Dr. Beard has formed provisional opinions upon these, but his practical experience and authority are superior to mine by only the measure of two mice. His advice, however, is at the service of all properly qualified physicians in any land who care to avail themselves of it. The treatment has to be seriously undertaken. In all probability Dr. Beard is correct when he asserts that trypsin exerts no action whatever upon the cells of the sexual generation of vertebrates, such as we represent. This must indeed be so, since trypsin in considerable strength passes from the pancreas of each of us, yet causes no injury. On the other hand, if there be a cancer or "irresponsible trophoblast," nourishing itself upon the tissues of the body, and if this be destroyed by trypsin, the products of its digestion must be absorbed and must give rise to disturbance. Hence very marked symptoms of poisoning or auto-intoxication are witnessed at first in human patients. Similar symptoms were observed in Dr. Beard's mice, being due, he believes, to poisoning by some product, possibly an alcohol, of the tryptic digestion of the tumor. A healthy mouse, similarly treated with trypsin, never displayed any symptoms. Hence, at present, important difficulties are to be expected in the application of the treatment, though the case I have myself watched shows that they are surmountable. This is another reason for haste, if my beliefs are correct. If the treatment does all that we hope, it will shortly be applied, in early stages, when the tumor mass is of inconsiderable size and the products of its digestion negligible.*

Dr. Beard is naturally far too busy with his work, for him to assume the labor of publishing his results broadcast. It is by his wish that I am undertaking this task, from which practising members of my profession are excluded by that extremely necessary and admirable professional etiquette, which is so constantly misunderstood and maligned by the public, in whose interests it exists and whom it most effectually serves. If Dr. Beard is right he could well afford to

* It is now found that if *all* pancreatic ferments be employed the symptoms of poisoning are averted.

wait for his inevitable reward of glory. If he be wrong, such an article as this can only injure him. But he prefers to take his chance since, whilst he can afford to wait, the victim of cancer cannot; and, besides, what we call a chance is for Dr. Beard a certainty. The event will prove. I will refrain from laudation or words of triumph and even from what would be peculiarly attractive to me — a discussion of the manner in which a worker in pure science has been enabled, after nearly twenty years, to contribute to a practical subject of which he had no thought in starting, and the connection of which with his own work it has remained for that work itself to elucidate. If, as I believe, there is a moral here, it must be pointed out in due course. Meanwhile, I submit to the civilized world generally, the proposition that the "trypsin" or pancreatic treatment of cancer is worthy of immediate trial in the behalf of the many persons to whom it alone offers a possible chance of escape from an otherwise inexorable fate.

CASABIANCA

BY

MONTAGUE GLASS

MR. GOODEL'S desk reflected, in its littered disorder, the need of an office boy, and to the end that one should be procured, he had inserted an advertisement in the morning paper. The applicants blocked the corridor, and from the odor and hue of the atmosphere, the majority of them had been smoking cigarettes, a practice which Mr. Goodel abominated.

At the end of the line that reached from the door to the elevator, stood a shawl-wrapped figure clasping a youth of fourteen by the hand. Mr. Goodel had almost fallen over the latter who reached approximately to his knee and as he forced his way past the candidates for employment, it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to supplement his own feeble ideas of discipline by the stern parental authority which evidenced itself in the forbidding countenance of the lady near the elevator.

He accordingly invited her to enter with her charge, who made the journey to Mr. Goodel's sanctum by a series of short energetic jerks in the wake of his mother.

"Is this your son?" he asked mildly.

"Yes, sir," she replied and then addressing the boy, "Take yer hands out'n yer pockets, you."

He obeyed with an alacrity that augured well for Mr. Goodel's service.

"How old is he?" Mr. Goodel went on.

"Fourteen," she replied, "an' he just graduated from the grammar-school."

"Is he a good boy?" he inquired perfunctorily.

"He will be *that*," she said with a tightening of the corners of her mouth. "An' if he ain't," she continued, "just let me know, that's all."

Mr. Goodel tried to think of something else to say and then turned to his desk.

"All right," he said, "I'll engage him."

The lady bowed austerely.

"Thank ye kindly," she murmured. "Now pay attention to the gentleman, Jimmy," she said to the boy, "An' do wot he tells yer. D'ye mind me?"

She nodded again and swept out of the office.

"Sit down at the desk outside, boy," said Mr. Goodel, "and when I want you, I'll ring."

A muffled buzz of conversation without, reminded Mr. Goodel of the unsuccessful candidates.

"Here, boy," he called. "Run outside and tell 'em all to go away."

Jimmy disappeared and an instant later a piping voice was heard in the corridor.

"Beat it youse," it said. "I got de job."

Then began a tramping of feet and the sound of scuffling followed by Jimmy's reappearance smoothing his hair with one hand and tenderly fingering a rapidly swelling lip with the other.

Mr. Goodel looked up sharply.

"Boy," he said, severely, "where's your necktie?"

"Oh, Gee!" Jimmy exclaimed and ran out into the hall again returning with his necktie adjusted.

"I dropped it outside," he muttered. It was one of the kind that fasten with an elastic loop to the collar button.

"Can you copy letters?" Mr. Goodel demanded.

"I dunno. Mebbe I could if I seen it foist," he answered.

There was not the faintest trace of impudence on his thin face when he spoke and Goodel, without further comment, showed him how to make a transfer of the letter into a tissue-paper book by means of the conventional copying-press in the corner.

"Now copy this one and let's see how you do it."

Goodel handed him a second letter which Jimmy proceeded to copy in the manner exemplified by his employer. "Evidently he is observant," thought Mr. Goodel. "But a trifle uncouth. He shall be taught politeness."

"Boy," he called again. "What's your name?"

"Jimmy," the boy replied, omitting the expected "Sir."

"Jimmy what?"

"Jimmy Brennan," he replied glibly.

"Look here, boy," Goodel thundered. "When you speak to me, say 'Sir.' Do you hear me?"

Jimmy flushed in embarrassment.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Now go out and mail these letters," Goodel concluded and leaned back in his chair.

Mr. Goodel was on the threshold of forty and had the appearance of well-fed prosperity that betokens an easy conscience and no wife. The sign on the door read, "Investment Securities & Commercial Paper," but the care of an estate of some magnitude, inherited from his father, absorbed as much of his time as was not taken up with half a dozen clubs and a taste for writing innocuous verse.

Once in a while, he bought a note of some sound mercantile house, well endorsed, and occasionally purchased railroad bonds and other securities technically known as gilt-edged. Unfortunately for the leisure that he loved, his patrimony had consisted mostly of real property which demanded much of his attention and contrived to detain him from his office; hence the advent of Jimmy as office boy.

When Jimmy returned it was close on to noon and Mr. Goodel rose and prepared to leave for luncheon.

"I shall be back at two," he said. "If any one calls, get them to stay until I return, or leave a message. Do you understand?"

He delivered this injunction with an air of solemnity that made the words sink in.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, dutifully.

"All right," Goodel replied and left the office.

At a quarter to two a messenger-boy came with a draft from Mr. Goodel's bank. He was a slender young man of mild and engaging manner, attired in well-pressed garments. He stood perhaps a head taller than Jimmy who was easily his superior, however, in general physique.

"Is Mr. Goodel in?" the messenger inquired.

"Nah, he ain't," Jimmy replied. "Won't be in till two o'clock."

"All right, I'll be in later," said the messenger.

"D'hell yer will," rejoined Jimmy. "Yer'll sit here till he comes back or leave a message."

"What's that?" asked the messenger.

"I said," replied Jimmy slowly, "yer got ter leave a message."

"Got to, hey?" the messenger jeered.

"Dat's wot I said," Jimmy answered. "Yer gotter leave a message or stay here till he comes back. Dem's my instructions."

He had risen and stood menacingly between the door and the messenger, who attempted to brush by him. Then followed a very pretty bout, catch-as-catch-can, which ended by Jimmy putting the messenger neatly on his back in the middle of the floor. He was sitting in triumph on his vanquished foe's chest as Mr. Goodel opened the door.

"What's all this about," he shouted. "Get up from there, you young dog."

Jimmy rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his clothes, and the messenger picked himself up painfully.

"What's all this about?" Goodel demanded.

"Dat guy dere wouldn't leave no message and he wouldn't wait till yer came back," Jimmy replied.

"What of that?" Goodel continued.

"Well, you said fer to get 'em to stay or leave a message, an' dat's wot I was doin'," Jimmy said, and commenced to sniffle. He had seen his duty plain before him and the injustice of this rebuke cut him to the heart.

"He's bigger dan I am, anyway," he whimpered.

Mr. Goodel scratched his chin. He distinctly remembered his parting injunctions, and could not therefore blame Jimmy for so literal a construction of them. He took his pocket-book out of his trousers.

"What's the damage?" he inquired of the messenger-boy and without waiting for answer, thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand.

"Don't ever fight in here again," he said to Jimmy, severely, "or I'll fire you on the spot. Now go to lunch."

In hiring an office boy, he hadn't bargained for a Casabianca, but felt well satisfied nevertheless.

"Got any money?" he asked Jimmy, who was going out of the door.

"No, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Well, here's a quarter. Hurry back."

Jimmy took the quarter, and returned in ten minutes wiping the crumbs from his mouth. He handed Goodel twenty cents.

"What's this?" Goodel asked.

"Dat's de change, sir," Jimmy said, and sat down at his desk.

Goodel prepared to go out again.

"Jimmy," he said severely. "I'm going uptown and I'll return at five. If any one calls, ask 'em to leave a message. If they won't do that, ask 'em their names and make a note of it. If they won't leave their names, ask 'em to return and if they won't return — well — if they won't return, I guess you'll have to let it go at that."

"All right, sir," Jimmy said, and smiled for the first time that day.

Mr. Goodel returned at five and with him there entered a benevolent looking man of middle age. Ponderous and dignified was his person and he sat down in Mr. Goodel's easy-chair with the calmness and solidity of three hundred pounds.

"The bonds, Mr. Goodel, are absolutely beyond cavail. It is true the concern is not well known," he went on. "But to a person of your financial acumen, investigation as to its condition will present no difficulties."

"Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Petrie, is a large sum," Goodel replied. "However, I inquired of Mathias & Company this afternoon and they think well of your proposition. If I confirm their information to-night, I shall send you a certified check to-morrow morning and shall expect to receive the bonds in return."

Mr. Petrie bowed and rose to take leave.

"To-morrow morning at eleven, then, I'll leave you this bond to aid you in your examination," he said and passed heavily out of the room. As he closed the office door behind him, he executed four or five fancy dancing steps with surprising agility for a man of his bulk, and repaired with all haste to his elaborately furnished office on lower Broadway.

Awaiting him there were two gentlemen whose noses negatived the dictum of Burke that a curved line is the foundation of all beauty. They were not beautiful; they were not even passably good looking, but what had been denied them in that respect was compensated for by a very keen gift for trafficking and barter.

"Mr. Feldstein and Mr. Levy I believe," said Mr. Petrie. "I asked you to call so that we might go into the matter of the office fixtures. I have accepted your figure at $500. and shall be ready to give you possession at half past eleven to-morrow morning when I shall expect you to move everything without delay."

He then sat down at his desk and examined, with chuckling satisfaction, forty-eight bonds of the Niagara & Northwestern Power Company for $1,000. each, printed fresh that morning at his request, by his brother in Brooklyn, and one bond of the same company, the handiwork of a reputable bank-note company and authorized by the officers of the Power Corporation.

At a quarter to eleven the next morning, Mr. Goodel called Jimmy into his private office.

"Jimmy," he said carefully, "you followed my instructions yesterday minutely. To-day I desire you to do so absolutely. Here is a

certified check for $50,000. and one bond. You are to receive from Mr. Petrie at his office No. 40½ Broadway, forty-nine bonds the same as this which I give you. If they're all right let him have the check."

He looked Jimmy squarely in the eye.

"Do you understand me," he said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied, and went out without further ado.

Goodel smiled as the door closed behind him. He had no doubt of Petrie's standing and the bonds were gilt-edged.

Jimmy had been gone about ten minutes when a man burst wildly into the office.

"Goodel, about those bonds, Petrie's a sharper. We just found it out."

"Great Heavens! Mathias," Goodel cried. "The boy is down there now with the check. He's given it to Petrie by this."

He rose and grabbed his hat.

"Let's go down there and see if we can intercept the scoundrel."

He sprang for the office door and caught an elevator on the run.

In the meantime Jimmy had entered Petrie's luxurious office and was met by Petrie himself.

"Well boy," he demanded, "got the check?"

"Wot's all the sweat?" Jimmy replied calmly. "Gimme a look at the bonds."

"Here's one of 'em and here are the rest. Look at 'em quick. Now gimme the check," Petrie cried and then muttered under his breath. "Damned young pup!"

Jimmy compared the two genuine bonds leisurely.

"Now gimme de udder ones," he said.

"You young brat," Petrie snorted thoroughly aroused, "give me that check."

He grasped the boy by the shoulder.

"Quit dat, yer fat slob," Jimmy cried, "An' let me see 'em."

Reluctantly he surrendered the remaining bonds and Jimmy thumbed them carefully.

"Well what's the matter with them?" Petrie growled.

"I ain't seen but one uv 'em," Jimmy said calmly, "I'm lookin' at the rest now."

Petrie could stand no more.

"Give me the check I say," he almost screamed, and sprang at Jimmy. They fell heavily to the floor, Jimmy underneath and there they rolled and scuffled for some minutes. To Petrie's surprise, Jimmy made no outcry but kicked and fought with all the vigor of his East-Side training. At length Petrie stunned him with the butt of his revolver just as Goodel and Mathias broke in the door.

Both made a rush for him at once, a fatal move, for he evaded the common onslaught and, as their heads came together with a star-flashing bump, he sprang out of the office and took the stairs three at a jump. Goodel lifted Jimmy whose face showed a ghastly white where it wasn't hidden by blood.

"Did he hurt you?" Goodel cried.

Jimmy shook his head and opening his mouth, voided a little wad of paper.

"No, sir," he said politely, "I ain't hoited."

Goodel undid the wad with trembling fingers. It was a certified check for $50,000.

THE AFTER-GLOW ON THE HEIGHT

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

My twilit mountains,—how the night sweeps up
And fills with cloudy glory the valley's god-like cup.
Look! how the sunset lingers on that snowy height,
Like a clear-tinted Dream that will not vanish quite,
A hovering Brightness more mysterious than shade,
A beckon of Joy ethereal, unafraid,
More solemn than the music that in Silence lies
Or that last Vision which we see when death shall dim our eyes.